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MALBONE:

AN OLDPORT ROMANCE.

XV.

Across the Bay.

THE children, as has been said, were all devoted to Malbone, which was, in a certain degree, to his credit. But it is a mistake to call children good judges of character, except in one direction, namely, their own. They understand it, up to the level of their own stature; they know who loves them, but not who loves virtue. Many a sinner has a great affection for children, and no child will ever detect the sins of such a friend; because, toward them, the sins do not exist.

The children, therefore, all loved Philip, and yet they turned with delight, when out-door pleasures were in hand, to the strong and adroit Harry. Philip inclined to the daintier exercises, fencing, billiards, riding; but Harry's vigorous physique enjoyed hard work. He taught all the household to swim, for instance. Little Jenny, aged five, a sturdy, deep-chested little thing, seemed as amphibious as himself. She could already swim alone, but she liked to keep close to him, as all young animals do to their elders in the water, not seeming to need actual support, but stronger for the contact. Her favorite position, however, was on his back, where she triumphantly clung, grasping his bathing-dress with one hand, swinging herself to and fro, dipping her head beneath the water, singing and shouting, easily shifting her position when he wished to vary his, and floating by him like a little fish, when he was tired of supporting her. It was pretty to see the child in her one little crimson garment, her face flushed with delight, her fair hair glistening from the water, and the waves rippling and dancing round her buoyant form. As Harry swam farther and farther out, his head was hidden from view by her little person, and she might have passed for a red sea-bird rocking on the gentle waves. It was one of the regular delights of the household to see them bathe.

Kate came in to Aunt Jane's room, one August morning, to say that they were going to the water-side. How differently people may enter a room! Hope always came in as the summer breeze comes, quiet, strong, soft, fra-

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grant, resistless. Emilia never seemed to come in at all; you looked up, and she had somehow drifted where she stood, pleading, evasive, lovely. This was especially the case where one person was awaiting her alone; with two she was more fearless, with a dozen she was buoyant, and with a hundred she forgot herself utterly and was a spirit of irresistible delight.

But Kate entered any room, whether nursery or kitchen, as if it were the private boudoir of a princess and she the favorite maid of honor. Thus it was she came that morning to Aunt Jane.

"We are going down to see the bathers, dear," said Kate. "Shall you miss me?"

"I miss you every minute," said her aunt, decisively. "But I shall do very well. I have delightful times here by myself. What a ridiculous man it was who said that it was impossible to imagine a woman's laughing at her own comic fancies. I sit and laugh at my own nonsense very often."

"It is a shame to waste it," said Kate.

"It is a blessing that any of it is disposed of while you are not here," said Aunt Jane. "You have quite enough of it."

"We never have enough," said Kate. "And we never can make you repeat any of yesterday's."

"Of course not," said Aunt Jane. "Nonsense must have the dew on it, or it is good for nothing."

"So you are really happiest alone?"

"Not so happy as when you are with me, — you or Hope. I like to have Hope with me now; she does me good. Really, I do not care for anybody else. Sometimes I think if I could always have four or five young kittens by me, in a champagne-basket, with a nurse to watch them, I should be happier. But perhaps not; they would grow up so fast!"

"Then I will leave you alone without compunction," said Kate.

"I am not alone," said Aunt Jane; "I have my man in the boat to watch through the window. What a singular being he is! I think he spends hours in that boat, and what he does I can't conceive. There it is, quietly anchored, and there is he in it. I never saw anybody but myself who could get up so much industry out of nothing. He has all his housework there, a broom and a duster, and I dare say he has a cooking-stove and a gridiron. He sits a little while, then he stoops down, then he goes to the other end. Sometimes he goes ashore in that absurd little tub, with a stick that he twirls at one end."

"That is called sculling," interrupted Kate.

"Sculling! I suppose he runs for a baked potato. Then he goes back. He is Robinson Crusoe on an island that never keeps still a single instant. It is all he has, and he never looks away, and never wants anything more. So I have him to watch. Think of living so near a beaver or a water-rat with clothes on! Good by. Leave the door ajar, it is so warm."

And Kate went down to the landing. It was near the "baptismal shore," where every Sunday the young people used to watch the immersions; they liked to see the crowd of spectators, the eager friends, the dripping convert, the serene young minister, the old men and girls who burst forth in song as the new disciple rose from the waves. It was the weekly festival of that region, and the sunshine and the water made it gladdening, not gloomy. Every other day in the week the children of the fishermen waded waist-deep in the water, and played at baptism.

Near this shore stood the family bathing-house; and the girls came down to sit in its shadow and watch the swimming. It was late in August, and on the first of September Emilia was to be married.

Nothing looked cool, that day, but the bay and those who were going into it. Out came Hope from the bathing-house, in a new bathing-dress of dark blue, which was evidently what the others had come forth to behold.

"Hope, what an impostor you are!" cried Kate, instantly. "You declined

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all my proffers of aid in cutting that dress, and now see how it fits you! You never looked so beautifully in your life. There is not such another bathing-dress in Oldport, nor such a figure to wear it."

And she put both her arms round that supple, stately waist, that might have belonged to a Greek goddess, or to some queen in the Nibelungen Lied.

The party watched the swimmers as they struck out over the clear expanse. It was high noon; the fishing-boats were all off, but a few pleasure-boats swung different ways at their moorings, in the perfect calm. The white light-house stood reflected opposite, at the end of its long pier; a few vessels lay at anchor, with their sails up to dry, but with that deserted look which coasters in port are wont to wear. A few fishes dimpled the still surface, and as the three swam out farther and farther, their merry voices still sounded close at hand. Suddenly they all clapped their hands and called; then pointed forward to the light-house, across the narrow harbor.

"They are going to swim across," said Kate. "What creatures they are! Hope and little Jenny have always begged for it, and now Harry thinks it is so still a day they can safely venture. It is more than half a mile. See! he has called that boy in a boat, and he will keep near them. They have swum farther than that along the shore."

So the others went away with no fears.

Hope said afterwards that she never swam with such delight as on that day. The water seemed to be peculiarly thin and clear, she said, as well as still, and to retain its usual buoyancy without its density. It gave a delicious sense of freedom; she seemed to swim in air, and felt singularly secure. For the first time she felt what she had always wished to experience, — that swimming was as natural as walking, and might be indefinitely prolonged. Her strength seemed limitless, she struck out more and more strongly; she splashed and played with little Jenny, when the child began to grow weary of the long motion. A fisherman's boy in a boat rowed slowly along by their side.

Nine tenths of the distance had been accomplished, when the little girl grew quite impatient, and Hope bade Harry swim on before her, and land his charge. Light and buoyant as the child was, her tightened clasp had begun to tell on him.

"It tires you, Hal, to bear that weight so long, and you know I have nothing to carry. You must see that I am not in the least tired, only a little dazzled by the sun. Here, Charley, give me your hat, and then row on with Mr. Harry." She put on the boy's torn straw hat, and they yielded to her wish. People almost always yielded to Hope's wishes when she expressed them, — it was so very seldom.

Somehow the remaining distance seemed very great, as Hope saw them glide away, leaving her in the water alone, her feet unsupported by any firm element, the bright and pitiless sky arching far above her, and her head burning with more heat than she had liked to own. She was conscious of her full strength, and swam more vigorously than ever; but her head was hot and her ears rang, and she felt chilly vibrations passing up and down her sides, that were like, she fancied, the innumerable fringing oars of the little jelly-fishes she had so often watched. Her body felt almost unnaturally strong, and she took powerful strokes; but it seemed as if her heart went out into them and left a vacant cavity within. More and more her life seemed boiling up into her head; queer fancies came to her, as, for instance, that she was an inverted thermometer with the mercury all ascending into a bulb at the top. She shook her head and the fancy cleared away, and then others came.

She began to grow seriously anxious, but the distance was diminishing; Harry was almost at the steps with the child, and the boy had rowed his skiff round the breakwater out of sight; a

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young fisherman leaned over the railing with his back to her, watching the lobster-catchers on the other side. She was almost in; it was only a slight dizziness, yet she could not see the light-house. Concentrating all her efforts, she shut her eyes and swam on, her arms still unaccountably vigorous, though the rest of her body seemed losing itself in languor. The sound in her ear had grown to a roar, as of many mill-wheels. It seemed a long distance that she thus swam with her eyes closed. Then she half opened her eyes, and the breakwater seemed all in motion, with tier above tier of eager faces looking down on her. In an instant there was a sharp splash close beside her, and she felt herself grasped and drawn downwards, with a whirl of something just above her, and then all consciousness went out as suddenly as when ether brings at last to a patient, after the roaring and the tumult in his brain, its blessed foretaste of the deliciousness of death.

When Hope came again to consciousness, she found herself approaching her own pier in a sail-boat, with several very wet gentlemen around her, and little Jenny nestled close to her, crying as profusely as if her pretty scarlet bathing-dress were being wrung out through her eyes. Hope asked no questions, and hardly felt the impulse to inquire what had happened. The truth was, that in the temporary dizziness produced by her prolonged swim, she had found herself in the track of a steamboat that was passing the pier, unobserved by her brother. A young man, leaping from the deck, had caught her in his arms, and had dived with her below the paddle-wheels, just as they came upon her. It was a daring act, but nothing else could have saved her. When they came to the surface, they had been picked up by Aunt Jane's Robinson Crusoe, who had at last unmoored his pilot-boat and was rounding the light-house for the outer harbor.

She and the child were soon landed, and given over to the ladies. Due attention was paid to her young rescuer, whose dripping garments seemed for the moment as glorious as a blood-stained flag. He seemed a simple, frank young fellow of French or German origin, but speaking English remarkably well; he was not high-bred, by any means, but had apparently the culture of an average German of the middle class. Harry fancied that he had seen him before, and at last traced back the impression of his features to the ball for the French officers. It turned out, on inquiry, that he had a brother in the service, and on board the corvette; but he himself was a commercial agent, now in America with a view to business, though he had made several voyages as mate of a vessel, and would not object to some such berth as that. He promised to return and receive the thanks of the family, read with interest the name on Harry's card, seemed about to ask a question, but forbore, and took his leave amid the general confusion, without even giving his address. When sought next day, he was not to be found, and to the children he at once became as much a creature of romance as the sea-serpent or the Flying Dutchman.

Even Hope's strong constitution felt the shock of this adventure. She was confined to her room for a week or two, but begged that there might be no postponement of the wedding, which, therefore, took place without her. Her illness gave excuse for a privacy that was welcome to all but the bridesmaids, and suited Malbone best of all.

XVI.

On the Stairs.

August drew towards its close, and guests departed from the neighborhood.

"What a short little thing summer is," meditated Aunt Jane, "and butterflies are caterpillars most of the time, after all. How quiet it seems. The wrens whisper in their box above the window, and there has not been a blast from the peacock for a week. He seems

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ashamed of the summer shortness of his tail. He keeps glancing at it over his shoulder to see if it is not looking better than yesterday, while the staring eyes of the old tail are in the bushes all about."

"Poor, dear little thing!" said coaxing Katie. "Is she tired of autumn, before it is begun?"

"I am never tired of anything," said Aunt Jane, "except my maid Ruth, and I should not be tired of her, if it had pleased Heaven to endow her with sufficient strength of mind to sew on a button. Life is very rich to me. There is always something new in every season; though to be sure I cannot think what novelty there is just now, except a choice variety of spiders. There is a theory that spiders kill flies. But I never miss a fly, and there does not seem to be any natural scourge divinely appointed to kill spiders, except Ruth. Even she does it so feebly, that I see them come back and hang on their webs and make faces at her. I suppose they are faces; I do not understand their anatomy, but it must be a very unpleasant one."

"You are not quite satisfied with life, to-day, dear," said Kate; "I fear your book did not end to your satisfaction."

"It did end, though," said the lady, "and that is something. What is there in life so difficult as to stop a book? If I wrote one, it would be as long as ten 'Sir Charles Grandisons,' and then I never should end it, because I should die. And there would be nobody left to read it, because each reader would have been dead long before."

"But the book amused you!" interrupted Kate. "I know it did."

"It was so absurd that I laughed till I cried; and it makes no difference whether you cry laughing or cry crying, it is equally bad when your glasses come off. Never mind. Whom did you see on the avenue?"

"O, we saw Philip on horseback. He rides so beautifully; he seems one with his horse."

"I am glad of it," interposed her aunt. "The riders are generally so inferior to them."

"We saw Mr. and Mrs. Lambert, too. Emilia stopped and asked after you, and sent you her love, auntie."

"Love!" cried Aunt Jane. "She always does that. She has sent me love enough to rear a whole family on, — more than I ever felt for anybody in all my days. But she does not really love any one."

"I hope she will love her husband," said Kate, rather seriously.

"Mark my words, Kate!" said her aunt. "Nothing but unhappiness will ever come of that marriage. How can two people be happy who have absolutely nothing in common?"

"But no two people have exactly the same tastes," said Kate, "except Harry and myself. It is not expected. It would be absurd for two people to be divorced because the one preferred white bread and the other brown."

"They would be divorced very soon," said Aunt Jane, "for the one who ate brown bread would not live long."

"But it is possible that he might live, auntie, in spite of your prediction. And perhaps people may be happy, even if you and I do not see how."

"Nobody ever thinks I see anything," said Aunt Jane, in some dejection. "You think I am nothing in the world, but a sort of old oyster, making amusement for people, and having no more to do with real life than oysters have."

"No, dearest!" cried Kate. "You have a great deal to do with all our lives. You are a dear, old, insidious sapper-and-miner, looking at first very inoffensive, and then working your way into our affections and spoiling us with coaxing. How you behave about children, for instance!"

"How?" said the other, meekly. "As well as I can."

"But you pretend that you dislike them."

"But I do dislike them. How can anybody help it? Hear them swearing at this moment, boys of five, paddling in the water there! Talk about the murder of the innocents! There are so

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few innocents to be murdered! If I only had a gun and could shoot!"

"You may not like those particular boys," said Kate, "but you like good, well-behaved children very much."

"It takes so many people to take care of them! People drive by here, with carriages so large that two of the largest horses can hardly draw them, and all full of those little beings. They have a sort of roof, too, and seem to expect to be out in all weathers."

"If you had a family of children, perhaps you would find such a travelling menagerie very convenient," said Kate.

"If I had such a family," said her aunt, "I would have a separate governess and guardian for each, very moral persons. They should come when each child was two, and stay till it was twenty. The children should all live apart, so as not to quarrel, and should meet once or twice a day and bow to each other. I think that each should learn a different language, so as not to converse, and then, perhaps, they would not get each other into mischief."

"I am sure, auntie," said Kate, "you have missed our small nephews and nieces ever since their visit ended. How still the house has been!"

"I do not know," was the answer. "I hear a great many noises about the house. Somebody comes in late at night. Perhaps it is Philip; but he comes very softly in, wipes his feet very gently, like a clean thief, and goes up stairs."

"O auntie!" said Kate, "you know you have got over all such fancies."

"They are not fancies," said Aunt Jane. "Things do happen in houses! Did I not look under the bed for a thief during fifteen years, and find one at last? Why should I not be allowed to hear something now?"

"But, dear Aunt Jane," said Kate, "you never told me this before."

"No," said she. "I was beginning to tell you the other day, but Ruth was just bringing in my handkerchiefs, and she had used so much bluing they looked as if they had been washed in heaven, so that it was too outrageous, and I forgot everything else."

"But do you really hear anything?"

"Yes," said her aunt. "Ruth declares she hears noises in those closets that I had nailed up, you know; but that is nothing; of course she does. Rats. What I hear at night is the creaking of stairs, when I know that nobody ought to be stirring. If you observe, you will hear it too. At least, I should think you would, only that somehow the universe always seems to stop, when it is necessary to prove that I am foolish."

The girls had no especial engagement that evening, and so got into a great frolic on the stairway over Aunt Jane's solicitudes. They convinced themselves that they heard all sorts of things, — footfalls on successive steps, the creak of a plank, the brushing of an arm against a wall, the jar of some suspended object that was stirred in passing. Once they heard some light object fall on the floor, and roll from step to step; and yet they themselves stood on the stairway, and nothing passed. Then for some time there was silence, but they would have persisted in their observations, had not Philip come in from Mrs. Meredith's in the midst of it, so that the whole thing turned into a great frolic, and they sat on the stairs and told ghost-stories half the night.

XVII.

Discovery.

The next evening Kate and Philip went to a ball. As Hope was passing through the hall late in the evening, she heard a sudden sharp cry somewhere in the upper regions, that sounded, she thought, like a woman's voice. She stopped to hear, but there was silence. It seemed to come from the direction of Malbone's room, which was in the third story. Again came the cry, more gently, ending in a sort of sobbing monologue. Gliding rapidly up stairs in the dark, she paused at

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Philip's deserted room, but the door was locked, and there was profound stillness. She then descended, and, pausing at the great landing, heard other steps descending also. Retreating to the end of the hall, she hastily lighted a candle, when the steps ceased. With her accustomed nerve, wishing to explore the thing thoroughly, she put out the light and kept still. As she expected, the footsteps presently recommenced, descending stealthily, but drawing no nearer, and seeming rather like sounds from an adjoining house, heard through a party-wall. This was impossible, as the house stood alone. Flushed with excitement, she relighted the hall candles, and, taking one of them, searched the whole entry and stairway, going down even to the large old-fashioned cellar.

Looking about her in this unfamiliar region, her eye fell on a door that seemed to open into the wall; she had noticed a similar door on the story above, — one of the closet doors that had been nailed up by Aunt Jane's order. As she looked, however, a chill breath blew in from another direction extinguishing her lamp; this air came from the outer door of the cellar, and she had just time to withdraw into a corner before a man's steps approached, passing close by her.

Even Hope's strong nerves had begun to yield, and a cold shudder went through her. Not daring to move, she pressed herself against the wall, and her heart seemed to stop as the unseen stranger passed. Instead of his ascending where she had come down, as she had expected, she heard him grope his way toward the door she had seen in the wall. There he seemed to find a stairway, and when his steps were thus turned from her, she was seized by a sudden impulse and followed him, groping her way as she could. She remembered that the girls had talked of secret stairways in that house, though she had no conception whither they could lead, unless to some of the shut-up closets.

She steadily followed, treading cautiously upon each creaking step. The stairway was very narrow, and formed a regular spiral as in a turret. The darkness and the curving motion confused her brain, and it was impossible to tell how high in the house she was, except when once she put her hand upon what was evidently a door, and moreover saw through its cracks the lamp she had left burning in the upper hall. This glimpse of reality reassured her. She had begun to discover where she was. The doors which Aunt Jane had closed gave access, not to mere closets, but to a spiral stairway, which evidently went from top to bottom of the house, and was known to some one else beside herself.

Relieved of that slight shudder at the supernatural which sometimes affects the healthiest nerves, Hope paused to consider. To alarm the neighborhood was her first thought. A slight murmuring from above dispelled it; she must first reconnoitre a few steps farther. As she ascended a little way, a gleam shone upon her, and down the damp stairway came a fragrant odor, as from some perfumed chamber. Then a door was shut and reopened. Eager beyond expression, she followed on. Another step, and she stood at the door of Malbone's apartment.

The room was brilliant with light; the doors and windows were heavily draped. Fruit and flowers and wine were on the table. On the sofa lay Emilia in a gay ball-dress, sunk in one of her motionless trances, while Malbone, pale with terror, was deluging her brows with the water he had just brought from the well below.

Hope stopped a moment and leaned against the door, as her eyes met Malbone's. Then she made her way to a chair, and leaning on the back of it, which she fingered convulsively, looked with bewildered eyes and compressed lips from the one to the other. Malbone tried to speak, but failed; tried again, and brought forth only a whisper that broke into clearer speech as the words went on. "No use to explain," he said. "Lambert is in New York. Mrs.

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Meredith is expecting her — to-night — after the ball. What can we do?"

Hope covered her face as he spoke; she could bear anything better than to have him say "we," as if no gulf had opened between them. She sank slowly on her knees behind her chair, keeping it as a sort of screen between herself and these two people, — the counterfeits, they seemed, of her lover and her sister. If the roof in falling to crush them had crushed her also, she could scarcely have seemed more rigid or more powerless. It passed, and the next moment she was on her feet again, capable of action.

"She must be taken," she said very clearly, but in a lower tone than usual, "to my chamber." Then pointing to the candles, she said, more huskily, "We must not be seen. Put them out." Every syllable seemed to exhaust her. But as Philip obeyed her words, he saw her move suddenly and stand by Emilia's side.

She put out both arms as if to lift the young girl, and carry her away.

"You cannot," said Philip, putting her gently aside, while she shrank from his touch. Then he took Emilia in his arms and bore her to the door, Hope preceding.

Motioning him to pause a moment, she turned the lock softly, and looked out into the dark entry. All was still. She went out, and he followed with his motionless burden. They walked stealthily, like guilty things, yet every slight motion seemed to ring in their ears. It was chilly, and Hope shivered. Through the great open window on the stairway a white fog peered in at them, and the distant fog-whistle came faintly through; it seemed as if the very atmosphere were condensing about them, to isolate the house in which such deeds were done. The clock struck twelve, and it seemed as if it struck a thousand.

When they reached Hope's door, she turned and put out her arms for Emilia, as for a child. Every expression had now gone from Hope's face but a sort of stony calmness, which put her infinitely farther from Malbone than had the momentary struggle. As he gave the girlish form into arms that shook and trembled beneath its weight, he caught a glimpse in the pier-glass of their two white faces, and then, looking down, saw the rose-tints yet lingering on Emilia's cheek. She, the source of all this woe, looked the only representative of innocence between two guilty things.

How white and pure and maidenly looked Hope's little room; such a home of peace, he thought, till its door suddenly opened to admit all this passion and despair! There was a great sheaf of cardinal flowers on the table, and their petals were drooping, as if reluctant to look on him. Scheffer's Christus Consolator was upon the walls, and the benign figure seemed to spread wider its arms of mercy, to take in a few sad hearts more.

Hope bore Emilia into the light and purity and warmth, while Malbone was shut out into the darkness and the chill. The only two things to which he clung on earth, the two women between whom his unsteady heart had vibrated, and both whose lives had been tortured by its vacillation, went away from his sight together, the one victim bearing the other victim in her arms. Never any more while he lived would either of them be his again; and had Dante known it for his last glimpse of things immortal when the two lovers floated away from him in their sad embrace, he would have had no such sense of utter banishment as had Malbone then.

XVIII.

Hope's Vigil.

Had Emilia chosen out of life's whole armory of weapons the means of disarming Hope, she could have found nothing so effectual as nature had supplied in her unconsciousness. Helplessness conquers. There was a quality in Emilia which would have always produced something very like antagonism in Hope, had she not been her sister. Had the ungoverned girl now been able to utter one word of reproach,

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had her eyes flashed one look of defiance, had her hand made one triumphant or angry gesture, perhaps all Hope's outraged womanhood would have coldly nerved itself against her. But it was another thing to see those soft eyes closed, those delicate hands powerless, those pleading lips sealed; to see her extended in graceful helplessness, while all the concentrated drama of passion and despair revolved around her unheeded, as around Cordelia dead. In what realms was that child's mind seeking comfort; through what thin air of dreams did that restless heart beat its pinions; in what other sphere did that untamed nature wander, while shame and sorrow waited for its awakening in this?

Hope knelt upon the floor, still too much strained and bewildered for tears or even prayer, a little way from Emilia. Once having laid down the unconscious form, it seemed for a moment as if she could no more touch it again than she could lay her hand amid flames. A gap of miles, of centuries, of solar systems, seemed to separate these two young girls, alone within the same chamber, with the same stern secret to keep, and so near that the hem of their garments almost touched each other on the soft carpet. Hope felt a terrible hardness closing over her heart. What right had this cruel creature, with her fatal witcheries, to come between two persons who might have been so wholly happy? What sorrow would be saved, what shame, perhaps, be averted, should those sweet beguiling eyes never open, and that perfidious voice never deceive any more! Why tend the life of one who would leave the whole world happier, purer, freer, if she were dead?

In a tumult of thought, Hope went and sat half unconsciously by the window. There was nothing to be seen except the steady beacon of the lighthouse, and a pale green glimmer, like an earthly star, from an anchored vessel. The night wind came softly in, soothing her with a touch like a mother's, in its grateful coolness. The air seemed full of half-vibrations, subnoises, that crowded it as completely as do the insect sounds of midsummer; yet she could only distinguish the ripple beneath her feet, and the rote on the distant beach, and the busy wash of waters against every shore and islet of the bay. The mist was thick around her, but she knew that above it hung the sleepless stars, and the fancy came over her that perhaps the whole vast interval, from ocean up to sky, might be densely filled with the disembodied souls of her departed human kindred, waiting to see how she would endure that path of grief in which their steps had gone before. "It may be from this influence," she vaguely mused within herself, "that the ocean derives its endless song of sorrow. Perhaps we shall know its meaning when we understand that of the stars, and of our own sad lives."

She rose again and went to the bedside. It all seemed like a dream, and she was able to look at Emilia's existence and at her own and at all else, as if it were a great way off; as we watch the stars and know that no speculations of ours can reach those who there live or die untouched. Here beside her lay one who was dead, yet living, as to her bodily condition, and whose life would henceforth be but emptiness or despair. This young creature had been sent into the world so fresh, so beautiful, so richly gifted; everything about her physical organization was so delicate and lovely; she had seemed like heliotrope, like a tuberose in her purity and her passion, (who was it who said, "No heart is pure that is not passionate"?) and here was the end! Nothing external could have placed her where she was, no violence, no outrage, no evil of another's doing, could have reached her real life without her own consent; and now what kind of existence, what career, what possibility of happiness remained? Why could not God in his mercy take her, and give her to his holiest angels for schooling, ere it was yet too late?

Hope went and sat by the window once more. Her thoughts still clung

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heavily around one thought, as the white fog clung round the house. Where should she see any light? What opening for extrication, unless, indeed, Emilia should die? There could be no harm in that thought, for she knew that it was impossible, and that the swoon would not last much longer. Who could devise anything? No one. There was nothing. Almost always in perplexities there is some thread by resolutely holding to which one escapes at last. Here there was none. There could probably be no concealment, certainly no explanation. In a few days John Lambert would return, and then the storm must break. He was probably a stern, jealous man, whose very dulness, once aroused, would be more formidable than if he had shown keener perceptions.

Still her thoughts did not dwell on Philip. He was simply a part of that dull mass of pain that beset her, and made her feel, as she had felt when drowning, that her heart had left her breast and gone to sustain her will. She felt now, as then, the capacity to act with more than her accustomed resolution, though all that was within her seemed boiling up into her brain. As for Philip, all seemed a mere negation; there was a vacuum where his place had been. At most the thought of him came to her as some strange, vague thrill of added torture, penetrating her heart and then passing; just as ever and anon there came the sound of the fog-whistle on Brenton's Reef, miles away, piercing the dull air with its shrill and desolate wail, then dying into silence.

What a hopeless cloud lay upon them all forever, — upon Kate, upon Harry, upon their whole house! Then there was John Lambert; how could they keep it from him? how could they tell him? Who could predict what he would say? Would he take the worst and coarsest view of his young wife's mad action, or the mildest? Would he be strong or weak; and what course would be weakness, and what strength, in a position so strange? Would he put Emilia from him, send her out in the world desolate, her soul stained but by one wrong passion, yet with her reputation blighted as if there were no good in her? Could he be asked to shield and protect her, or what would become of her? She was legally a wife, and could only be separated from him through convicted shame.

Then, if separated, she could only marry Philip. Hope nerved herself to think of that, and found it less effort than she expected. There seemed a numbness on that side, instead of pain. But granting that he loved her ever so deeply, was he a man to surrender his life and his ease and his fair name in a hopeless effort to remove the ban that the world would place on Emilia? She knew he would not; knew that even the simple-hearted and straightforward Harry would be far more capable of such heroism than the sentimental Malbone. Here the pang suddenly struck her; she was not so numb, after all!

As the leaves beside the window drooped motionless in the dank air, so her mind drooped into a settled depression. She pitied herself, — that lowest ebb of melancholy self-consciousness. She went back to Emilia, and, seating herself, studied every line of the girl's face, the soft texture of her hair, the veining of her eyelids. They were so lovely, she felt a sort of physical impulse to kiss them, as if they belonged to some utter stranger, whom she might be nursing in a hospital. Emilia looked as innocent as when Hope had tended her in the cradle. What is there, Hope thought, in sleep, in trance, and in death, that removes all harsh or disturbing impressions, and leaves only the most delicate and purest traits? Does the mind wander, and does an angel keep its place? Or is there really no sin but in thought, and are our sleeping thoughts incapable of sin? Perhaps even when we dream of doing wrong, the dream comes in a shape so lovely and misleading that we never recognize it for evil, and it makes no stain. Are our lives ever so pure as our dreams?

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This thought somehow smote across her conscience, always so strong, and stirred it into a kind of spasm of introspection. "How selfish have I, too, been!" she thought. "I saw only what I wished to see, did only what I preferred. Loving Philip" (for the sudden self-reproach left her free to think of him), "I could not see that I was separating him from one whom he might perhaps have truly loved. If he made me blind, may he not easily have bewildered her, and have been himself bewildered? How I tried to force myself upon him, too! Ungenerous, unwomanly! What am I, that I should judge another?"

She threw herself on her knees at the bedside.

Still Emilia slept, but now she stirred her head in the slightest possible way, so that a single tress of silken hair slipped from its companions, and lay across her face. It was a faint sign that the trance was waning; the slight pressure disturbed her nerves, and her lips trembled once or twice, as if to relieve themselves of the soft annoyance. Hope watched her in a vague, distant way, took note of the minutest motion, yet as if some vast weight hung upon her own limbs and made all interference impossible. Still there was a fascination of sympathy in dwelling on that atom of discomfort; that tiny suffering, which she alone could remove. The very vastness of this tragedy that hung about the house made it an inexpressible relief to her to turn and concentrate her thoughts for a moment on this slight distress, so easily ended.

Strange, by what slender threads our lives are knitted to each other! Here was one who had taken Hope's whole existence in her hands, crushed it, and thrown it away. Hope had soberly said to herself, just before, that death would be better than life for her young sister. Yet now it moved her beyond endurance to see that fair form troubled, even while unconscious, by a feather's weight of pain; and all the lifelong habit of tenderness resumed in a moment its sway.

She approached her fingers to the offending tress, very slowly, half withholding them at the very last, as if the touch would burn her. She was almost surprised that it did not. She looked to see if it did not hurt Emilia. But it now seemed as if the slumbering girl enjoyed the caressing contact of the smooth fingers, and turned her head, almost imperceptibly, to meet them. This was more than Hope could bear. It was as if that slight motion were a puncture to relieve her overburdened heart; a thousand thoughts swept over her, — of their father, of her sister's childhood, of her years of absent expectation; she thought how young the girl was, how fascinating, how passionate, how tempted; all this swept across her in a great wave of nervous reaction, and when Emilia returned to consciousness, she was lying in her sister's arms, her face bathed in Hope's tears.

THE CLOTHES MANIA.

THAT Alpine hat which broke out upon us with so much violence last September, and which, I am told, has not yet spent its force in the interior States, is a good illustration of the way in which a fashion originates, "takes," spreads, rages, declines, dies away in the distance, and is lost to view, until it pleases our sovereign lords, the fashion-makers, to spring it upon mankind again. The son of a New York hatter, late in the year 1867, while making the tour of Europe, found himself at Naples, where he noticed a pretty green

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hat that was much in vogue, called the Alpine hat. It was steeple-crowned, with wide brim, and a broad black ribbon round the crown which was further decorated by a feather. It differed from the familiar Tyrolese hat, which we often see at the opera upon the heads of picturesque banditti, chiefly in having the brim turned up, instead of down, and in having a deep, regular dent or cleft in the top of the crown, such as all soft hats have when they are first unpacked. The young hatter, though on pleasure bent, had a mind attentive to business, and he sent one of these hats home to his father, who placed it in his store for the amusement of his customers. It was as though he had said: "See what things those absurd foreigners wear! Yes, sir, they actually wear that kind of thing in Naples; out of doors, and in broad daylight! Just fancy a man wearing a green hat with a feather in it, in the streets!"

For three months or more this hat, so pretty at Naples, so ridiculous in New York, was exhibited in the hat store in Broadway without exciting in the breast of any man a desire to possess it. The realistic drama was then in fashion. Managers advertised their new effects as patented; dramatists sought the twofold protection of the Patent Office and the copyright law, and would not permit the hero of another man's play to incur any but an original peril. The hats worn upon the stage being thus as real as the real water of the stage fountain, and the real donkey of the stage cart, this romantic hat was not in request for the drama. Indeed, it remains unsold at the present moment, and may still be inspected by the curious. But one day it occurred to the philosophic mind of the hatter who owned it, that, apart from its green color and its feather, the fundamental ideas of this hat were good, and were also in harmony with the tastes of the American people. He thought he saw in it a taking compromise between the orthodox respectability of the stiff and glossy cylinder, and the too careless lowering loaferism of soft felt. He thought he could Americanize the Naples hat in such a way as to combine the safety of the stovepipe with the grace that is latent in the slouch. Then he said, "Make me a dozen hats of that pattern, but black and without a feather." In due time, the hats were placed in the store for sale. The hit they made was immediate and most decided. Every one who saw them was delighted with them, and they were all sold in a few hours. It is a long time since hatters have offered the public so pleasing a union of the becoming, the comfortable, and the convenient. And about this time arrived in New York the gallant band of English cricketers, wearing hats somewhat similar; and these gentlemen, performing daily in the presence of a great multitude, gave an impetus to the fashion. In a short time, the originator was selling a hundred Alpine hats a day, and all the other hatters were in full cry after them. In a few weeks, one half the better dressed men in New York were happy in the consciousness of having their heads more becomingly covered than they ever were before; and the other half secretly craved the same happiness, but were prevented from indulging their desire by the noble dread of wearing a hat that "everybody" wore.

In this little story of the Alpine hat is contained, as I have said, all the principles that control the rise, spread, and extinction of fashions. But in order to present the subject properly, we must go back of the Alpine hat, and see by what steps we arrived at the state of mind and taste which caused so many of us to adopt it so eagerly. And this is a subject which goes down to the depths of human nature. As the topmost leaves of the tallest tree draw their nourishment from the far distant and unseen root, and take their form, color, and texture from the tree's constitution and circumstances; as there is a natural necessity that the leaves of the willow shall be long and the leaves of the holly shall shine; so the feathers in ladies' bonnets and the

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shape of men's hats, and all the seeming caprices of fashion, are controlled by law, originate in the nature of things, and are influenced by the controlling events of history. I do not know why walking-sticks are seldom carried at present in our streets, where, three years ago it was common to carry them; but if any one had a month in which to find out, he could find out; and very likely his investigation would carry him up among the great events and men of the age. He might have to write to Count Bismarck about it; the national debt may have something to do with it. The shade of care that comes over the countenances of a community when times are hard, and which our faces have worn for the last three years, since our burden began to settle down heavily upon us (the flush-money of the war being all spent, and the fictitious prosperity of war having been succeeded by its proper reaction), may explain it; for a walking-stick is the natural accompaniment of a mind at ease. It is when we go forth to stroll among the girls in the Fifth Avenue on a fine afternoon, that we take a cane with us; not when we are going down town to collect or borrow money. But I leave this interesting branch of the subject to future investigators, and return to my hats, merely reporting, for the information of those investigators, that, during the whole of the year 1868, the walking-stick trade was exceedingly dull, and that in 1864 and 1865 it was very brisk indeed.

Among the pictures in the gallery of the New York Historical Society, there is one representing the interior of the Park Theatre, on an evening in 1822, during the performance of the elder Matthews. Every face in the audience is a portrait, the object of the artist being to assemble upon one canvas portraits of all the leading persons then moving in the society and business of New York. Often as I go into this interesting gallery, I never fail to take a look, in passing, at the round-faced, burly fathers of the present kings of commerce and finance. What a contrast, their amplitude of countenance and form, their good-humored torpidity of intellect, their consummate, solid respectability, with the sharper-featured, more slender, slightly intellectualized "operators" of the present time; connoisseurs in tandems, pictures, books, operas! As the persons in that distinguished audience are in full dress, the picture serves as an historical fashion-plate. The greater number of those stout gentlemen wear the most voluminous white neckcloths, which seem to have been wound round and round their necks, completely filling up the space between the coat and the countenance. Others have on those high stiff stocks which many of us remember, — things of buckram covered with black silk, satin, or velvet, fastened behind with a buckle that was not always invisible. From out the depths of the stocks, stiff and sharp-cornered collars thrust themselves toward heaven. The coat-collars of these solid gentlemen are several inches high, and only less stiff than a pine board. A few of the spectators, who are standing at the back of the pit, have their hats on, and those hats are immense; they are structures, regularly built, bell-crowned, and covered with the beaver skins which Mr. Astor brought from the far-distant haunts of his trappers. Most of the ladies wear bonnets, which also are vast, wide-spreading, and lofty, apparently of construction scarcely less massive than the beavers of their husbands.

Stiff and cumbrous as the clothes in this picture seem to us, they are light and easy compared with the cocked hats, the padded coats, stiffened with buckram, the wigs, the overflowing ruffles, the knee-breeches and great buckles, from which victorious democracy, in Jefferson's early day, delivered the fathers of these fathers who sit so solemnly enjoying Charles Matthews the elder. Old men used to be about New York who remembered when the young dandies of the Democratic party, in 1801, — the year of Mr. Jefferson's inauguration, — first dared to show themselves in Broadway without wig or

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pigtail. It was thought to be an innovation scarcely decent for a young man to go about the streets exhibiting his own hair; and many men surrendered the pigtail only with life. When Mr. Jefferson discarded his short breeches, silk stockings, and silver-buckled shoes, and concealed his well-formed legs in pantaloons, the Federalists were prone to regard it as the trick of a demagogue to secure the favor of the mob. A *gentleman* in trousers and short hair! But what better could be expected of a Democrat and an atheist?

After the revolutionary ferment, which in Europe ended in defeat under Napoleon, and here in peaceful victory under Jefferson, there was a reaction toward the opinions which are called conservative, and this reaction expressed itself in stiffness and uniformity of dress. People forty years of age can remember the high stock, the cruel shirt-collar, the ruthless coat-collar, the prodigious bonnet, and the general setness and severity of costume which prevailed among us, before Channing, Dickens, Carlyle, Emerson, Beecher, and the New York Tribune had begun the emancipation of the American understanding from the tight-fitting armor of opinions in which it was once confined. The primness and stiffness of the ladies who used to walk past the Astor House when it was the one grand hotel of the city, and when the fashionable walk was between the Battery and St. Paul's Church, can only be realized by those who remember their leg-of-mutton sleeves bulged out with buckram, and their lace handkerchiefs carried in their hands before them in a ludicrously precise and uniform way. The dress of the men was only less formal, cumbrous, and unyielding. Over all hung heavily the large black beaver hat; which maintained its supremacy so long because it harmonized with the stiffness and angularity of the rest of the attire.

It required three great historical events merely to circumscribe the dominion of the stove-pipe hat. First, the Mexican War revealed to a large number of American citizens the unsuspected truth, that the head of man could be covered becomingly without resorting to the stiff beaver. A good many officers and soldiers brought home from Mexico the wide-brimmed, steeple-crowned, flexible hat worn by Spaniards and Spanish creoles; but the large and sweeping picturesqueness of that tropical production was felt to be incongruous with the square-shouldered, tight-fitting garments worn by the busy and punctual men of American cities. Few had the courage to face a staring population, and most of those spacious hats were hung on pegs as mementos of warlike adventure. Then occurred the discovery of gold in California, and the wonderful rush across the Plains, around Cape Horn, and over the Isthmus, which compelled thousands of people to discard from their attire everything that was not pliable. The Mexican soft hat, modified to suit the American taste, became part of the uniform of the gold-seeking multitude, and was frequently seen in the streets of the Atlantic cities. But neither the war with Mexico, nor the discovery of California gold, nor both these important events together, sufficed to make the soft hat fashionable. Something more was needed. Europe had to be convulsed, and half a dozen ancient thrones shaken, before the scene became possible which gave a rival to the stiff cylinder.

The Mexican War began in 1846. Captain Sutter's men discovered the glittering particles of gold in the California mill race, in 1848. On a certain day in December, 1851 (the soft hat manufacture being then in full activity), the most picturesque human figure which recent America has had the pleasure of beholding flashed upon two hundred thousand of us as we stood packed in Broadway, between the Battery and Union Square, — two miles and two thirds of excited people, every creature of whom desired in his secret soul to be a pleasing object of contemplation to his friends and the

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public. We saw the hero of the hour but for half a minute each, as he passed, standing in his barouche, his pale and handsome face set off so strikingly by that graceful hat, with the large black feather wound about it. What a beautiful object he was! The mere beauty of the man and his costume was such as to excite in every susceptible beholder a thrill of delight. I can see him now, the splendid Magyar, the magnificent, marvellous, histrionic Kossuth!

It was done! The stove-pipe had a rival; the feather, of course, was a thing to which we could not lift our souls. It has pleased Heaven so to constitute these northern climes, and the races inhabiting them, that a male of our species, who wears a feather in his hat of his own free will, must be either more or less than man. We could not attain to the feather; but the KOSSUTH HAT, adapted to the American taste, immediately appeared, and from that day to this, the stiff cylinder has never been able to reign over us with its former absolute sway.

An unpopular article of attire is the hat stigmatized as the stove-pipe. It is generally reviled as the acme of inconvenience and ugliness. It binds the head, and reddens the skin; it is heavy, large, inflexible, expensive, easily injured, difficult to restore, and very much in the way on a journey, in a crowd, or at a public meeting. No one pretends to admire or defend it. And yet there is something in the breast of the respectable citizen which prompts him, upon the whole, to prefer it; and, consequently, that hat, to this hour, is worn by about one half of the men in cities and large towns. There is, besides, a tendency in men, after indulging in soft infidelities for a while, to return to this unyielding head-covering. If between the sublime and the ridiculous there is a whole step, there is only a finger's breadth between the becoming and the absurd; and a staid citizen, when he ventures upon a soft hat, is not *quite* sure on which side of that dividing finger he is. But the stiff hat is a fixed quantity; he feels safe in it; and he is content not to be picturesque so long as he is sure not to be ridiculous. In itself, the hard hat is unpleasing and irrational, but it harmonizes with the angularity and stiffness which solid men still affect in the rest of their attire. Hence in Boston and Philadelphia, it is more frequently seen than in New York. The time has been in those two cities when the credit of a young man would have suffered if he had walked to his business in any other kind of hat than one of that polished and unyielding description which was once associated in the public mind with punctuality in meeting pecuniary obligations. If his hat was flexible, what guaranty had the public for the rigidity of his principles?

The Alpine hat took half our heads by storm, because it held out to us the alluring prospect of being *safely* picturesque. The dent in the crown was regular; the brim was somewhat broad, but it was not allowed to flap about of its own free will; and that wide black ribbon round the crown gave richness and dignity to the whole. In truth, the soft hat was arranged in its most becoming form, and then *fixed* in that form by block and stiffening. Such was its success in reconciling discordant conditions, that I saw the president of one bank and the cashier of another going down town wearing the Alpine hat, at a time when it was in high favor with the easy-going gentlemen of the press. Every one must feel that this savors of the millennium; the Alpine hat, indeed, expresses clearly the spiritual condition of the age, that half-fledged freedom of the soul, that longing to be free, without quite daring to launch away from the native twig, which is characteristic of so many at present.

In most of our large libraries there are collections of costume-books sufficient to show how immediately a change of opinion reveals itself in costume; and many modern historians have recorded the fact. Henri Martin, in his History of France, frequently pauses to note the connection between changes of spiritual condition and changes in

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the general style of dress. "In order to judge of a community," he says in one place (Martin, XII. 124), "it almost suffices to see its costume, that faithful interpreter of the bodily habits, which reflects always those of the spirit." Handling masses of illustrated works, and living near galleries of old pictures, he observed that both the morals and the minds of his countrymen have been faithfully reflected in the clothes they preferred. Under Francis I., French fashions were elegant and voluptuous; at the immoral court of Henry III., they were extravagant and monstrous; in the time of Henry IV., they had a military cast; under glorious Richelieu, the costumes assumed "a nobleness, a severe and picturesque amplitude, a style at once graceful and distinguished, never equalled in modern Europe." Fashions in that age, as in every age, originated in the country where there was most money and most leisure to spend upon dress, which then was Holland. Venice once gave the law to fashionable Europe, then Spain, then Holland, then France. While Louis XIV. was a gay and gorgeous personage, the costumes of his court were gay and gorgeous, but when he had been scared into a kind of repentance, and settled down with Madame de Maintenon into the steady-going married man, and no one could hope for royal favor who did not attend mass once a day, costumes became heavy, ugly, awkward, a monstrous blending of the courtly and the puritanic. Then, when the Regent brought pleasure into fashion once more, instantly the cumbrous extravagances of the old court were abandoned, and dress became simpler, costlier, and more elegant. As the Revolution approached, democratic ideas were fashionable in chateaus and grand drawing-rooms. All costume and all decoration became simpler and less expensive. English modes were introduced, the splendid carriages with panels painted by artists of repute, and heavy with elaborate decoration, all disappeared, and Paris was sombre with chariots, dark-colored and devoid of ornamentation, in the London style. Later, meanness and shabbiness of attire were the height of the mode in Paris, where republicans of ancient lineage and renown strove to express in this way their newly felt brotherhood to the less fortunate of mankind. Under Napoleon, all fashions for men had something in them of a military character, Napoleon reserving to himself the striking simplicity of a field uniform.

We have all observed, I suppose, what Mr. Herbert Spencer mentions in one of his essays, that the character of a political meeting can be inferred from the dress of those who attend it. "At a chartist demonstration," he tells us, "a lecture on socialism, or a *soirée* of the friends of Italy, there will be seen many among the audience, and a still larger ratio among the speakers, who get themselves up in a style more or less unusual. . . . . Bare necks, shirt-collars à la Byron, wonderfully shaggy great-coats, numerous oddities in form and color, destroy the monotony usual in crowds. . . . . And when the gathering breaks up, the varieties of head-gear, the number of caps, and the abundance of felt hats, suffice to prove that were the world at large like-minded, the black cylinders which tyrannize over us would soon be deposed." These remarks apply as well to New York as to London. They perfectly describe the motley assemblies which used to crowd the old Tabernacle in Broadway, when Theodore Parker lectured to all that was most advanced and enlightened, as well as to much that was eccentric and affected, in the city. On the other hand, how uniform and precise the dress of the men who issue in dark clouds about 12.15 on Sundays, from churches where all endeavor to think alike, and engage an able man, at great expense, to assist them in so doing! In those Theodore Parker days, members of the press sported various peculiarities of costume; especially men connected with the journal supposed to be most at variance with public opinion. Since that time, ex-

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tremes of opinion have drawn nearer together, and we now observe that the public-spirited and exemplary workingmen of the New York press, Bohemians of the new school, only discard so much of the conventional in costume and demeanor as is inconvenient and irrational. Compared with people of twenty years ago, we are all radicals, and our clothes show it. The eccentrics of the old Tabernacle platform have generally chosen to conform to the fashions of a public with which they are no longer much at variance; and the public, less trammelled than formerly by orthodoxies in politics and theology, dress more easily, comfortably, and variously.

Certainly, men do. If any one thinks ladies do not, I would like to show him a set of fashion-plates of 1820 to 1830, now lying before me. *Paniers*, do you say? Paniers first came in, I believe, about six months after the marriage of Louis XV., which occurred in 1725. They have been in fashion several times since, but they have never been so light, so modest, so harmless, so little worn, and so generally ridiculed as now. We can at least boast that they are not now regarded as an affair of state, disturbing the peace of courts, and calling for the interference of a prime minister. That gossiping Paris lawyer, Barbier, in his diary for 1728, has a curious passage relating to the paniers then worn at the French court, a passage which may console some readers whom the sight of a panier causes to despair of the human race.

"One would not believe," says Barbier, "that the Cardinal [Fleury, prime minister] has been embarrassed with regard to the paniers which women wear under their petticoats to render them large and spreading. They are of such a size, that when the ladies sit down, the whalebones are pushed out and make such an astonishing spread that they have been obliged to have arm-chairs made on purpose. Only three women can get into a box at the theatre without crowding. The fashion has gone to such an extravagance, as extreme fashions always do, that when the princesses are seated on each side of the queen, their petticoats, which rise as they seat themselves, hide the queen's petticoat. That seemed improper, but it was difficult to devise a remedy. By dint of pondering (*à force de rêver*) the Cardinal has decided that there shall always be an empty chair on each side of the queen, which will prevent the inconvenience; and the pretext is, that those two chairs are reserved for Mesdames de France, her daughters" (twins, two years old).

Thus the wise old priest, who governed France for so many years, arranged this great affair. It soon appeared, however, that the princesses did not like *their* petticoats concealed by the paniers of adjacent duchesses, and the Cardinal was obliged to grant them a vacant stool on each side. This offended the duchesses, who desired the same privilege. But Cardinal Fleury, like Dickens's immortal London barber, had to draw the line *somewhere*, and he drew it so as to exclude the duchesses, which led to a bitter war of pamphlets and epigrams, in the course of which one pamphlet was publicly burned by the executioner (Barbier, II. 37 and 41). Much as we may regret to see young loveliness disfiguring itself with these things in the Fifth Avenue, we can find comfort in the reflection that Mr. Seward has not been obliged to interfere, nor has the public hangman earned the smallest fee in consequence of the revived fashion.

Fashion is a necessity of human nature; because, while we all desire to be pleasingly attired, not one in ten thousand of us is able to invent any article of dress or decoration that shall be truly becoming. Nothing is more universal than the wish to be well-looking; and the feeling is so strong that a person had almost better not be born at all than be born two feet too tall or too short, or with any other very marked personal peculiarity that cannot be concealed. Byron's morbidness with regard to his lameness was not an unusual case. Turn loose, in a large

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school of rougn boys or girls, a child who has a squint eye, or a humpback, or a red patch on its face, or who is extremely fat or lean, or tall or short, or whose clothes are very different from those worn by the rest, or who has some unconquerable peculiarity of speech or manner, and that child will suffer an acute misery of which no one can form an idea who has never experienced it. Nor is this a peculiarity of childhood. What would induce a respectable citizen of Boston to walk down Washington Street in top-boots, or wearing a hat of 1830? Where is the woman strong-minded enough to calmly endure the stony stare of an omnibus full of female critics who have spied out something awry or antique in her costume? It is a tremendous ordeal. We are so constituted that we like to be like one another; and so general is this desire, that one of the signs of madness is an inclination to oddity in personal adornment. It is hard for us to believe in the soundness of a person's judgment who turns his collar down when every one else turns it up, or who lets his hair grow very long when the rest of mankind have theirs cropped. It is only in these advanced days, and in these two or three most advanced nations, that there is any real liberty of choice whether we shall go bearded or shorn, and whether we shall take evening sustenance in a coat with a tail behind, or in one with a tail all around it. Indeed, there are circles even in metropolitan London, Paris, and New York, where a person, otherwise unexceptionable, would be grossly undervalued if he should presume to present himself in any other than the regulation coat.

Many suppose that it is only the circles dependent upon Paris for their personal decoration, which are subject to these rigors. Not so. Nothing delivers from the tyranny of fashion but real elevation and independence of character; and, accordingly, the most abject slaves of fashion are to be found among the barbarous races and classes. Mr. Oscanyan tells us, that in the harems of the East, where Paris fashions are unknown, the changes in the shape of the ladies' dresses, and in the mode of adorning their persons, are as frequent as with us; and, although those changes are often so trifling that a foreigner would not notice them, a lady who cannot follow the new mode is as miserable as a New York servant-girl would have been a year or two ago without a hoop-skirt. We read in Marco Polo that it was so with the ladies of the harem countries, six hundred years ago. "A peculiar fashion of dress," he records of one of those countries, "prevails among the women of the superior class, who wear below their waists, in the manner of drawers, a kind of garment in the making of which they employ, according to their means, a hundred, eighty, or sixty ells of fine cotton cloth; which also they gather or plait, in order to increase the apparent size of their hips; those being accounted the most handsome who are most bulky in that part." Paniers again! And when the captains who sailed under Prince Henry the Navigator, first landed upon the Western coast of Africa, years before Columbus commanded a ship, they discovered that the unclad beauties of Guinea were devoured by the same passion to be in the mode. "That woman among them," writes an old translator of the valiant and talkative Cadamosto, "who has the largest breasts, has the glory of being considered the most handsome. For this purpose, each female, ambitious of this prerogative, when they attain their seventeenth or eighteenth year submit themselves to the operation of having their breasts tied around with strings, and so closely drawn, that they almost sever them from the body, and by means of daily efforts of stretching and dilation, give them at length such an extension as to hang down to the navel. No greater bliss can arrive to their sex than success in this attempt." *

And a traveller of to-day tells us that he carried with him a bountiful

* Narrative of First Voyage of Cadamosto to Coast of Africa, 1455.

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supply of the prettiest and costliest colored beads into the interior of Africa, hoping thereby to conciliate a powerful tribe and purchase their good offices; but when he arrived among them, he found, to his dismay, that the fashion in beads had changed, and that his were not in vogue. Colored beads were out, white beads were in. Not a negro of them, nor a negress, would look at his beautiful assortment of brilliant-hued beads, the choicest product of Birmingham; but the rage was for a certain kind of very cheap and common white beads, which the traders had introduced. Give me a week in the Astor Library, and I will furnish an octavo volume of facts like these, showing that the desire to be in the mode is universal, and that this desire is strongest in the weakest of our species.

The root of it all is, the deep and poignant shame which we experience from physical defects, — a feeling most necessary and salutary. Every man wishes to be of the proper number of inches round the chest, and every woman wishes to be beautiful in form and feature. There is not a fashion now prevalent in the world, and probably never has been one, which did not originate in the desire on the part of some one to display a physical excellence, or conceal a physical defect. Nature abhors bodily insufficiency. For five years past, men have stood aghast at the fantastic tricks which ladies have played before high Heaven with their own and other people's hair, as well as with that of horses and other innocent creatures. This wondrous hair system, which has prevailed throughout Christendom, all originated in the fact that the hair of a certain conspicuous woman became, by incessant dressings, very thin. Those shoes, too, which have the heel near the middle of the foot, and destroy the harmony of every movement, owe their currency to a foolish and groundless superstition, that a small foot is a sign of superior lineage. Some lady whose position required her to wear fine clothes in the gaze of many of her fellow-mortals had a large foot, which her obliging shoemaker strove to diminish by putting the heel an inch or two nearer the toe than it ought to have been. The trick seemed to answer the purpose, and from that time every lady in six nations, not exceptionally firm and sensible, has gone rocking on a pivot. Constantly, for the last three hundred years, ladies have been preached at for wearing their dresses too low; but such is the passion of human beings for displaying physical excellence, that just as often as the conspicuous lady of the age is well formed the fashion returns, and women indulge their desire to appear as lovely as nature made them.

In every community of which we have any knowledge, there is that one conspicuous person or class whom the rest admire, envy, and imitate. But this elect few, who alone have much time or means to expend upon the decoration of the body, are ever striving to be as *distinguished* in appearance as they suppose themselves to be in reality; and thus there is always going on a game of cross-purposes between the few and the many. The young men of New York who give their whole mind, such as it is, to the adornment and display of their persons, were glad enough to wear Alpine hats while only their own circle had them; but the moment those hats began to be generally worn, the dandies gave theirs away, and fell back upon styles which had some little peculiarity. The Astrakhan cap, high, and without a visor, gave solace to some, and caused the lobby of the French Opera to assume an Alaskian aspect, as though the Russians on their way home had stopped a few nights in New York to see the new piece. If the dandies succeed in adopting a kind of hat that pleases the public, more and more of the Alpines are laid aside, until they finally disappear beyond the Alleghanies, and spread themselves over the Valley of the Mississippi. Thus it is with all fashions. They are invented by taste or suggested by accident; they are adopted by the few who live but to dress; they are taken up

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by the public who have only time to ask what is worn; they are then abandoned by the ornamental class, and successively by the classes who are uneasy if they do not resemble them; and, at last, they are only seen on the persons of the multitude, who buy clothes with the intention of wearing them out, and who execute that intention.

Several causes have conspired of late years to stimulate our natural and commendable love of personal decoration, until most of us expend too much money upon it, and many are possessed by a kind of mania for changing and multiplying their garments, and for having them made of materials needlessly expensive.

Eighteen years ago, the President of the Republic of France betrayed the country which had trusted him, stole its liberties in the night, laid robber hands upon its treasury, dishonored its noblest citizens by carting them to jail in prison vans, murdered in cold blood several hundreds of innocent men and women in the streets of Paris, and transported hundreds more to a hot unhealthy region of the tropics. This was the Andersonville of usurpation. It transcended all that had ever been done in that kind, — joining to the extreme of dastardly meanness the extreme of audacious cruelty, and being totally devoid of palliation or excuse, except that invented by the head liar of the gang who perpetrated it. The man in whose name the deed was done appears to have furnished nothing but the lies; the audacity, and what little courage was shown, being supplied by others. Mr. Kinglake's chapter upon this usurpation (Invasion of the Crimea, Vol. I. Ch. XIV) strikingly confirmed by some American narratives to which that author had not access, exhausts the subject, and avenges the human race, which is deeply injured whenever man's faith in man is lessened by the deliberate betrayal of a solemnly accepted trust. Mr. Kinglake, I say, has avenged our outraged race; for which, I trust, we are all duly grateful to him. Nothing remains but for France to bring the perfidious wretch to trial for the special wrong done to *her*, and execute upon him the penalty to which he may be condemned.

As usual in such cases, a woman was found willing to share the bed and booty of the successful robber. She was young, beautiful, well formed, and of just such a mind as to submit joyfully to spend half the day in trying on articles of wearing apparel, and the other half in displaying them to a concourse of people. It became, too, and remains an important part of her duty to amuse, dazzle, and debase the women of France, by wearing a rapid succession of the most gorgeous, novel, bewildering costumes, the mere description of which has developed a branch of literature, employs many able writers, and mainly supports fifty periodicals. Here is a vain, beautiful woman, living in the gaze of nations, who has the plunder of a rich kingdom with which to buy her clothes, and the taste of a continent to devise them for her; for to Paris the *élite* of all tailors, dress-makers, milliners, and hair-dressers go from every capital in Europe. Whatever there is in France of truly noble and patriotic — and there are as many noble and patriotic persons in France as in any country — avoids the vicinity of this woman; while around her naturally gather the thoughtless and the interested. The women in this circle imitate her as closely as women can whose husbands have not stolen the treasures of a nation; all except one, it is said, and she is the real queen of fashion.

Both these leading women have certain physical defects which they wish to conceal, as well as certain unusual charms, of which they intend the most shall be made. One is beautiful and tall. The other is ugly and short, but graceful, vivacious, and interesting. The hair of one of them growing scanty behind, all women felt the necessity of carrying a pound of horsehair under their own, and swelled out in the region of the back hair to an extent that now seems incredible. If the parting of the

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hair widens, and begins to resemble baldness, then frizzing comes in, which covers up the deficiency. A few gray hairs bring powder into fashion. Other insufficiencies send paniers on their way round the world. For these women, and especially the one who figures in the centre of the group, occupy that conspicuous place to which for two centuries past more female eyes have been admiringly directed than to any other; and there reside near them a band of writers who live by chronicling every new device of decoration that appears upon their persons. So able, liberal, and sensible a journal as the Pall Mall Gazette finds it necessary to station an industrious member of its staff within sight of these people, for the sole purpose of telling the best women in England what clothes the worst women in France wear. I should suppose, from looking over the periodicals which publish fashion news, that there must be in Paris as many as a hundred writers who derive the whole or part of their income from describing the dresses worn in the ancient palaces temporarily occupied by the usurper and his dependants; and many of these writers do their work so well, that their letters are a most potent stimulator of the passion for dress which is so easily kindled in the minds of the ignorant and immature.

This poor woman, who is the immediate cause of the mischief, is, we are told, an anxious and unhappy being, as well she may be. She struggles to conciliate. A forced, fixed smile is ever upon her face, when that face is seen by others. In her growing anxiety, she naturally redoubles her efforts to dazzle and beguile the people in whose sight she dwells, and on whose money she dresses. When the Hour comes, I hope she will be mercifully judged, for she has already expiated the venial sin of yielding to a temptation which only a very superior woman — one really honest and thorough-bred — could have resisted. It is probable that she now regards the wearing of those tremendous costumes merely as her contribution towards housekeeping; as though she said to her husband, "*You* keep down the men by muzzling the press and flattering the army, and I 'll fool the women by wearing the most stunning costumes that ever struck envy to the female heart."

Then the marriage laws of France, and the universal custom of demanding a dowry with a wife, have necessitated other arrangements than marriage between the sexes; have called into existence a large class of women who are well named the *demi-monde*, — a something between respectable married women and those who are wholly out of the pale of respectability. I presume this class is not more numerous in proportion to the rest of the population now than they were when the loyal Barbier, indignant at the epigrams launched at Louis XV. when he established his first mistress at court, exclaimed: "Every one else keeps a mistress; why should n't the king have one?" The demi-monde may not be proportionally more numerous than in the year 1735, but they have, as a class, a hundred times more money to spend. Empty head, vacant time, full purse, — these are the main constituents of the people subject to the clothes mania. Since the discovery of gold in California in 1848, I suppose more people have undergone a complete change of circumstances than ever before in so short a space of time. From that heavily laden marquis in England, who toils at the management of an estate yielding an income of three thousand pounds sterling a day, to the rag-pickers of the streets, we all have more money to spend than we used to have; and one of the things we are surest to do, when we have some superfluous cash, is to go to Paris and buy pleasure with it, — pleasure being a chief product of that capital. Of course, there must be a prodigious number of semi and wholly unfortunate women there who have heaps of gold, and nothing to do but to copy or burlesque the showy women of the Tuileries.

Heavens! What a carnival of folly

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they are holding, — those women of the palace and of the demi-monde! That is, if we may believe our assiduous friends, the reporters of fashions. The most curious and amusing feature of it is, the great number of things that are now regulated by fashion. I read in one fashion-letter that American young ladies were greatly in vogue in Paris until last year; but during the present season it has not been *fashionable* to have them at balls and parties, because it has been discovered that, under elegant and most costly costumes, some of them concealed an ignorance surpassing that of a servant-girl. I read in another of these epistles, that such is the rage for light hair, that ladies whose hair is not of the fashionable hue tie it up into the smallest possible space, and wholly cover it with light curls, frizzles, and powder. Another informs us that the costumes of the Conspicuous Woman of France, which are sometimes changed four times a day, and the most expensive of which are never worn more than twice, vary in *sentiment* with the occasion; so that when she attends a council of ministers, so called, she wears a dress of "a grave, reflecting tone, on which hues of steel-gray meet rays of studious brown, the *ensemble* being burnished armor." Two years ago, we are further assured, it was fashionable to be seen making caps and dresses for some poor woman's baby; but babies are past, and now no lady of fashion does anything with needles less elegant than "Venetian *guipure* or netting," whatever that may be. Mourning dresses and mourning customs, it seems, also vary, and we are favored with minute descriptions of the styles worn at Père-la-Chaise on the day when custom enjoins that graves shall be visited. Coffins, we are told, are *again* covered with black cloth "puffed like upholstery."

Indeed, if the reader will take the trouble to look over a few of the fashion-letters from Paris, he will discover that fashion now prescribes not only every article of dress and personal decoration, but that there is scarcely anything which it does not regulate. In the course of a week or two I have gathered paragraphs telling me what cards I must use for every occasion on which cards can be supposed to come into play; how I must be buried, if I wish to have the thing done as it should be; what styles of tombstone are now in fashion; what color my horses would have to be, if I had any; whether the wheels and the body of my carriage must contrast or match; what medicines, and school of medicine, and practitioners of medicine, it is fashionable to employ, as well as what diseases are now in vogue. I am notified, also, that in England, at present, the fashionable *religion* is Ritualism. Strangest of all, I am seriously assured by the *Moniteur de la Mode* itself, that it is now the height of fashion, not to follow the fashion, but to go to the studio of your *artiste* in clothes, and demand of her a creation, — a costume wholly original. "There is no woman of fashion who does not ask *des confections faites exclusivement pour elle*. As soon as a thing has been seen, she wishes it no longer." This calls to mind the advice which the author of Pelham gave to the London dandy of thirty years ago, which was, that if he saw his most favorite, most costly, most stunning waistcoat copied by another man, he should instantly give his own away to his valet. No other course was open to a man of true *ton*.

The solemnity with which these things are stated is sometimes extremely ludicrous. The force of the comic can no further go than in a paragraph printed last winter in a New York paper, which notified the public that a family was in affliction from a cause both novel and distressing. An elegant bridal veil of "real point lace" had been ordered in Paris for a young lady who was to be married the next day. It had not arrived, and "the family of the bride were very much *concerned*, fearing that white *tulle* would have to be substituted." Carlyle should have had this for "Sartor Resartus." "Concerned" is good.

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The truth is, that the two conspicuous persons in France are in a position which is both false and precarious. Being essentially histrionic persons, they employ histrionic arts, one of which is, rapid and frequent changes of costume. One of these people plays emperor, and the other plays empress; and they have set all the fools in Christendom dressing for parts. "A remarkable toilet," says a fashion-letter, "is a hunting-robe, to be worn by a belle, who looks on while the hunters mount in their saddles, but does not follow them."

The cost of all this is beyond arithmetic to compute. Never before were the treasures of a frugal and laborious people, such as the French are, wasted so wantonly. No mistress of Louis XIV., no titled harlot of the Regency, not Pompadour, not Dubarry, ever squandered the money of the French with such reckless profusion as the woman now occupying the apartments in which they dwelt. "The cream of novelty," says a late letter from Paris, "is a garland so contrived that, as the heat of the dancing-room becomes greater, the petals composing this garland open gradually, then fall into the hair, disclosing a diamond or a ruby in each." Another: "A new fashion is, to have buttons and jewelry of the same shade as the ribbon sashes; thus a maize taffeta is worn with amethyst, and coral jewelry with coral-colored ribbons." Another: "The ladies at Compiègne dress four times a day, and vie with one another in magnificence." "The Empress's toilets are all ravishing. On Sunday, at mass, she wore a blue satin trained dress, trimmed with Russian sable, with a polonaise of the same, likewise trimmed with sable, and a bonnet of iris velvet with aigrette." This was a simple church dress. One of the evening costumes was "an apricot silk, puffed all round the bottom with apricot tulle; flounces worked with silver, fuchsia pattern, and trimmed with Venetian fringe of white silk. Over this an immense train of white satin, softened by apricot tulle, worked with silver fuchsias and fringe round the borders."

In this style do women of a certain mind dress when they have the plunder of a great kingdom at command. The Princess Metternich, when she came to spend a few days at Compiègne, felt it necessary to bring with her twenty-six trunks full of clothes; and we read of a French bride who had sixty thousand francs' worth of handkerchiefs as one item of her outfit. In a word, the surplus money which ought to be educating France is at present chiefly wasted in disfiguring a few thousand Frenchwomen.

The time was when the ladies who led society in France had other claims to the homage of men than the clothes they wore. The time *was*, do I say? The time *is*. The women who dress with this shameless disregard of morality and taste are, in no proper sense, leaders of the society of the country upon which they have fastened. They are not the successors of those amiable, intelligent ladies to whom Martin refers, when he says: "The ancients created conversation between men. Conversation between the two sexes, the true and complete conversation, was born in France; and this is not one of the least of our titles to the esteem of mankind, little as we think of it now, when we have departed so far from our former elegance of manners" (Martin, XII. 424). Nor are these dull, ignorant people worthy to be ranked with the Frenchwomen of whom Sydney Smith wrote: "There used to be in Paris, under the ancient *régime* a few women of brilliant talents, who violated all the common duties of life, and gave very pleasant little suppers." There can be no pleasant little suppers with persons dressed in the manner just described. No conversation is possible with a woman who has five hundred thousand francs' worth of satin, lace, and jewels on her mind. These women are in fact purely histrionic persons, actresses, with whom a few words may be exchanged as they stand

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dressed to "go on"; but their minds are so preoccupied with their parts, their audience, and their trains, that conversation is out of the question. Happily, the play will end erelong, and then they will slink out of the stage door and go home, carrying their toggery with them.

It is sometimes spoken of as a shame to the ladies of America, England, and Christendom generally, that they should have stooped to imitate the women temporarily conspicuous in betrayed and plundered France. Perhaps, many centuries hence, mankind will have advanced so far in moral feeling and genuine civilization, that a wrong done to any portion of the race will be keenly felt by every other portion, and a face unjustly slapped in Australia will make cheeks tingle in Greenland. At present, however, this is not the case, and most of us bear the sorrows of others with fortitude. Ladies do not generally read the newspapers; do not as yet consciously share in the public life of the race; do not even generally *know* how the person whose garments they copy got her insatiable little hand into the treasury of saving, industrious France; do not see the transparent artifices by which the French are amused and flattered, while they are held down and plundered; do not recognize in the bewildering costumes of the Conspicuous Woman a means of corrupting one sex and enslaving the other.

Ladies do not think of politics when they go to Stewart's to buy a new dress, and are much less concerned to know what is fashionable in France than what is "going to be worn" by the influential ladies of their own circle. Each country has its professional fashion-makers, who adapt French patterns to that country's climate, circumstances, and taste, and it is with these that ladies have to do. Not one lady in a million, who has ceased to part her hair, or who hides the symmetry of her form in a panier, sees any connection between those acts and the politics of Europe. Let us not presume to censure the fairer part of creation. A woman with a full purse and an empty head *must* dress, or do worse; and, being totally unable to devise costumes herself, she *must* follow the fashions invented by people who have less money and more brains than herself.

These fashion-makers have become in some capitals, especially in New York, a numerous and very capable class; and they, too, have been powerful stimulators of the clothes mania. I may say, indeed, that a sort of conspiracy exists between the makers and the originators of clothes, the grand object of which is to compel people to buy new garments before their old ones are worn out. I say *compel*, not merely tempt them to do so by the invention of new and pleasing styles (though that, too, is done), but *force* young and susceptible people to cast aside garments not half worn out, by making them prematurely old-fashioned.

I can best explain how this is done by recurring to an article already mentioned, the stove-pipe hat, which being still worn by about one half the men in the United States, is what is styled "a leading article." The great question which the chief hatters of this nation revolve in their ingenious minds is this: How can we make men dissatisfied with the hats they have, and fly to others which they see the dandies wear? As many changes can be made in a hat as can be rung on those abominable "nine bells" of the arithmetics. A hat has a crown and a brim. That crown can be high, low, straight, steeple, or bell-shaped; and that brim can be narrow, wide, curling, straight, turned down or turned up. The whole structure can be large or it can be small. Of all the shapes which this kind of hat can assume, the one most popular, the one hardest to change, is the very one which happens to be most in vogue at this writing (February, 1869), namely, a moderate-sized bell, with a rather wide, curling brim. No shape is becoming to so many persons as this; and hence, though the straight crowns and steeple crowns seldom run more than two years,

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the bell, once well established, can seldom be made to seem absurd in less than seven years. Now, the trick of the hatters, as of all other fashion-makers, male and female, is this: first, to push or develop the reigning fashion, as rapidly as possible, to an extreme which savors of the ridiculous; and then, as rapidly as possible, to recede from that extreme to an opposite one. At present the tendency is to make hats larger, more bell-like, and with a brim of more pronounced curl. But the impulse in that direction is nearly exhausted, and the newest hats begin to look absurdly large, too bellish, and curling. The moment is at hand when a movement, more or less violent, will take place in the opposite direction. If the hatters dared, they would dart at once to a minute and natty steeple crown; but the public, in that case, would shy, and keep on wearing the bells. The next extreme, whatever it may be, will not be reached under two years, and it will be approached by such numerous and gradual changes, that most of our hats will be considerably worn before we begin to be ashamed of them. Our tyrants will beware of going too fast with us; for, after all, we can be masters if we will. We have to be deluded with the name and forms of freedom, while many of us are in reality the unresisting slaves of five men who keep Broadway hat-stores.

The recent tight trousers illustrate the same device. They grew tighter, and tighter, and tighter, until it was perilous to go abroad, and many of our young fellows looked like Master Shallow in his young days, when, as Falstaff informs us, he resembled "a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife." The moment a ridiculous extreme of tightness had been well established, our lords, the tailors, kindly shook out a reef, and relieved us. But the tight trousers, which they had compelled us to buy, hang on their pegs unworn, or adorn the store fronts of Chatham Street. Among the ladies, the present rage is to load every article of visible attire with ornament. "We know," says the editress of our chief fashion-paper, "of a costume lately made, on which eighteen women spent two days in making the trimming." If the *modistes* are true to their principles, they will push this fashion of excessive ornamentation until it becomes utterly monstrous; and *then*, when every wardrobe is bursting with absurdity, they will turn as short a corner as they dare, and rush to an opposite extreme of simplicity. The object of all these tailors and dressmakers is, to make us loathe our clothes while they are still as good as new. But they could not work their will upon us without the co-operation of the small class in all our cities who live only to dress, and whose one cry is, "Give us something new to wear." These *start* a fashion and give it a chance to "take." And as fortune is ever apt to favor the brave, it sometimes happens that accident aids the bold innovator who suddenly cuts off our coat tails, or takes in our trousers until we cannot pick up a lady's handkerchief. All garments look well upon a fine form; and there *are* legs which are more admirable the more distinctly they are revealed. Let but a perfectly formed man of some note wear tights and a bob-tail a few times in the view of the public, and every dandy is impatient until he has converted himself into a forked radish.

And yet our fashion-makers, though they have stimulated the clothes mania, are probably the very persons who will do most to cure it. Such, at least, was my impression the other day, after going over the largest fashion-making establishment in the world. America, which is destined to try all the experiments and solve all the problems, seems to have it in charge also to teach the Northern races how to dress. When an American takes hold of a thing, he is pretty sure to give it plenty of air. He is the great Advertiser. He instinctively aims at the million, knowing well that there is little else in America but million, and knowing also that he who draws permanent tribute from the

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million must devise something truly serviceable. We have in New York four establishments whose sole or chief business is to invent fashions, sell fashion-plates, paper patterns, and printed directions for cutting garments. The one which I visited employs sixty persons, and is about to occupy the whole of a large building, of which the rent is fifteen thousand dollars a year. The stranger is shown into one "studio," where a "corps of artists," men, sit assiduous, drawing upon stone the fashion prints for men's clothes, to which the chief tailors of the city have contributed each one suit. There I saw the coats, waistcoats, trousers, hats, neck-ties, and boots which were to be in fashion five months later; for, as the fashion-plate is sent to subscribers in February, it has to be drawn some weeks before; and the ingenious authors of it have to project their minds into the future, and infer what men can be made to buy in June, from what they fancy in December. Sometimes they hit it, sometimes they miss; the public may jump at a new device, or let it alone; for, after all, the public can be led only by being led in the way in which it is inclined to go. He is the great fashion-maker who knows best how to interpret the unconscious tendency of the public taste.

In another room of this building is another "corps of artists," women, who contrive new fashions for the ladies, sold in the form of paper patterns, with directions for cutting attached. Now the great hits achieved in this "studio," the patterns which sell most and longest, are such as combine with elegance the greatest number of utilities. The *staple* patterns are those which can be made easily, look well in cheap material, and harmonize with many other garments. I was expected to be surprised at the information, (but I was not,) that the person in New York who has shown the greatest fertility in inventing these universal and lasting patterns is "a girl from the woods of Maine," who never saw fashionable costume till she was a grown woman, and now earns sixteen hundred dollars a year by the inventive talent which she was accidentally discovered to possess. This establishment publishes an illustrated catalogue, which contains pictures and descriptions of more than a thousand garments of ladies and children's wear, patterns of any of which, with full directions for cutting, are sold for a few cents. There appears to be a great economy of brains and labor here, — three men and four women inventing the clothes for a great part of a populous country. These "artists" are becoming independent of Paris. They take all the Paris fashion-periodicals, read the fashion-letters from that city, adopt any device that seems to them suitable to America; but they never think of introducing a fashion merely *because* it has found favor with the temporary occupants of French palaces, or the demi-wives of the transient millionnaires of the Paris Bourse.

It is a curious thing, too, that the magazines and weekly papers published by or for the fashion-makers are as a class remarkable for good sense and healthy feeling. If they fill the souls of some ladies with visions of costume impossible to a slender purse, they have excellent editorials showing how wrong it is to sacrifice the substantial interests of a family to the false decoration of one or two members of it. They give alluring pictures of baby's lace dresses, — $150 to $400 at Stewart's, — but they tell mothers that it is highly ridiculous to provide such costly bibs for the absorption of sour milk. One of these papers — and it is a paper of most excellent tone, full of capital advice and just satire — has a circulation of sixty thousand copies, and it is, therefore, compelled to give its chief attention to the promulgation of really useful patterns. It follows the law which is converting the fashion-manufactories from stimulators into correctors of mania. The universal and prompt dissemination of every new device makes it impossible for any woman to gain *distinction* by novel changes of attire; and we already see, at grand

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parties, that a few ladies of entirely assured position avoid in their dress everything that savors of the startling, and usually forbear the use of those very costly fabrics which they alone *can* wear without starving or stinting more important interests. Such ladies, of course, never exhibit anything conspicuous or costly in the street, and some of them even go to an extreme in the disregard of appearances out of doors. Of late, a few have gone further, and denied themselves the pleasure — to them alone an innocent pleasure — of wearing satin, velvet, and much lace.

Goethe says that folly can seldom be cured by denying to it all indulgence, and recommends that, in some cases, it should be nauseated by "intoxicating draughts." In this way, also, the fashion-papers may be of service, aided as they are by the fearful excesses in which some of the clothes maniacs indulge. There were "receptions" given last winter in New York, which were, in the most literal meaning of the word, *nothing* but exhibitions of wearing-apparel. No lady had any other object than to display her own costume, and to scrutinize that of others; nor when she afterwards discoursed of the entertainment, had she anything to communicate except descriptions of dresses such as we read in letters from Paris. Indeed, the mere magnitude of the dresses was such in January and February, that every lady had as much on her mind in making her way about, as the pilot of one of those magnificent Bristol steamboats has on his, when, at 5.15 P.M., the stately craft moves majestically among the numberless ferry-boats and sailing vessels of the East River. A moment's inattention, and smash! the cabin is stove in. One glance at a friend who may be two or three dresses off, and rip! away go the gathers. In time, let us hope, such experiences as these may prove to be the nauseating draughts which Goethe recommends.

Men's dress is now nearly perfect. It is cheap, durable, convenient, various; and it may be elegant and becoming in a high degree. By devoting to the subject thirty minutes per annum, — fifteen in May and fifteen in September, — a man may provide himself with all the clothes which can contribute either to the comfort or the adornment of his person. A dress suit will last through ten seasons of pretty frequent parties, and still be presentable; nor does it need any great firmness or good sense to enable a man to smile at the devices of tailors and fashion-makers, and stick to his clothes till they are worn out. As a rule, men in the United States do not dress well enough. A million of us ought to dress every evening for dinner, who do not, merely because we are not civilized enough. Our dirty streets and crammed public vehicles discourage dressing, and we indulge the delusion that we have not time or strength to dress after the labor of the day is done, though many mechanics do it who work ten hours a day, and travel an hour and a half besides.

With ladies, it is otherwise. Many of them have entirely run to clothes, as cucumbers run to seed. Men begin to maintain the Mahometan doctrine, that women have no souls. In former times, it was only the few thousand ladies connected with courts and aristocracies, who were subject to this kind of mania. But, at present, few women wholly escape it. In remote villages you will see foolish virgins in three or four different costumes on the same Sunday, and in cities you will find the wives of plain, laborious men squandering more money on a child's dress than would maintain three sons in college.

We have all become so used to witnessing this entire devotion to dress, that when, by chance, we observe indications of intellectual or unimpaired physical life in a lady who has grown up under present influences, we are startled.

Twice in my life, I have fallen in love at first sight. The first time was in a bookstore in Boston, in the street

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named after the Father of his country. I was fresh from New York, where my afternoon walk is usually up the Fifth Avenue, a street in which the Mahometan doctrine just mentioned does not always seem so very irrational. This first love of mine was a girl of about seventeen, with a lovely bloom on her cheeks, and she wore a dress of blue something (not silk) with white spots in it. It was when I found out what that sweet girl had come to the store to buy that I gave way to the weakness alluded to above. She was lovely in herself, but, great heavens! she was there buying a GAZETTEER! Here was a young lady, aged seventeen, who took interest enough in the world she inhabited to desire a catalogue of its contents! Amazing! Long she hesitated, anxious to choose the best. Shall it be Lippincott? Shall it be Harper? She made up her mind at last, paid for the book, and completed her conquest by carrying it home herself. I never saw her more; I know not her name; but I love her still, and often have a distracting vision of her when I see "those others," in the Avenue which is numbered Five. It is only because I am not Dr. Holmes or Mr. Lowell, that I have not written out my Lines to a Young Lady in a Blue-Spotted Dress (not Silk) whom I saw buying a Gazetteer in a Boston Bookstore.

The other time was on the long piazza of a seaside hotel, also in New England. *She* was a married lady, a mother, and a writer of charming verse and prose. It had been her singular good fortune to be reared on that rockbound coast in such a way that her growth was never checked by excessive school, nor her freedom of movement hampered by irrational dress, or by false ideas of propriety. Her father being a landlord, a fisherman, a light-house keeper, and a man of sense and information, she had plenty of boats, rocks, fishing-tackle, and suggestive conversation; and so grew up absolutely free from every one of the pernicious restraints of a defective civilization. At the same time her mind was duly nourished with honest knowledge, and kept totally free from all the contracting superstitions. I never spoke to her. I should not know her face to-day, if I saw it. But what instantaneously captivated my affections was the wondrous beauty of her *step!* Just to watch the glorious harmony, the perfect *concert*, of her movements, — was rapture. It is *this* darling of my memory in her coarse blue Dio Lewis boat-dress, that I think of when I see those gorgeous ladies carrying down the steps of a fashionable house an immense armful of clothes which they have been exhibiting at a reception.

BRAHMANISM:

ACCORDING TO THE LATEST RESEARCHES.

IT is more than forty years since the writer of this article, then a boy, was one day searching among the heavy works of a learned library in the country, to find some entertaining reading for a summer afternoon. It was a library rich in theology, in Greek and Latin classics, in French and Spanish literature, but contained little to amuse a child. Led by some happy fortune, in turning over a pile of the "Monthly Anthology," his eye was attracted by the title of a play, "Sácontala,* or the Fatal Ring; an Indian Drama, translated from the original Sanskrit and Pracrit. Calcutta, 1789," and reprinted in the "Anthology" in successive numbers. Gathering them together, the boy took them into a great

* Now usually written Sákoontalá, or Sákuntalá.

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chestnut-tree, amid whose limbs he had constructed a study, and there, in the warm, fragrant shade, read, hour after hour, this bewitching story. The tale was suited to the day and the scene, — filled with images of tender girls and religious sages, who lived amid a tropical abundance of flowers and fruits; so blending the beauty of nature with the charm of love. Nature becomes in it alive, and is interpenetrated with human sentiments. Sákuntalá loves the flowers as sisters; the Késara-tree beckons to her with its waving blossoms, and clings to her in affection as she bends over it. The jasmine, the wife of the mango-tree, embraces her lord, who leans down to protect his blooming bride, "the moonlight of the grove." The holy hermits defend the timid fawn from the hunters, and the birds, grown tame in their peaceful solitudes, look tranquilly on the intruder. The demons occasionally disturb the sacrificial rites, but, like well-educated demons, retire at once, as soon as the protecting Raja enters the sacred grove. All breathes of love, gentle and generous sentiment, and quiet joys in the bosom of a luxuriant and beautiful summer land. Thus, in this poem, written a hundred years before Christ, we find that romantic view of nature, unknown to the Greeks and Romans, and first appearing in our own time in such writers as Rousseau, Goethe, and Byron.

He who translated this poem into a European language, and communicated it to modern readers, was Sir William Jones, one of the few first-class scholars whom the world has produced. In him was joined a marvellous gift of language, with a love for truth and beauty, which detected by an infallible instinct what was worth knowing, in the mighty maze of Oriental literature. He had also the rare good fortune of being the first to discover this domain of literature in Asia, unknown to the West till he came to reveal it. The vast realm of Hindoo, Chinese, and Persian genius was as much a new continent to Europe, when discovered by Sir William Jones, as America was when made known by Columbus. Its riches had been accumulating during thousands of years, waiting till the fortunate man should arrive, destined to reveal to our age the barbaric pearl and gold of the gorgeous East, — the true wealth of Ormus and of Ind.

Sir William Jones came well equipped for his task. Some men are born philologians, loving *words* for their own sake, — men to whom the devious paths of language are open highways, who, as Lord Bacon says, "have come forth from the second general curse, which was the confusion of tongues, by the art of grammar." Sir William Jones was one of these, perhaps the greatest of them. A paper in his own handwriting tells us that he knew critically eight languages, — English, Latin, French, Italian, Greek, Arabic, Persian, and Sanskrit; less perfectly eight others, — Spanish, Portuguese, German, Runic, Hebrew, Bengali, Hindi, Turkish; and was moderately familiar with twelve more, — Tibetian, Pâli, Phalavi, Deri, Russian, Syriac, Ethiopic, Coptic, Welsh, Swedish, Dutch, and Chinese. There have been, perhaps, other scholars, who have known as many tongues as this. But usually they are crushed by their own accumulations, and we never hear of their accomplishing anything. Sir William Jones was not one of these, "deep-versed in books, and shallow in himself." Language was his instrument, but knowledge his aim. So, when he had mastered Sanskrit and other Oriental languages, he rendered into English not only Sákuntalá, but a far more important work, "The Laws of Manu"; "almost the only work in Sanskrit," says Max Müller, "the early date of which, assigned to it by Sir William Jones from the first, has not been assailed." He also translated from the Sanskrit the fables of Hitopadesa, extracts from the Vedas, and shorter pieces. He formed a society in Calcutta for the study of Oriental literature, was its first president, and contributed numerous essays, all valuable, to its periodical, the "Asiatic

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Researches." He wrote a grammar of the Persian language, and translated from Persian into French the history of Nadir Shah. From the Arabic he also translated many pieces, and among them the Seven Poems suspended in the temple at Mecca, which, in their subjects and style, seem an Arabic anticipation of Walt Whitman. He wrote in Latin a Book of Commentaries on Asiatic Poetry, in English several works on the Mohammedan and Civil Law, with a translation of the Greek Orations of Isæus. As a lawyer, a judge, a student of natural history, his ardor of study was equally apparent. He presented to the Royal Society in London a large collection of valuable Oriental manuscripts, and left a long list of studies in Sanskrit to be pursued by those who should come after him. His generous nature showed itself in his opposition to slavery and the slave-trade, and his open sympathy with the American Revolution. His correspondence was large, including such names as those of Benjamin Franklin, Sir Joseph Banks, Lord Monboddo, Gibbon, Warren Hastings, Dr. Price, Edmund Burke, and Dr. Parr. Such a man ought to be remembered, especially by all who take an interest in the studies to which he has opened the way, for he was one who had a right to speak of himself, as he has spoken in these lines: —

"Before thy mystic altar, heavenly truth,
I kneel in manhood, as I knelt in youth.
Thus let me kneel, till this dull form decay,
And life's last shade be brightened by thy ray.
Then shall my soul, now lost in clouds below,
Soar without bound, without consuming glow."

Since the days of Sir William Jones, immense progress has been made in the study of Sanskrit literature, especially within the last thirty or forty years, from the time when the Schlegels led the way in this department. Now, professors of Sanskrit are to be found in all the great European universities, and in this country we have at least one Sanskrit scholar of the very highest order, Professor William D. Whitney, of Yale. The system of Brahmanism, which a short time since could only be known to Western readers by means of the writings of Colebrooke, Wilkins, Wilson, and a few others, has now been made accessible by the works of Lassen, Max Müller, Burnouf, Muir, Pictet, Bopp, Weber, Windischmann, Vivien de Saint-Martin, and a multitude of eminent writers in France, England, and Germany.*

But, notwithstanding these many helps, Brahmanism remains a difficult study. Its source is not in a man, but in a caste. It is not the religion of a Confucius, a Zoroaster, a Mohammed, but the religion of the Brahmans. We call it Brahmanism, and it can be traced to no individual as its founder or restorer. There is no personality about it.† It is a vast world of ideas, but wanting the unity which is given by the life of a man, its embodiment and representative.

But what a system! How large, how difficult to understand! So vast, so complicated, so full of contradictions, so various and changeable, that its very immensity is our refuge! We say, It is impossible to do justice to such a system; therefore do not demand it of us.

India has been a land of mystery from the earliest times. From the most ancient days we hear of India, as the most populous nation of the world, full of barbaric wealth and a strange wisdom. It has attracted conquerors, and has been overrun by the armies of Semiramis, Darius, Alexander; by Mahmud, and Tamerlane, and Nadir

* To avoid multiplying foot-notes, we refer here to the chief sources on which we rely in this article. *C. Lassen*, Indische Alterthumskunde; *Max Müller*, History of Ancient Sanskrit Literature (and other works); *J. Muir*, Sanskrit Texts; *Pictet*, Les Origines Indo-Européennes; *Sir William Jones*, Works, 13 vols.; *Vivien de Saint-Martin*, Etude, &c., and articles in the Revue Germanique; *Monier Williams*, Sákoontalá (a new translation), the Rámayána, and the Mahá Bhárata; *Horace Hayman Wilson*, works (containing the Vischnu Purana, &c.); *Burnouf*, Essai sur le Vêda, Le Bhagavata Purana; *Stephenson*, the Sanhita of the Sama Veda; *Ampère*, La Science en Orient; *Bunsen*, Gott in der Geschichte; *Shea* and *Troyer*: The Dabistan; *Hardwick*, Christ and other Masters; *J. Talboys Wheeler*, History of India from the Earliest Times.

† "The soul knows no persons." — *Emerson*.

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Shah; by Lord Clive and the Duke of Wellington. These conquerors, from the Assyrian Queen to the British Mercantile Company, have overrun and plundered India, but have left it the same unintelligible, unchangeable, and marvellous country as before. It is the same land now which the soldiers of Alexander described, — the land of grotto-temples dug out of solid porphyry; of one of the most ancient Pagan religions of the world; of social distinctions fixed and permanent as the earth itself; of the sacred Ganges; of the idols of Juggernaut, with its bloody worship; the land of elephants and tigers; of fields of rice and groves of palm; of treasuries filled with chests of gold, heaps of pearl, diamonds, and incense. But above all, it is the land of unintelligible systems of belief, of puzzling incongruities, and irreconcilable contradictions.

The Hindoos have sacred books of great antiquity, and a rich literature extending back twenty or thirty centuries; yet no history, no chronology, no annals. They have a philosophy as acute and profound and spiritual as any in the world, which is yet harmoniously associated with the coarsest superstition. With a belief so abstract that it almost escapes the grasp of the most speculative intellect, is joined the notion that sin can be atoned for by bathing in the Ganges or repeating a text of the Veda. With an ideal pantheism resembling that of Hegel, is united the opinion that Brahma and Siva can be driven from the throne of the universe by any one who will sacrifice a sufficient number of wild horses. To abstract one's self from matter, to renounce all the gratifications of the senses, to macerate the body, is thought the true road to felicity; and nowhere in the world are luxury and licentiousness and the gratification of the appetites carried so far. Every civil right and privilege of ruler and subject is fixed in a code of laws and a body of jurisprudence older far than the Christian era, and the object of universal reverence; but the application of these laws rests (says Rhode) on the arbitrary decisions of the priests, and their execution on the will of the sovereign. The constitution of India is therefore like a house without a foundation and without a roof. It is a principle of Hindoo religion not to kill a worm, not even to tread on a blade of grass, for fear of injuring life; but the torments, cruelties, and bloodshed inflicted by Indian tyrants would shock a Nero or a Borgia. Half the best informed writers on India will tell you that the Brahmanical religion is pure monotheism; the other half as confidently assert that they worship a million gods. Some teach us that the Hindoos are spiritualists and pantheists; others that their idolatry is more gross than that of any living people.

Is there any way of reconciling these inconsistencies? If we cannot find such an explanation, there is at least one central point where we may place ourselves; one elevated position, from which this mighty maze will not seem wholly without a plan. In India the whole tendency of thought is ideal, the whole religion a pure spiritualism. An ultra, one-sided idealism is the central tendency of the Hindoo mind. The God of Brahmanism is an intelligence, absorbed in the rest of profound contemplation. The good man of the Vedas is he who withdraws from an evil world into abstract thought.

Nothing else explains the Hindoo character as this does. An eminently religious people, it is their one-sided spiritualism, their extreme idealism, which gives rise to all their incongruities. They have no history and no authentic chronology, for history belongs to this world, and chronology belongs to time. But this world and time are to them wholly uninteresting; God and eternity are all in all. They torture themselves with self-inflicted torments; for the body is the great enemy of the soul's salvation, and they must beat it down by ascetic mortifications. But asceticism, here as everywhere else, tends to self-indulgence, since one extreme produces another. In one part of India, therefore, devotees are swing-

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ing on hooks in honor of Siva, hanging themselves by the feet, head downwards, over a fire, rolling on a bed of prickly thorns, jumping on a couch filled with sharp knives, boring holes in their tongues, and sticking their bodies full of pins and needles, or perhaps holding the arms over the head till they stiffen in that position. Meantime in other places whole regions are given over to sensual indulgences, and companies of abandoned women are connected with different temples and consecrate their gains to the support of their worship.

As one-sided spiritualism will manifest itself in morals in the two forms of austerity and sensuality, so in religion it shows itself in the opposite direction of an ideal pantheism and a gross idolatry. Spiritualism first fills the world full of God, and this is a true and Christian view of things. But it takes another step, which is to deny all real existence to the world, and so runs into a false pantheism. It first says, truly, "There is nothing *without* God." It next says, falsely, "There is nothing *but* God." This second step was taken in India by means of the doctrine of *Maya*, or *Illusion*. *Maya* means the delusive shows which spirit assumes. For there is nothing but spirit; which neither creates nor is created, neither acts nor suffers, which cannot change, and into which all souls are absorbed when they free themselves by meditation from the belief that they suffer or are happy, that they can experience either pleasure or pain. The next step is to polytheism. For if God neither creates nor destroys, but only seems to create and destroy, these *appearances* are not united together as being the acts of one Being, but are separate, independent phenomena. When you remove personality from the conception of God, as you do in removing will, you remove unity. Now if creation be an illusion, and there be no creation, still the *appearance* of creation is a fact. But as there is no substance but spirit, this *appearance* must have its cause in spirit, that is, is a *divine* appearance, is God. So destruction, in the same way, is an appearance of God, and reproduction is an appearance of God, and every other appearance in nature is a manifestation of God. But the unity of will and person being taken away, we have not one God, but a multitude of gods, — or polytheism.

Having begun this career of thought, no course was possible for the human mind to pursue but this. An ultra spiritualism must become pantheism, and pantheism must go on to polytheism. In India this is not a theory, but a history. We find, side by side, a spiritualism which denies the existence of anything but motionless spirit or Brahm, and a polytheism which believes and worships Brahma the Creator, Siva the Destroyer, Vischnu the Preserver, Indra the God of the Heavens, the Lactis or energies of the gods, Krishna the Hindoo Apollo, Doorga, and a host of others, innumerable as the changes and appearances of things.

But such a system as this must necessarily lead also to idolatry. There is in the human mind a tendency to worship, and men must worship something. But they believe in one Being, the absolute Spirit, the supreme and only God, — Para Brahm; *him* they cannot worship, for he is literally an unknown God. He has no qualities, no attributes, no activity. He is neither the object of hope, fear, love, nor aversion. Since there is nothing in the universe but spirit and illusive appearances, and they cannot worship spirit because it is absolutely unknown, they must worship these appearances, which are at any rate *divine* appearances, and which do possess some traits, qualities, character, *are* objects of hope and fear. But they cannot worship them as appearances, they must worship them as persons. But if they have an inward personality or soul, they become real beings, and also beings independent of Brahm, whose appearances they are. They must therefore have an outward personality; in other words, a body, a shape, emblematical and character-

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istic; that is to say, they become idols.

Accordingly, idol worship is universal in India. The most horrible and grotesque images are carved in the stone of the grottos, stand in rude, block-like statues in the temple, or are coarsely painted on the walls. Figures of men with heads of elephants, or of other animals, or with six or seven human heads, sometimes growing in a pyramid, one out of the other, sometimes with six hands coming from one shoulder, — grisly and uncouth monsters, like nothing in nature, yet too grotesque for symbols, — such are the objects of the Hindoo worship.

We have seen how hopeless the task has appeared of getting any definite light on Hindoo chronology or history. To the ancient Egyptians, events were so important that the most trivial incidents of daily life were written on stone, and the imperishable records of the land, covering the tombs and obelisks, have patiently waited during long centuries, till their decipherer should come to read them. To the Hindoos, on the other hand, all events were equally unimportant. The most unhistoric people on earth, they cared more for the minutiæ of grammar, or the subtilties of metaphysics, than for the whole of their past. The only date which has emerged from this vague antiquity is that of Chandragupta, a contemporary of Alexander, and called by the Greek historians Sandracottus. He became king B. C. 315, and as, at his accession, Buddha had been dead (by Hindoo statement) one hundred and sixty-two years, Buddha may have died B. C. 477. We can thus import a single date from Greek history into that of India. This is the whole.

But, all at once, light dawns on us from an unexpected quarter. While we can learn nothing concerning the history of India from its literature, and nothing from its inscriptions or carved temples, *language* comes to our aid. The fugitive and airy sounds, which seem so fleeting and so changeable, prove to be more durable monuments than brass or granite. The study of the Sanskrit language has told us a long story concerning the origin of the Hindoos. It has rectified the ethnology of Blumenbach, has taught us who were the ancestors of the nations of Europe, and has given us the information that one great family, the Indo-European, has done most of the work of the world. It shows us that this family consists of seven races, — the Hindoos, the Persians, the Greeks, the Romans, who all emigrated to the south from the original ancestral home; and the Kelts, the Teutons, and Slavi, who entered Europe on the northern side of the Caucasus and the Caspian Sea. This has been accomplished by the new science of Comparative Philology. A comparison of languages has made it too plain to be questioned, that these seven races were originally one; that they must have emigrated from a region of Central Asia, at the east of the Caspian, and northwest of India; that they were originally a pastoral race, and gradually changed their habits as they descended from those great plains into the valleys of the Indus and the Euphrates. In these seven linguistic families, the roots of the most common names are the same; the grammatical constructions are also the same; so that no scholar, who has attended to the subject, can doubt that the seven languages are all daughters of one common mother-tongue.

Pursuing the subject still further, it has been found possible to conjecture with no little confidence what was the condition of family life in this great race of Central Asia, before its dispersion. The original stock has received the name Aryan. This designation occurs in Manu (II. 22), who says: "As far as the eastern and western oceans, between the two mountains, lies the land which the wise have named Arya-vesta, or *inhabited by honorable men.*" The people of Iran receive this same appellation in the Zend-Avesta, with the same meaning of *honorable.* Herodotus testifies that the Medes were formerly called Ἄριοι (He-

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rod. VII. 61). Strabo mentions that, in the time of Alexander, the whole region about the Indus was called *Ariana*. In modern times, the word *Iran* for Persia, and *Erin* for Ireland, are possible reminiscences of the original family appellation.

The Aryans, long before the age of the Vedas or the Zend-Avesta, were living as a pastoral people on the great plains east of the Caspian Sea. What their condition was at that epoch is deduced by the following method: If it is found that the name of any fact is the same in two or more of the seven tribal languages of this stock, it is evident that the name was given to it before they separated. For there is no reason to suppose that two nations living wide apart would have independently selected the same word for the same object. For example, since we find that *house* is in Sanskrit, *Dama* and *Dam;* in Zend, *Demana;* in Greek, Δόμος; in Latin, *Domus;* in Irish, *Dahm;* in Slavonic, *Domu*, — from which root comes also our English word *Domestic*, — we may be pretty sure that the original Aryans lived in houses. When we learn that *boat* was in Sanskrit, *Nau* or *nauka;* in Persian, *Naw, nawah;* in Greek, Ναῦς; in Latin, *Navis;* in Old Irish, *Noi* or *Nai;* in Old German, *Nawa* or *Nawi;* and in Polish, *Nawa*, we cannot doubt that they knew something of what we call in English *Nau*tical affairs, or Navigation. But as the words designating masts, sails, yards, &c., differ wholly from each other in all these linguistic families, it is reasonable to infer that the Aryans, before their dispersion, went only in boats, with oars, on the rivers of their land, the Oxus and Jaxartes, and did not sail anywhere on the sea.

Pursuing this method, we see that we can ask almost any question concerning the condition of the Aryans, and obtain an answer by means of Comparative Philology.

Were they a pastoral people? The very word *pastoral* gives us the answer. For *Pa* in Sanskrit means to watch, to guard, as men guard cattle, — from which a whole company of words has come in all the Aryan languages.

The results of this method of inquiry, so far as given by Pictet, are these. Some 3000 years B. C.,* the Aryans, as yet undivided into Hindoos, Persians, Kelts, Latins, Greeks, Teutons, and Slavi, were living in Central Asia, in a region of which Bactriana was their centre. Here they must have remained long enough to have developed their admirable language, the mother-tongue of those which we know. They were essentially a pastoral, but not a nomad people, having fixed homes. They had oxen, horses, sheep, goats, hogs, and domestic fowls. Herds of cows fed in pastures, each the property of a community, and each with a cluster of stables in the centre. The daughters† of the house were the dairy-maids, the food was chiefly the products of the dairy and the flesh of the cattle. The cow was, however, the most important animal, and gave its name to many plants, and even to the clouds and stars, in which men saw heavenly herds passing over the firmament above them.

But the Aryans were not an exclusively pastoral people; they certainly had barley, and perhaps other cereals, before their dispersion. They possessed the plough, the mill for grinding grain; they had hatchet,‡ hammer, augur. The Aryans were acquainted with several metals, among which were gold, silver, copper, tin. They knew how to spin and weave to some extent; they were acquainted with pottery. How their houses were built we do not know, but they contained doors, windows, and fireplaces. They had cloaks or mantles, they boiled and roasted meat, and

* All Indian dates older than 300 B. C. are uncertain. The reasons for this one are given carefully and in full by Pictet.

† Our English word *daughter*, together with the Greek θυγάτηρ, the Zend *dughdar*, the Persian *dochtar*, &c., corresponds with the Sanskrit *duhitar*, which means both daughter and milkmaid.

‡ *Hatchet*, in Sanskrit *takshani*, in Zend *tasha*, Persian *tash*, Greek τόχος, Irish *tuagh*, Old German *deksa*, Polish *tasak*, Russian *tesaku*. And what is remarkable, the root *tak* appears in the name of the hatchet in the languages of the South-Sea-Islanders and the North American Indians.

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certainly used soup. They had lances, swords, the bow and arrow, shields, but not armor. They had family life, some simple laws, games, the dance, and wind instruments. They had the decimal numeration, and their year was of three hundred and sixty days. They worshipped the heaven, earth, sun, fire, water, wind; but there are also plain traces of an earlier monotheism, from which this nature-worship proceeded.

So far Comparative Philology takes us, and the next step forward brings us to the Vedas, the oldest works in the Hindoo literature, but at least 1000 or 1500 years more recent than the times we have been describing. The Aryans have separated, and the Hindoos are now in India. It is eleven centuries before the time of Alexander. They occupy the region between the Punjaub and the Ganges, and here was accomplished the transition of the Aryans from warlike shepherds into agriculturalists and builders of cities.

The last hymns of the Vedas were written (says St. Martin) when they arrived from the Indus at the Ganges, and were building their oldest city, at the confluence of that river with the Jumna. Their complexion was then white, and they call the race whom they conquered, and who afterward were made *Soudras*, or lowest caste, blacks.* The chief gods of the Vedic age were Indra, Varuna, Agni, Savitri, Soma. The first was the god of the Firmament, the second of the Waters, the third of Fire,† the fourth of the Sun, and the fifth of the Moon. Yama was the god of death. All the powers of nature were personified in turn, — as earth, food, wine, months, seasons, day, night, and dawn. Among all these divinities, Indra and Agni were the chief.‡ But behind this incipient polytheism lurks the original monotheism, — for each of these gods, in turn, becomes the Supreme Being. The universal Deity seems to become apparent, first in one form of nature and then in another. Such is the opinion of Colebrooke, who says that "the ancient Hindoo religion recognizes but one God, not yet sufficiently discriminating the creature from the Creator." And Max Müller says: "The hymns celebrate Varuna, Indra, Agni, &c., and each in turn is called supreme. The whole mythology is fluent. The powers of nature become moral beings."

Max Müller adds: "It would be easy to find, in the numerous hymns of the Veda, passages in which almost every single god is represented as supreme and absolute. Agni is called 'Ruler of the Universe'; Indra is celebrated as the Strongest god, and in one hymn it is said, 'Indra is stronger than all.' It is said of Soma that 'he conquers every one.'"

But clearer traces of monotheism are to be found in the Vedas. In one hymn of the Rig-Veda it is said: "They call him Indra, Mitra, Varuna, Agni; then he is the well-winged heavenly Garutmat; that which is One, the wise call it many ways; they call it Agni, Yama, Matarisvan." In one hymn the doctrine of creation is declared in language of wonderful force, it being said of the period previous to all existence: "Nothing that is was then; *even what is not* did not exist then. There was no death, therefore there was nothing immortal. The One breathed, breathless. Darkness was as of ocean without light."

We subjoin one hymn from the oldest Veda, in which the unity of God seems very clearly expressed.

RIG-VEDA, X. 121.

"In the beginning there arose the Source of golden light. He was the only born Lord of all that is. He established the earth, and this sky. Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?

"He who gives life. He who gives strength; whose blessing all the bright gods desire; whose shadow is immor-

* The Rig-Veda distinguishes the Aryans from the Dasyus. Mr. Muir quotes a multitude of texts in which Indra is called upon to protect the former, and slay the latter.

† Agni, whence Ignis, in Latin.

‡ See Talboys Wheeler.

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tality, whose shadow is death. Who is the God to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?

"He who through his power is the only king of the breathing and awakening world. He who governs all, man and beast. Who is the god to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?

"He whose power these snowy mountains, whose power the sea proclaims, with the distant river. He whose these regions are, as it were his two arms. Who is the god to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?

"He through whom the sky is bright and the earth firm. He through whom heaven was stablished; nay, the highest heaven. He who measured out the light in the air. Who is the god to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?

"He to whom heaven and earth, standing firm by his will, look up, trembling inwardly. He over whom the rising sun shines forth. Who is the god to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?

"Wherever the mighty water-clouds went, where they placed the seed and lit the fire, thence arose he who is the only life of the bright gods. Who is the god to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?

"He who by his might looked even over the water-clouds, the clouds which gave strength and lit the sacrifice; *he who is God above all gods.* Who is the god to whom we shall offer our sacrifice?

"May he not destroy us, — he the creator of the earth, — or he, the righteous, who created heaven; he who also created the bright and mighty waters. Who is the god to whom we shall offer our sacrifices?" *

Long after the age of the elder Vedas, Brahmanism begins. Its text-book is the Laws of Manu. As yet Vishnu and Siva are not known. The former is named once, the latter not at all. The writer only knows three Vedas. The Atharva-Veda is later. But as Siva is mentioned in the oldest Buddhist writings, it follows that the laws of Manu are older than these. In the time of Manu the Aryans are still living in the valley of the Ganges. The Caste system is now in full operation, and the authority of the Brahman is raised to its highest point. The Indus and Punjaub are not mentioned; all this is forgotten. This work could not be later than B. C. 700, or earlier than B. C. 1200. It was probably written about B. C. 900 or B. C. 1000. In this view agree Wilson, Lassen, Max Müller, and Saint-Martin. The Supreme Deity is now Brahma, and sacrifice is still the act by which one comes into relation with heaven. Widow-burning is not mentioned in Manu; but it appears in the *Mahabharata*, one of the great epics, which is later.

The pure nature-religion of India now begins to appear as a pantheistic philosophy, which is thus described by Bunsen and others.

Brahma, in his highest form as Para-Brahm, stands for the Absolute Being. The following extract from the Sama Veda (after Haug's translation) expresses this: "The generation of Brahma was before all ages, unfolding himself evermore in a beautiful glory; everything which is highest and everything which is deepest belongs to him. Being and Not-Being are unveiled through Brahma."

The following passage is from a Upanischad, translated by Windischmann: —

"How can any one teach concerning Brahma? he is neither the known nor the unknown. That which cannot be expressed by words, but through which all expression comes, this I know to be Brahma. That which cannot be thought by the mind, but by which all thinking comes, this I know is Brahma. That which cannot be seen by the eye, but by which the eye sees, is Brahma. If thou thinkest that thou canst know it, then in truth thou knowest it very little. To whom it is un-

* M. Vivien de Saint-Martin has determined more precisely than it has been done before the primitive country of the Aryans, and the route followed by them in penetrating into India. They descended through Cabul to the Punjaub, having previously reached Cabul from the region between the Jaxartes and the Oxus.

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known, he knows it; but to whom it is known, he knows it not."

This also is from Windischmann, from the Kathaka Upanischad: "One cannot attain to it through the word, through the mind, or through the eye. It is only reached by him who says, 'It is! It is!' He perceives it in its essence. Its essence appears when one perceives it as it is."

The old German expression *Istigkeit*, according to Bunsen, corresponds to this. This also is the name of Jehovah as given to Moses from the burning bush: "And God said unto Moses, I AM THE I AM. Thus shalt thou say unto the children of Israel, I AM hath sent me unto you." The idea is that God alone really exists, and that the root of all being is in him. This is expressed in another Upanischad: "He WHO EXISTS is the root of all creatures; he WHO EXISTS is their foundation, and in him they rest."

In the Vedanta philosophy this speculative pantheism is carried yet further. Thus speaks Sankara, the chief teacher of the Vedanta philosophy ("Colebrooke's Essays"): "I am the great Brahma, eternal, pure, free, one, constant, happy, existing without end. He who ceases to contemplate other things, who retires into solitude, annihilates his desires, and subjects his passions, he understands that Spirit is the One and the Eternal. The wise man annihilates all sensible things in spiritual things, and contemplates that one Spirit who resembles pure space. Brahma is without size, quality, character, or division."

According to this philosophy (says Bunsen) the world is the Not-Being. It is, says Sankara, "appearance without Being; it is like the deception of a dream." "The soul itself," he adds, "has no actual being."

There is an essay on Vedantism in a book published in Calcutta, 1854, by a young Hindoo, Shoshee Chunder Dutt, which describes the creation as proceeding from Maya, in this way: "Dissatisfied with his own solitude, Brahma feels a desire to create worlds, and then the volition ceases so far as he is concerned, and he sinks again into his apathetic happiness, while the desire, thus willed into existence, assumes an active character. It becomes Maya, and by this was the universe created, without exertion on the part of Brahma. This passing wish of Brahma carried, however, no reality with it. And the creation proceeding from it is only an illusion. There is only one absolute Unity really existing, and existing without plurality. But he is like one asleep. Krishna, in the Gita, says: 'These works (the universe) confine not me, for I am like one who sitteth aloof uninterested in them all.' The universe is therefore all illusion, holding a position between something and nothing. It is real as an illusion, but unreal as being. It is not true, because it has no essence; but not false, because its existence, even as illusion, is from God. The Vedanta declares: 'From the highest state of Brahma to the lowest condition of a straw, all things are delusion.'" Chunder Dutt, however, contradicts Bunsen's assertion that the soul also is an illusion according to the Vedanta. "The soul," he says, "is not subject to birth or death, but is in its substance, from Brahma himself." The truth seems to be that the Vedanta regards the individuation of the soul as from Maya and illusive, but the substance of the soul is from Brahma, and destined to be absorbed into him. As the body of man is to be resolved into its material elements, so the soul of man is to be resolved into Brahma. This substance of the soul is neither born nor dies, nor is it a thing of which it can be said, "It was, is, or shall be." In the Gita, Krishna tells Arjun that he and the other princes of the world "never were not."

The Vedantist philosopher, however, though he considers all souls as emanations from God, does not believe that all of them will return into God at death. Those only who have obtained a knowledge of God are rewarded by absorption, but the rest continue to migrate from body to body so long as

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they remain unqualified for the same. "The knower of God becomes God." This union with the Deity is the total loss of personal identity, and is the attainment of the highest bliss, in which are no grades and from which is no return. This absorption comes not from good works or penances, for these confine the soul and do not liberate it. "The confinement of fetters is the same whether the chain be of gold or iron." "The knowledge which realizes that everything is Brahm, alone liberates the soul. It annuls the effect both of our virtues and vices. We traverse thereby both merit and demerit, the heart's knot is broken, all doubts are split, and all our works perish. Only by perfect abstraction, not merely from the senses, but also from the thinking intellect and by remaining in the knowing intellect, does the devotee become identified with Brahm. He then remains as pure glass when the shadow has left it. He lives destitute of passions and affections. He lives sinless; for, as water wets not the leaf of the lotus, so sin touches not him who knows God." He stands in no further need of virtue, for "of what use can be a winnowing fan when the sweet southern wind is blowing." His meditations are of this sort: "I am Brahm, I am life. I am everlasting, perfect, self-existent, undivided, joyful."

If therefore, according to this system, knowledge alone unites the soul to God, the question comes, Of what use then are acts of virtue, penances, sacrifices, worship? The answer is, that they effect a happy transmigration from the lower forms of bodily life to higher ones. They do not accomplish the great end, which is absorption and escape from Maya, but they prepare the way for it by causing one to be born in a higher condition.

Thus all Hindoo religion seemed to have settled into a vast spiritual pantheism. But from this, at one epoch, emerged another system, that of the Trismurti, or Divine Triad; the Indian Trinity of *Brahma, Vischnu, and Siva.* This Triad expresses the unity of Creation, Destruction, and Restoration. A foundation for this already existed in a Vedic saying, that the highest being exists in three states, that of creation, continuance, and destruction.

Neither of these three supreme deities of Brahmanism held any high rank in the Vedas. Siva (Civa) does not appear at all in the Veda, nor, according to Lassen, is Brahma mentioned in the Vedic hymns, but first in a Upanischad. Vischnu is spoken of in the Rig-Veda, but always as one of the names for the sun. He is the Sun-God. His three steps are sunrise, noon, and sunset. He is mentioned as one of the sons of Aditi; he is called "the wide-stepping," "measurer of the world," "the strong," "the deliverer," "renewer of life," "who sets in motion the revolutions of time," "a protector," "preserving the highest heaven." Evidently he begins his career in this mythology as the sun.

BRAHMA, at first a word meaning prayer and devotion, becomes in the laws of Manu the primal God, "first-born of the creation, from the self-existent being, in the form of a golden egg. He became the creator of all things by the power of prayer. In the struggle for ascendency which took place between the priests and the warriors, Brahma naturally became the deity of the former. But, meantime, the worship of Vischnu had been extending itself in one region, and that of Siva in another. Then took place those mysterious wars between the kings of the Solar and Lunar races, of which the great epics contain all that we know. And at the close of these wars, a compromise was apparently accepted, by which Brahma, Vischnu, and Siva were united in one supreme God, as creator, preserver, and destroyer, all in one.

The oldest and most striking account of creation is in the eleventh chapter of the Rig-Veda. Colebrooke, Max Müller, Muir, and Goldstücker, all give a translation of this remarkable hymn and speak of it with admiration. We take that of Colebrooke, modified by that of Muir: —

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"Then there was no entity nor non-entity; no world, no sky, nor aught above it; nothing anywhere, involving or involved; nor water deep and dangerous. Death was not, and therefore no immortality, nor distinction of day or night. But THAT (or The One) breathed calmly alone with Nature, her who is sustained within him. Other than Him, nothing existed [which] since [has been]. Darkness there was; [for] this universe was enveloped with darkness, and was undistinguishable waters; but that mass, which was covered by the husk, was [at length] produced by the power of contemplation. First desire was formed in his mind; and that became the original productive seed; which the wise, recognizing it by the intellect in their hearts, distinguish, as the bond of nonentity with entity.

"Did the luminous ray of these [creative acts] expand in the middle, or above, or below? That productive energy became providence [or sentient souls], and matter [or the elements]; Nature, who is sustained within, was inferior; and he who sustains was above.

"Who knows exactly, and who shall in this world declare, whence and why this creation took place? The gods are subsequent to the production of this world: then who can know whence it proceeded, or whence this varied world arose, or whether it upholds [itself] or not? He who in the highest heaven is the ruler of this universe, — he knows, or does not know."

We have no doubt that the Hindoo Triad came from the effort of the Brahmans to resist the tendency to polytheism, and it may for a time have succeeded. Images of the Trismurti, or three-faced God, are frequent in India, and this is still the object of Brahmanical worship. But beside this practical motive, the tendency of thought is always toward a triad of law, force, or elemental substance, as the best explanation of the universe. Hence there have been Triads in so many religions: in Egypt, of *Osiris* the Creator, *Typhon* the Destroyer, and *Horus* the Preserver; in Persia, of *Ormuzd* the Creator, *Ahriman* the Destroyer, and *Mithra* the Restorer; in Buddhism of *Buddha* the Divine Man, *Dharmma* the Word, and *Sangha* the Communion of Saints. Simple monotheism does not long satisfy the speculative intellect, because, though it accounts for the harmonies of creation, it leaves its discords unexplained. But a dualism of opposing forces is found still more unsatisfactory, for the world does not appear as such a scene of utter warfare and discord as this. So the mind comes to accept a Triad, in which the unities of life and growth proceed from one element, the antagonisms from a second, and the higher harmonies of reconciled oppositions from a third. Hence, in Brahmanism came the Triad of Brahma, Vischnu, and Siva.*

But one of the most curious features of this system, which must not be left wholly unexplained, is the doctrine of *Avatars*, or Incarnations, of Vischnu. There are ten of these Avatars, — nine have passed, and one is to come. The object of Vischnu is, each time, to save the gods from destruction impending over them in consequence of the immense power acquired by some king, giant, or demon, by superior acts of austerity and piety. For here, as elsewhere, extreme spiritualism is often divorced from morality; and so these extremely pious, spiritual, and self-denying giants are the most cruel and tyrannical monsters, who must be destroyed at all hazards. Vischnu, by force or fraud, overcomes them all.

His first *Avatar* is of the Fish, as related in the Mahabharata. The object was to recover the Vedas, which had been stolen by a demon from Brahma when asleep. In consequence of this loss, the human race became corrupt, and were destroyed by a deluge, except a pious prince and seven holy men who were saved in a ship. Vischnu, as a large fish, drew the ship safely on the

* Even in the grammatical forms of the Sanskrit verb, this threefold tendency of thought is indicated. It has an active, passive, and middle voice (like that of the cognate Greek), and the reflex action of its middle voice corresponds to the Restorer or Preserver.

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water, killed the demon, and recovered the Vedas. The second Avatar was in a *Turtle*, to make the drink of immortality. The third was in a *Boar*, the fourth in a *Man-Lion*, the fifth in the *Dwarf* who deceived *Bali*, who had become so powerful by austerities as to conquer the gods and take possession of Heaven. In the eighth Avatar he appears as Krishna, and in the ninth as Buddha.

This system of Avatars is so peculiar, and so deeply rooted in the system, that it would seem to indicate some law of Hindoo thought. Perhaps some explanation may be reached thus: —

We observe that, —

1. Vischnu does not mediate between *Brahma* and *Siva*, but between the deities, and the lower races of men or demons.

2. The danger arises from a certain fate or necessity which is superior both to gods and men. There are laws which enable a man to get away from the power of Brahma and Siva.

3. But what is fate or necessity but *nature*, and the nature of things, the laws of the outward world of active existences? It is not till essence becomes existence, till spirit passes into action, that it becomes subject to law.

4. The danger then is from the world of nature. The gods are pure spirit, and spirit is everything. But now and then nature *seems to be something*, it will not be ignored or lost in God. Personality, activity, or human nature rebel against the pantheistic idealism, the abstract spiritualism of this system.

5. To conquer body, Vischnu or spirit enters into body, again and again. Spirit must appear as body to destroy Nature. For thus is shown that spirit cannot be excluded from anything, — that it can descend into the lowest forms of life, and work *in* law as well as above law.

But all the efforts of Brahmanism could not arrest the natural development of the system. It passed on into polytheism and idolatry. The worship of India for many centuries has been divided into a multitude of sects. While the majority of the Brahmans still profess to recognize the equal divinity of Brahma, Vischnu, and Siva, the mass of the people worship Krishna, Rama, the Lingam, and many other gods and idols. There are Hindoo atheists who revile the Vedas; there are the *Kabirs*, who are a sort of Hindoo Quakers, and oppose all worship; the *Ramanujas*, an ancient sect of Vischnu worshippers; the *Ramavats*, living in monasteries; the *Panthis*, who oppose all austerities; the *Maharajas*, whose religion consists with great licentiousness. Most of these are worshippers of Vischnu or of Siva, for Brahma worship has wholly disappeared.

Few Hindoos now read the Vedas. The Puranas and the two great epics constitute their sacred books. These epics are the Rámáyana, and the Mahá-Bhárata. The first contains about fifty thousand lines, and is held in great veneration by the Hindoos. It describes the youth of Rama, who is an incarnation of Vischnu, his banishment and residence in Central India, and his war with the giants and demons of the South, to recover his wife, Sita. It probably is founded on some real war between the early Aryan invaders of Hindostan, and the indigenous inhabitants.

The Mahá-Bhárata, which is probably of later date, contains about *two hundred and twenty thousand* lines, and is divided into eighteen books, each of which would make a large volume. It is supposed to have been collected by Vyusa, who also collected the Vedas and Puranas. These legends are very old, and seem to refer to the early history of India. There appear to have been two Aryan dynasties in ancient India; the Solar and Lunar. Rama belonged to the first, and Bhárata to the second. Pandu, a descendant of the last, has five brave sons, who are the heroes of this book. One of them, Arjuna, is especially distinguished. One of the episodes is the famous Bhagavat-gita. Another is called the Brahman's Lament. An-

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other describes the deluge, showing the tradition of a flood existing in India many centuries before Christ. Another gives the story of Savitri and Satyavan. These episodes occupy three fourths of the poem, and from them are derived most of the legends of the Puranas. A supplement, which is itself a longer poem than the Iliad and Odyssey combined (which together contain about thirty thousand lines), is the source of the modern worship of Krishna. The whole poem represents the multilateral character of Hinduism. It indicates a higher degree of civilization than that of the Homeric poems, and describes a vast variety of fruits and flowers existing under culture. The characters are much nobler and purer than those of Homer. The pictures of domestic and social life are very touching; children are dutiful to their parents, parents careful of their children; wives are loyal and obedient, yet independent in their opinions; and peace reigns in the domestic circle.

Having thus attempted, in the brief space we can here use, to give an account of Brahmanism, we close by showing its special relation as a system of thought to Christianity.

Brahmanism teaches the truth of the reality of spirit, and that spirit is infinite, absolute, perfect, one; that it is the substance underlying all existence. Brahmanism glows through and through with this spirituality. Its literature, no less than its theology, teaches it. It is in the dramas of Calidasa, as well as in the sublime strains of the Bhagavat-gita. Something divine is present in all nature and all life, —

> "Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
> And the round ocean, and the living air."

Now, with this Christianity is in fullest agreement. We have such passages in the Scripture as these: "God is a Spirit"; "God is love; whoso dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him"; "In him we live, and move, and have our being"; "He is above all, and through all, and in us all." But beside these texts, which strike the key-note of the music which was to come after, there are divine strains of spiritualism, of God all in all, which come through a long chain of teachers of the Church, sounding on in the Confessions of Augustine, the prayers of Thomas Aquinas, Anselm, Bonaventura, St. Bernard, through the Latin hymns of the Middle Ages, and develop themselves at last in what is called romantic art and romantic song. A Gothic cathedral like Antwerp or Strasburg, — what is it but a striving upward of the soul to lose itself in God? A symphony of Beethoven, — what is it but the same unbounded longing and striving toward the Infinite and Eternal? The poetry of Wordsworth, of Goethe, Schiller, Dante, Byron, Victor Hugo, Manzoni, all partake of the same element. It is opposed to classic art and classic poetry in this, that instead of limits, it seeks the unlimited; that is, it believes in spirit, which alone is the unlimited; the *in*finite, that which *is*, not that which appears; the *essence* of things, not their *ex*istence or outwardness.

Thus Christianity meets and accepts the truth of Brahmanism. But how does it *fulfil* Brahmanism? The deficiencies of Brahmanism are these, — that holding to eternity, it omits time, and so loses history. It therefore is incapable of progress, for progress takes place in time. Believing in spirit, or infinite unlimited substance, it loses person, or definite substance, whether infinite or finite. The Christian God is the infinite, definite substance, self-limited or defined by his essential nature. He is good and not bad, righteous and not the opposite, perfect love, not perfect self-love. Christianity, therefore, gives us God as a person, and man also as a person, and so makes it possible to consider the universe as order, kosmos, method, beauty, and providence. For, unless we can conceive the Infinite Substance as definite, and not undefined; that is, as a person with positive characters; there is no difference between good and bad,

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right and wrong, to-day and to-morrow, this and that, but all is one immense chaos of indefinite spirit. The moment that creation begins, that the Spirit of the Lord moves on the face of the waters, and says, "Let there be light," and so divides light from darkness, God becomes a person, and man can also be a person. Things then become "separate and divisible" which before were "huddled and lumped."

Christianity, therefore, fulfils *Brahmanism* by adding to eternity time, to the infinite the finite, to God as spirit God as nature and providence. God in himself is the unlimited, unknown, dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto; hidden, not by darkness, but by light. But God, as turned toward us in nature and providence, is the infinite definite substance, that is, having certain defined characters, though these have no bounds as regards extent. This last view of God Christianity shares with other religions, which differ from Brahmanism in the opposite direction. For example, the religion of Greece and of the Greek philosophers never loses the definite God, however high it may soar. While Brahmanism, seeing eternity and Infinity, loses time and the finite, the Greek religion, dwelling in time, often loses the eternal and the spiritual. Christianity is the mediator, able to mediate, not by standing between both, but by standing beside both. It can lead the Hindoos to an Infinite Friend, a perfect Father, a Divine Providence, and so make the possibility for them of a new progress, and give to that ancient and highly endowed race another chance in history. What they want is evidently moral power, for they have all intellectual ability. The effeminate quality which has made them slaves of tyrants during two thousand years will be taken out of them, and a virile strength substituted, when they come to see God as law and love, — perfect law and perfect love, — and to see that communion with him comes, not from absorption, contemplation, and inaction, but from active obedience, moral growth, and personal development. For Christianity certainly teaches that we unite ourselves with God, not by sinking and losing our personality in him, but by developing it, so that it may be able to serve and love him.

THE HEROINE OF LONG POINT.

LOOKING at the Government Chart of Lake Erie, one sees the outlines of a long, narrow island, stretching along the shore of Canada West, opposite the point where Loudon District pushes its low, wooded wedge into the lake. This is Long Point Island, known and dreaded by the navigators of the inland sea which batters its yielding shores, and tosses into fantastic shapes its sand-heaps. The eastern end is some twenty miles from the Canada shore, while on the west it is only separated from the main-land by a narrow strait known as "The Cut." It is a sandy, desolate region, broken by small ponds, with dreary tracts of fenland, its ridges covered with a low growth of pine, oak, beech, and birch, in the midst of which, in its season, the dogwood puts out its white blossoms. Wild grapes trail over the sand-dunes and festoon the dwarf trees. Here and there are almost impenetrable swamps, thick-set with white cedars, intertwisted and contorted by the lake winds, and broken by the weight of snow and ice in winter. Swans and wild geese paddle in the shallow, reedy bayous; raccoons and even deer traverse the sparsely wooded ridges. The shores of its creeks and fens are tenanted by

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minks and musk rats. The tall tower of a light-house rises at the eastern extremity of the island, the keeper of which is now its solitary inhabitant.

Fourteen years ago, another individual shared the proprietorship of Long Point. This was John Becker, who dwelt on the south side of the island, near its westerly termination, in a miserable board shanty nestled between naked sand-hills. He managed to make a poor living by trapping and spearing muskrats, the skins of which he sold to such boatmen and small-craft skippers as chanced to land on his forlorn territory. His wife, a large, mild-eyed, patient, young woman of some twenty-six years, kept her hut and children as tidy as circumstances admitted, assisted her husband in preparing the skins, and sometimes accompanied him on his trapping excursions.

On that lonely coast, seldom visited in summer, and wholly cut off from human communication in winter, they might have lived and died with as little recognition from the world as the minks and wild-fowl with whom they were tenants in common, but for a circumstance which called into exercise unsuspected qualities of generous courage and heroic self-sacrifice.

The dark, stormy close of November, 1854, found many vessels on Lake Erie, but the fortunes of one alone have special interest for us. About that time the Schooner Conductor, owned by John McLeod of the Provincial Parliament, a resident of Amherstburg, at the mouth of the Detroit River, entered the lake from that river, bound for Port Dalhousie, at the mouth of the Welland Canal. She was heavily loaded with grain. Her crew consisted of Captain Hackett, a Highlander by birth, and a skilful and experienced navigator, and six sailors. At nightfall, shortly after leaving the head of the lake, one of those terrific storms, with which the late autumnal navigators of that "Sea of the Woods" are all too familiar, overtook them. The weather was intensely cold for the season; the air was filled with snow and sleet; the chilled water made ice rapidly, encumbering the schooner, and loading down her decks and rigging. As the gale increased, the tops of the waves were shorn off by the fierce blasts, clouding the whole atmosphere with frozen spray, or what the sailors call "spoon-drift," rendering it impossible to see any object a few rods distant. Driving helplessly before the wind, yet in the direction of its place of destination, the schooner sped through the darkness. At last, near midnight, running closer than her crew supposed to the Canadian shore, she struck on the outer bar off Long Point Island, beat heavily across it, and sunk in the deeper water between it and the inner bar. The hull was entirely submerged, the waves rolling in heavily, and dashing over the rigging, to which the crew betook themselves. Lashed there, numb with cold, drenched by the pitiless waves, and scourged by the showers of sleet driven before the wind, they waited for morning. The slow, dreadful hours wore away, and at length the dubious and doubtful gray of a morning of tempest succeeded to the utter darkness of night.

Abigail Becker chanced at that time to be in her hut with none but her young children. Her husband was absent on the Canada shore, and she was left the sole adult occupant of the island, save the light-keeper, at its lower end, some fifteen miles off. Looking out at day-light on the beach in front of her door, she saw the shattered boat of the Conductor, cast up by the waves. Her experience of storm and disaster on that dangerous coast needed nothing more to convince her that somewhere in her neighborhood human life had been, or still was, in peril. She followed the southwesterly trend of the island for a little distance, and, peering through the gloom of the stormy morning, discerned the spars of the sunken schooner, with what seemed to be human forms clinging to the rigging. The heart of the strong woman sunk within her, as she gazed upon those helpless fellow-creatures, so near, yet so unapproachable.

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She had no boat, and none could have lived on that wild water. After a moment's reflection she went back to her dwelling, put the smaller children in charge of the eldest, took with her an iron kettle, tin teapot, and matches, and returned to the beach, at the nearest point to the vessel; and, gathering up the logs and drift-wood always abundant on the coast, kindled a great fire, and, constantly walking back and forth between it and the water, strove to intimate to the sufferers that they were at least not beyond human sympathy. As the wrecked sailors looked shoreward, and saw, through the thick haze of snow and sleet, the red light of the fire, and the tall figure of the woman passing to and fro before it, a faint hope took the place of the utter despair, which had prompted them to let go their hold, and drop into the seething waters, that opened and closed about them like the jaws of death. But the day wore on, bringing no abatement of the storm that tore through the frail spars, and clutched at and tossed them as it passed, and drenched them with ice-cold spray, — a pitiless, unrelenting horror of sight, sound, and touch! At last the deepening gloom told them that night was approaching, and night under such circumstances was death.

All day long Abigail Becker had fed her fire, and sought to induce the sailors by signals — for even her strong voice could not reach them — to throw themselves into the surf, and trust to Providence and her for succor. In anticipation of this, she had her kettle boiling over the drift-wood, and her tea ready made for restoring warmth and life to the half-frozen survivors. But either they did not understand her, or the chance of rescue seemed too small to induce them to abandon the temporary safety of the wreck. They clung to it with the desperate instinct of life brought face to face with death. Just at nightfall there was a slight break in the west; a red light glared across the thick air, as if for one instant the eye of the storm looked out upon the ruin it had wrought, and closed again under lids of cloud. Taking advantage of this, the solitary watcher ashore made one more effort. She waded out into the water, every drop of which, as it struck the beach, became a particle of ice, and stretching out and drawing in her arms, invited, by her gestures, the sailors to throw themselves into the waves, and strive to reach her. Captain Hackett understood her. He called to his mate in the rigging of the other mast: "It is our last chance. I will try! If I live, follow me; if I drown, stay where you are!" With a great effort he got off his stiffly frozen overcoat, paused for one moment in silent commendation of his soul to God, and, throwing himself into the waves, struck out for the shore. Abigail Becker, breast-deep in the surf, awaited him. He was almost within her reach, when the undertow swept him back. By a mighty exertion she caught hold of him, bore him in her strong arms out of the water, and, laying him down by her fire, warmed his chilled blood with copious draughts of hot tea. The mate, who had watched the rescue, now followed, and the captain, partially restored, insisted upon aiding him. As the former neared the shore, the recoiling water baffled him. Captain Hackett caught hold of him, but the undertow swept them both away, locked in each other's arms. The brave woman plunged after them, and, with the strength of a giantess, bore them, clinging to each other, to the shore, and up to her fire. The five sailors followed in succession, and were all rescued in the same way.

A few days after, Captain Hackett and his crew were taken off Long Point by a passing vessel; and Abigail Becker resumed her simple daily duties without dreaming that she had done anything extraordinary enough to win for her the world's notice. In her struggle every day for food and warmth for her children, she had no leisure for the indulgence of self-congratulation. Like the woman of Scripture, she had only "done what she could," in the terrible exigency that had broken the dreary monotony of her life.

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It so chanced, however, that a gentleman from Buffalo, E. P. Dorr, who had, in his early days, commanded a vessel on the lake, found himself, shortly after, at a small port on the Canada shore, not far from Long Point Island. Here he met an old shipmate, Captain Davis, whose vessel had gone ashore at a more favorable point, and who related to him the circumstances of the wreck of the Conductor. Struck by the account, Captain Dorr procured a sleigh and drove across the frozen bay to the shanty of Abigail Becker. He found her with her six children, all thinly clad and barefooted in the bitter cold. She stood there six feet or more of substantial womanhood, — not in her stockings, for she had none, — a veritable daughter of Anak, broad-bosomed, large-limbed, with great, patient blue eyes, whose very smile had a certain pathos, as if one saw in it her hard and weary life-experience. She might have passed for an amiable giantess, or one of those much developed maids of honor, who tossed Gulliver from hand to hand in the court of Brobdingnag. The thing that most surprised her visitor was the childlike simplicity of the woman, her utter unconsciousness of deserving anything for an action that seemed to her merely a matter of course. When he expressed his admiration with all the warmth of a generous nature, she only opened her wide blue eyes still wider with astonishment.

"Well, I don't know," she said, slowly, as if pondering the matter for the first time, — "I don't know as I did more 'n I 'd ought to, nor more 'n I 'd do again."

Before Captain Dorr left, he took the measure of her own and her children's feet, and on his return to Buffalo sent her a box containing shoes, stockings, and such other comfortable articles of clothing as they most needed. He published a brief account of his visit to the heroine of Long Point, which attracted the attention of some members of the Provincial Parliament, and through their exertions a grant of one hundred acres of land, on the Canada shore, near Port Rowan, was made to her. Soon after she was invited to Buffalo, where she naturally excited much interest. A generous contribution of one thousand dollars, to stock her farm, was made by the merchants, ship-owners and masters of the city, and she returned to her family, a grateful, and, in her own view, a rich woman.

When the story of her adventure reached New York, the Life-Saving Benevolent Association sent her a gold medal with an appropriate inscription, and a request that she would send back a receipt in her own name. As she did not know how to write, Captain Dorr hit upon the expedient of having her photograph taken with the medal in her hand, and sent that in lieu of her autograph.

In a recent letter dictated at Walsingham, where Abigail Becker now lives, — a widow, cultivating with her own hands her little farm in the wilderness, — she speaks gratefully of the past and hopefully of the future. She mentions a message received from Captain Hackett, who she feared had almost forgotten her, that he was about to make her a visit, adding with a touch of shrewdness: "After his second shipwreck last summer, I think likely that I must have recurred very fresh to him."

The strong lake winds now blow unchecked over the sand-hills where once stood the board shanty of Abigail Becker. But the summer tourist of the great lakes, who remembers her story, will not fail to give her a place in his imagination with Perry's battle-line, and the Indian heroines of Cooper and Longfellow. Through her the desolate island of Long Point is richly dowered with the interest which a brave and generous action gives to its locality.

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THE PURITAN LOVERS.

DRAWN out, like lingering bees, to share
The last, sweet summer weather,
Beneath the reddening maples walked
Two Puritans together —

A youth and maiden, heeding not
The woods which round them brightened,
Just conscious of each other's thoughts,
Half happy and half frightened.

Grave were their brows, and few their words,
And coarse their garb and simple;
The maiden's very cheek seemed shy
To own its worldly dimple.

For stern the time; they dwelt with Care;
And Fear was oft a comer;
A sober April ushered in
The Pilgrim's toilful summer.

And stern their creed; they tarried here
Mere desert-land sojourners:
They must not dream of mirth or rest,
God's humble lesson-learners.

The temple's sacred perfume round
Their week-day robes was clinging;
Their mirth was but the golden bells
On priestly garments ringing.

But as to-day they softly talked,
That serious youth and maiden,
Their plainest words strange beauty wore,
Like weeds with dew-drops laden.

The saddest theme had something sweet,
The gravest, something tender,
While with slow steps they wandered on,
'Mid summer's fading splendor.

He said, "Next week the church will hold
A day of prayer and fasting";
And then he stopped, and bent to pick
A white life-everlasting —

A silvery bloom, with fadeless leaves;
He gave it to her, sighing;
A mute confession was his glance,
Her blush a mute replying.

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"Mehetabel!" (at last he spoke),
"My fairest one and dearest!
One thought is ever to my heart
The sweetest and the nearest.

"You read my soul; you know my wish;
O, grant me its fulfilling!"
She answered low, "If Heaven smiles,
And if my father's willing!"

No idle passion swayed her heart,
This quaint New-England beauty!
Faith was the guardian of her life;
Obedience was a duty.

Too truthful for reserve, she stood,
Her brown eyes earthward casting,
And held with trembling hand the while
Her white life-everlasting.

Her sober answer pleased the youth,—
Frank, clear, and gravely cheerful;
He left her at her father's door,
Too happy to be fearful.

She looked on high, with earnest plea,
And Heaven seemed bright above her;
And when she shyly spoke his name,
Her father praised her lover.

And when, that night, she sought her couch,
With head-board high and olden,
Her prayer was praise, her pillow down,
And all her dreams were golden.

And still upon her throbbing heart,
In bloom and breath undying,
A few life-everlasting flowers,
Her lover's gift, were lying.

O Venus' myrtles, fresh and green!
O Cupid's blushing roses!
Not on your classic flowers alone
The sacred light reposes;

Though gentler care may shield your buds
From north-winds rude and blasting,
As dear to Love, those few, pale flowers
Of white life-everlasting.

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THE FOE IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN Friend Holcombe went home he found a light burning, and his wife waiting for him. She had been looking over one of those books which Edna read so much of late, — a volume Edward Rolfe had given Bishop Rose; the margins were covered with commentary on the text, and the text was William Shakespeare's. When she heard her husband in the porch, she rose and carried the volume to a shelf near the door, and then, as if she had forgotten her purpose, brought it back again. She had not forgotten; she wanted to talk about Edna with Friend, and learn his opinion of the book, and whether it was quite well to allow the girl large liberty among those plays. But when he came, looking so weary, she hastily put the volume aside.

"You must be very hungry, and how tired you are! I have tea waiting; come take something, dear, before you drop asleep."

"I shall have to get rid of what I have on my mind by sharing it with you, before I can sleep," said he, following her to the table.

"How did you find Mr. Guildersleeve? The doctor told me where you had gone." So easily, after all, the question came to her lips! Ever since the doctor left her, Delia had been thinking that question over, fearing it would be difficult to ask how the sick man was. But indeed it was to her a great matter that Guildersleeve should have sent in his extremity to her husband, — a great matter to her, because the fact would redound to the honor of the church when known. And then, his repentance, how significant!

"He is really dying, Delia, and quite broken down and penitent. I am to present his contrition to-morrow to the brethren, and ask them to receive him back."

"O Friend, is it possible!"

"It is a marvel, — if we forget that with God all things are possible."

"But you did expect it. You said, 'Moses Guildersleeve is n't dead yet!' when you heard that Father Trost had been to see him."

"There 's something that weighs heavier than that on my mind, Delia. Deacon Ent loves Mary Trost." And now he had unburdened himself, had told her all.

Delia looked at her husband as if she could not comprehend what he had said.

"It is true," he said, with a heavy sigh. "He came and told me of it himself."

"Did he do that? Thank God!"

"August was the last person I ought to have expected such a thing of, and I did not expect it; but I am sure, Delia, I am sure," he said, repeating the words he had spoken that afternoon to the young man, "with the temptation there will also be provided a way of escape."

"O, do you think so? But he told you, — that seems a hopeful sign; but, Friend, this is terrible."

So terrible did it evidently seem to his wife, that when Friend heard her voice and saw her face, he regretted that he had cast this heavy burden anywhere except upon the Lord.

"Yes," he said, unconsciously expressing more hope than he actually felt, "I am sure that with this temptation a way of escape will open."

"There is one way," said Delia; "just one, Friend, only one."

"What is it?" he asked with a brightening face and almost eager voice. It was not the first time that Delia had opened a door of deliverance for a tempted and tortured soul.

"Let him go with Mary. Advise him to go. Advise him, Friend!"

"Why, Delia! O no, I hope the Lord will show a better way than that."

"The Lord will show a way!" she

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said, with strange vehemence. "Hailstones and coals of fire are from the Lord, as well as sunshine and dew. Do not trust that he will wait for the Lord's showing, for he will not."

"Dear wife, I think you do not quite understand August."

"I think I do. The very fact that our restrictions are what they are convinces me, that he will not succeed in persuading the girl that it is best for her to break her old grandfather's heart by joining us. If I had August Ent to advise, I should say, 'Go and marry her,' before everybody. I would tell him so to-morrow. It is not so much to lose a member of the church, even when it 's August Ent, but we have always thought it a great thing to save a soul. We shall be ruined through Christian men, and in the name of the Lord, Friend Holcombe."

Mr. Holcombe was silent. He repented that he had spoken to his wife on this subject. She seemed not to notice his silence further than to make use of it.

"He will never give her up. You know how obstinate he is about other things, — he 'll not change his nature in this business. You must advise him to leave us, and to marry her."

Then said Friend: "I think better of August than that, Delia. I think, as you say, that he will not change his nature. He would be very little better than a thief and a liar, if he could deceive us, and keep up a show of membership when he had proved himself no true son of the church. No, no, he is sorely tempted, but he is an honorable, upright man, — a character to be trusted with the honor of the church, in a worse strait even than that he is in. Dear wife, let us pray for him."

But while he prayed, Delia was repeating to herself those words he had used, — they pierced her heart, — a "liar," a "thief," "honorable," "upright," "a character to be trusted with the honor of the church." "It is so," she said, "I am all this, — a liar, a thief, trusted with the honor of the church, and, Judas-like, betraying it. O Lord God!"

CHAPTER IX.

SOMEWHERE in the foregoing pages mention has been made of Mr. Christopher Boyd. The name was of consequence in Swatara and in the world, and the person bearing it worthy of consideration. From Boyd's house you might see the sun set beyond the low line of hills more than thirty miles away. The proprietor seemed to *live* nearer to the sunrise than any of his men; he had he could n't tell how many hours of sunlight more than the people in the valley. It might do for miners and tradesmen to live down there; but a workman of a different sort from these, a working-man for whom life at the utmost would be short, must get the longest days out of Nature that she would give.

Perhaps he said that because he had never lived on a mountain-top until he came to Swatara; perhaps he would never have built that gray stone cottage on the rocky west edge of old Blue, had not the foundations been already laid there, and the walls half built, and trees well cleared from the level when he came. Perhaps Mr. Boyd was indebted to Edward Rolfe considerably more even than he deemed.

It was poor Rolfe, who perished untimely, that purposed to live on the mountain-top; and Boyd was in his place. How goes the Scripture? "One man soweth and another reapeth." We cannot say, however, if we speak with precision, that Mr. Boyd's sickle was in Mr. Rolfe's field. The work of the two men differed as they themselves did. But we can say truly, no Rolfe in Swatara no Boyd, and no Boyd no Swatara — for us. Swatara for Swatara's self however, in spite of world, flesh, and devil; and thirty miles of hill and valley between the top of old Blue and sunset, though in the wilderness were no man. Mr. Boyd was heard to talk sometimes about that prospect. When he first became a settler he had artists up there early in the spring, late in the fall, and in the midsummer heat, to see what could be

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done with that great arc of red, blue, green, and purple, and the miles and miles of gold and silver mist; for it was not in his nature to let riches run to waste. There was one among these, who came year after year, and not because he found a princely patron in the gray stone house. He had conceived such a love for the region, and such an admiration of Mr. Boyd, that he made the yearly pilgrimage, and always took away with him some of the "strength of the hills," which he transferred to canvas for exhibition walls.

Mr. Boyd sat on his piazza, smoking, on that evening of the week so momentous in the church history of Swatara. While he smoked he looked over the latest report on the market, which had just been brought to him from the Emerald Station; for he had his daily paper, though he seemed to be out of the world. He was thus occupied when Mr. Elsden came. Mr. Boyd was not very well pleased when he saw this gentleman approaching; yet knowing that the superintendent was of all men not the one to volunteer a visit, unless there were reason good, he rose and stepped forward to receive him. If this gray-haired man, who, under the most abject circumstances, must have made clear his right to be treated as a gentleman, could not be received with cordiality, that lack must be made up by more civility than could have been demanded by any mere business agent. If Boyd was Boyd, still more indisputably Elsden was Elsden.

The superintendent took the chair placed for him, and then the proprietor expected to be informed in regard to the occasion of this visit. Mr. Eldsen had no time to waste, of course.

It was about the patent to be secured for some important simplification of machinery devised by one of the workmen, John Edgar. Mr. Elsden wanted Mr. Boyd's opinion. That was easily given.

"Secure it, by all means."

"Then I shall take the necessary measures?"

"Certainly; yes. At once."

"Edgar is making himself very useful, Mr. Boyd. I think if his wages were increased, we should have the benefit."

"Do you think so? He has thirty dollars a month, has n't he? We raised once. Make it forty, if he really deserves it. I suppose we should all like to be paid for doing our best."

Was that all Mr. Elsden wanted? It was hardly what he wanted at all, if the fact must be known; though he did want to use John Edgar, and saw that the way it could be done most easily was by conferring a favor upon him. But the thing Mr. Elsden had come at this time expressly to accomplish was the destruction of Hook; in other words, he wished to convince Mr. Boyd that there was no use in going on any longer, as they had been going on now three months, throwing money into Hook Mountain and getting nothing back but labor and vexation. Twice already the superintendent had attempted to show the proprietor that the search was useless, as it had been fruitless, that there was n't any coal there worth mining: Mr. Boyd had conceived a confidence in Hook which it seemed impossible to destroy; so he had insisted that the work should go on, and the work had gone on. He looked a little impatient when Mr. Elsden now touched on the subject again, but the superintendent continued to dwell upon it in spite of that, and ended by making out so clear a case against old Hook, that Mr. Boyd became at last convinced. "Very well," he said, "we leave Hook. Where shall we begin next?"

Mr. Elsden had determined that the question should be asked, and, now that it was asked, had his answer ready; his advice was to begin at once on that abandoned mine under Chestnut Ridge, there was every indication of a great harvest there. It had been deserted by former proprietors, as he had found, because of inadequate machinery; there was no such want existing now; they were prepared to work any ground, however stubborn or difficult. Boyd knew that very well; he had spent a

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fortune in machinery already. If Mr. Elsden was prepared to promise success, it was n't any particular field he insisted upon working; only he wanted a crop.

When he had said that, Mr. Boyd arose and walked across the piazza. He had hardly patience to think on this subject as long as they had been talking about it. "I forgot to mention to you," he said, returning to his chair, "I am expecting my brother to-night. He is coming to live with me."

Now this information surprised Mr. Elsden, for it was the first intimation given by Mr. Boyd to Swatara that he had brother or kin in the world.

Considering the nature of the information, and the manner in which it was communicated, Mr. Elsden received it with remarkable self-possession. A man who lives in one idea, and exerts himself in furtherance of a solitary object, finds it at least difficult to sympathize with the interests and operations of another sphere. If his life is a selfish one, he will not be able to speak the natural language of the affections with the purity and grace of one whose mother tongue it is. Old Guildersleeve would doubtless find it a hard matter, when he should presently attempt the speech of Gabriel.

Mr. Elsden was not prepared to smile in the face of Christopher Boyd, as Dr. Detwiler would have done, with cordial congratulation that his solitary life was to have some variation. He had neither the heart nor, at that instant, the will. For a moment his eyes were averted. The next, they were turned on Boyd, and he said such things as became him, not worth much, but they pleased the man who received them. Further efforts in this direction were spared the superintendent, for the attention of Boyd was now attracted to the walk leading towards the south piazza; with a quick glance at Mr. Elsden he stepped out on the greensward. Nothing lower than God's heaven should crowd upon the meeting, — for nobody need tell him, that of the two figures approaching one was Max.

Mr. Elsden was astonished by the emotion Boyd evinced when he received his brother. The young man was evidently surprised at the cordiality of his reception, and embarrassed by it. He had his recollections of Christopher, but they were not of a character that prophesied the embrace he now received, and the tender words he heard; such words as a father might have spoken to a son for whom he had long been waiting. Indeed, there was a difference of twenty years between the brothers.

However cordially Mr. Elsden must have wished himself out of the way, at the moment when the brothers walked up the steps, it was quite certain that he would not betray his sense of the inopportune.

Going or coming, his presence was something to be considered, and so now, when after introduction and a few words he departed, the eyes of the new comer followed him, and he asked: "Have you a colony of gentlemen up here to equal that one? He looks like a college professor who has plenty of stock."

"Paying?" asked Christopher, leading the way into the house.

"Fifty per cent at least."

"He has taken his turn at being cleaned out, — was president of a bank once, and rode a high horse. But, as you say, he *never forgets himself*, if that's being a gentleman. Hungry, Max?"

"As a wolf."

"That 's a thing we manage well up here, if we fail in everything else; your appetite won't run down. Let 's see what Mrs. Wayne can do for us. We waited dinner for you. How did you get here?"

"A left-handed fellow drove me up. What a capital road you have, Christopher; so good for the eyes, too, winding in and out amongst the green. Not a particle of dust."

Boyd cast a queer look at his brother while he said that, and nodded.

"You found dust enough on the cars, though, I 'll be bound. Come and see

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your private quarters. There! can you make yourself comfortable in that room?"

The door was standing open, and Max, glancing in the direction pointed out by his brother, saw a handsome apartment, which had gray walls, and was carpeted with green. Boyd had commissioned his artist friend to order the furniture, and nobody had as yet occupied the room. It was reserved for Maxwell.

"I 'll try to manage it," said he; "I have been able to get into closer quarters."

"Well, go in and take possession."

Mr. Boyd was, in fact, glad to be rid of his brother for a moment. He walked away to the farther end of the piazza, when he found himself alone, and wiped his eyes.

Dinner was soon served, in Christopher's usual style,—abundant, excellent, well ordered. While the elder served the younger, he took note that he had received under his roof a companion who was neither a glutton nor an epicure.

When they returned to the piazza, Christopher pointed out the main features of the prospect he commanded, but did not dwell upon them. Something better was in process than that glorious down-going of the sun. Such a talk as now began, it is safe to say, had never before been carried on under that roof. For what memories were revived! What hopes were now to be verified, or — not!

Maxwell remembered how full of grief and trouble his heart had been when they parted, and how his brother had on that occasion turned toward him the face of a stoic, dry-eyed and uncomplaining. Also he must remember how, on all those stormy occasions of his life which stood out so distinctly in his memory, seasons of chaos and of ruin, Christopher had stood immovable as rock. Max had thought he knew his brother when he ascribed to him merely will and daring. The reception he had now met seemed to indicate other and very different qualities in addition.

When Boyd placed Maxwell in the institution from which the latter had just come a graduate, he had, indeed, parted from the lad without the most distant intimation of regret; and this silence had urged the young student along through the first months of school life, in a way that drew to him attention which a youth of his character would take pride in sustaining. He could not forget what Christopher had said when he first entertained the project of securing for him a thorough education: "It 's too late for me to think of learning what they say every school-boy knows. I have no education, and I shall suffer on that account as long as I live. But no matter! I have made up my mind to go through as I am. You shall have the learning. Stick at it. It will be almost the same to me as if I had it myself. If I were you, — but of course you can't feel about it as I do! Take my advice, and make the most of yourself. You have the chance; I 'll stand by you."

Remembering these words, and how they were spoken, Maxwell Boyd had studied to some purpose, and had now brought with him, not only his diploma, but also the gold medal for general scholarship, for which he had worked hard.

And so he had come proudly, prepared to serve stern-hearted Christopher, not knowing but he would prove a hard master. That doubt was swept out of mind in the first hour of reunion.

The younger brother was a fair copy of the elder. He had the same well-shaped, compact, not lofty figure; the same honest, manly features; the same light brown hair and clear hazel eyes. The expression of the two faces was very different. When twenty years had passed over Maxwell, the same lines would not mark his face as now marked that of Christopher. Maxwell had labored, on the whole, in pleasant paths. He had not been tossed about by circumstances, to make at last the marvellous discovery that there were place and power for him also; he had never advanced alone and self-reliant, to take

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upon himself responsibilities which, if he failed of an anticipated result, would bury him in ruin, assuming them with the conscience and the purpose of a man who sees his way clear, though the men who stand beside him cannot guess the end.

Christopher Boyd had passed through dismal experiences, — had borne sharp reverses, suspicions, was not well understood. But constantly he had pushed on towards success, and finally had triumphed. He too had looked forward to this meeting with anxiety. He had rarely been mistaken in his estimate of men. He would certainly criticise the youth who had come to live with him; but he had almost feared to think what might be the result of his first investigation.

The result had pleased him. Max was strong, manly, courteous; voice, bearing, and address were all in his favor; his attire became him; he had remembered that Christopher was twenty years his senior.

When Max understood that whatever he had to tell in regard to college experiences would interest Christopher beyond any other information, he dwelt at length on his past year, and finally produced diploma and medal.

The diploma certified to the young student's good scholarship, attested his fidelity, integrity, and progress, and declared that he went from his tutors and professors bearing their confidence, respect, and good wishes. The scroll was signed by a dozen names, every one of which, conferred special honor on the graduate.

Christopher Boyd read the document in silence. Long after he had read it, he sat gazing on the parchment and seals, thinking of Boyd professorships Boyd scholarships, and endowments, so grateful was he. At last he exhibited his satisfaction by an act. Without a word of comment, he went to the wall, where his friend Barlow's finest picture hung, and loosened the cord by which it was suspended. He then removed the picture from its frame, and in its stead placed this realization of a great hope; then, stepping on a chair, he made conspicuous on the wall the precious evidence of human love, manly fidelity, and power.

"You are a good fellow," he said, turning his flushed face towards Max, who stood the image of expostulation and embarrassment before him.

"You don't actually mean to let that diploma hang there in place of this fine picture."

"You 'll see a finer, maybe, if you step to the door; but a thing like that, Max, is n't offered every day. I could n't have *bought* that, at any price."

"O, but to go and stick a fellow up like that, to be read and known of all men!"

"Good enough reason for it. It does n't lie, — does it? It says you have ability and self-respect, — education too. What more would a man have? There that diploma hangs. You won't be apt to live it down. Now, my boy, time you went to bed."

Boyd took Richard Barlow's picture as he spoke, and held it at arm's length from the lamp. Having surveyed it, he deposited it in a corner. Max shook his head, and looked ruefully at the diploma, staring at him from the wall with its red eyes.

"Barlow is n't a fool," said Christopher; "and I can order a cart-load of frames any day I please; but there 's only one thing of that kind to be had by us. Breakfast at seven, Sundays included! Good night, Max."

"Good night, Christopher."

"I am just across the hall," said Boyd, coming back. "There 's a bell-rope at the head of your bed. Call for what you want. Mrs. Wayne and her Molly think I made the mines."

Look from the heavens, poor mother, who gave the best of your life for these sons! Know at last what you believed possible while you tarried on earth, cramped by poverty and sickness, and thwarted and discouraged whichever way you turned! It *was* worth your while to sojourn in the miserable shed within sight of the great canal embank-

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ment that bounded your horizon, — worth while to bring into being these strong souls, to give of your scant life to make their fulness!

Rejoice in heavenly places, because this night two stout-hearted men recall your patient suffering, your valiant endurance, your charities which cost so much, and were so freely rendered, in spite of want and labor! They remember well, though they cannot speak of such things even to each other, — they remember well the hope and courage which survived long winters, employment uncertain, uncertain wages; and how you rejoiced in a sunbeam, were quick to smile, and even to sing. Rest, in the splendor of the unclouded heavens!

Surely, the Angel of the Lord encamped among these mountains.

CHAPTER X.

When, on Sunday morning, Mr. Holcombe passed up to his desk between the rows of well-filled benches, his aspect indicated to such as knew him best that there was work of unusual solemnity to be performed by him that day.

The women and girls belonging to the church, according to the Mennonite custom, had taken off their bonnets and left them in the room adjoining that in which the people assembled for worship. They sat with bared heads in the congregation, their attire, in style and color, presenting a grave contrast to that of the women, belonging to other denominations, who had come to meeting because they liked Friend Holcombe, or for the reason that they had nowhere else to go.

The garb of the brethren, also, was such as would have attracted attention to them, by reason of its marked simplicity, among any other than a world-renouncing people. As the preacher looked around him, a glance told him how large a proportion of the little company was composed of the "peculiar people." He was glad to see that the fine morning had brought out so fair a number of poor Guildersleeve's brethren.

The day was delightful in its early hours. The morning mists had long since passed up the valley and above the mountain-tops; and a breeze was stirring, which made its own music as it blew through the pine groves and along the mountain passages. Birds sang with the Swatara, and glad as the waters in their flowing were the feathered creatures in their flight. All things seemed moving on, — moving on to judgment, thought Delia Holcombe, as, sitting in her usual place, she saw the congregation gather. There was a word about to be delivered, for which she waited as if it were a word of deepest personal concernment.

The confession of Guildersleeve, the temptation of Ent, the use Mr. Trost might make of these facts when they came to his knowledge, were subjects of thought sufficient to fill her with apprehension. Sore would be the loss if Deacon Ent should leave them, but terrible the victory if he should succeed in the thing he would of course attempt, and make a convert of Mary. More awful yet to think of was the compromise which it was not impossible he might make between the creed of his fathers and the passion of his heart!

While she sat there in her corner of that quiet house of God, Delia trembled, thinking of Father Trost. She shuddered, thinking of him, for suddenly she seemed to see his dreadful eyes fixed upon her, in the triumph of the moment when he should give his daughter to Deacon Ent, who, for a woman, could give up his creed. At that moment, looking up, she saw the deacon enter the meeting-house door, and with him Mary Trost. She had come with him! This, then, was to be the result! Would it not be better to see triumph in the eyes of Father Trost than defeat? to hear him say, "You see we don't have any works of darkness going on among us," than to hear what he might say if he found that his own flesh and blood

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had surrendered to the system against which he was carrying on a crusade?

August looked towards Delia, evidently seeking a vacant seat; near her there was none, but Edna, rising, beckoned, and Mary sat down beside her, while the deacon went on to his accustomed place. He was full of hope. Mary might perhaps learn that day that it was impossible he should leave the brotherhood, and perhaps would lose her wish that he should do so.

She had come to meeting with August comforted by the feeling that her grandfather had consented to her coming. He had returned unexpectedly last evening, but this morning had set forth again, to preach four times before he slept again. Whatever he may have thought when he saw Mary and August standing by the table on which his Bible lay, he expressed no dissatisfaction, but made Ent sit down while he ate his supper. It may have been that then, for the first time, he thought it possible that this fine young man and his Mary might find in each other everything desirable in a lifelong companionship. Mary, however, must bring him round. It would not do for Father Trost to begin with obstinacy. And so he had willingly consented that, as he was to hold services at a distance from home, which she could not possibly attend, she should go down with Mr. Ent to Preacher Holcombe's meeting. Thus he would lend his child to the service of the Lord! Let her tempt a good man from his allegiance, if she could!

And so there Mary sat beside Edna Gell; and Edna Gell, having noticed that she came with Deacon Ent (she must have come with him, for they were neighbors, and he had looked around to secure a seat for her), became presently so much absorbed in her own thoughts, that when Mr. Holcombe's voice broke on the stillness, after the silent prayer with which their service began, she started and blushed, as if her secret mind had been laid bare, and looked towards John Edgar, whose black eyes met hers, as if they had been seeking them.

The people were gathering in larger numbers than usual that bright morning. They came from far and near. Strong men like Dr. Detwiler felt and acknowledged Mr. Holcombe's influence, and were glad to be guided by a preacher of the gospel who preached of Truth which could conquer the grave, and which lived and walked among the Swatara hills as surely as it had once walked among the hills of Judæa.

Mr. Christopher Boyd also had the greatest respect for Mr. Holcombe; he was present with Maxwell; and so was Mr. Elsden, who was a judge of men, and careful of what he said about this gospel teacher.

Never did the minister's commission seem more rightfully and manifestly Friend Holcombe's than it did this day. Never did he seem to be more assured of his calling than on this morning, when he arose in his place and looked around upon the people with a deliberation of survey that seemed numbering and individualizing, that he might know the spirit of the congregation.

The heavens above, and the earth beneath, inspired him, — love of Him whom the confession of penitent age was about to honor; sympathy with those who had come to receive what he could give them, — tender, patient women with their little ones in their arms, gray-haired men, young men and maidens.

For a while, in the first quarter of his address, he seemed to be struggling with words; but at last, in a triumphant moment, the spirit mounted strong and free, and clear as a bugle note rose the preacher's voice.

He carried the people with him, and must have known that he did so. He saw that all eyes were fixed on him, and that there was an eager waiting for his message. The old men who sat in their shirt-sleeves, with their coats spread on their knees, their bodies bent forward, testifying by significant looks and gestures to the truth of his teaching; the children, whose fascinated

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gaze was upon him, their attention won by a gentleness and earnestness of utterance that helped to make his words intelligible to them; the women, — he could not have asked for better audience, had he been thinking of himself with the impassioned love he had for truth.

When he came to speak of Guildersleeve, it was in a way that banished, at least from sight, every feeling in the congregation that might have been acknowledged out of place and cruel among the members of a family. There was a momentary stir, and then the preacher seemed to hold every heart in his hand; nor did the announcement that the alien had returned to them, with confession of sin and prayers of forgiveness, lose any of its force when Mr. Holcombe addressed the old men, Eby and Ahern, reminding them of their often-expressed hope, while at the same time he mildly rebuked the unbelief of others, rehearsing for them the story of that prodigal whom his father went to meet with kisses and a ring.

Strange if, in the hour of such pleading, anything like ill-will or pride or exasperating memories should have been allowed a place! A softening light seemed to fall on the wondering faces, — mild evidence of the softening influence with which every heart was surrounded; and when he said, "Let us pray for our departing brother, that he may reach our Father's house in safety," there was a movement among the people, so immediate and so reverent that the fervor of the prayer seemed to do no more than express their mood.

When the congregation had dispersed, the brethren of the church, in compliance with Mr. Holcombe's request, still remained for consultation, the old man and the young; and conspicuous in the observation of all, but surely not because he sought pre-eminence among them that day, was Deacon August Ent.

The preacher was going immediately to visit Moses Guildersleeve; the sick man expected him. What would they? What message should he carry? What recollection of the household of faith would they let him have to enlighten the dying man's dark hour? What words of brotherly comfort would they give the afflicted and tortured soul, to carry with it from earth?

Mr. Holcombe addressed them in a manner that told how greatly his own spirit was disturbed; when he had spoken, he sat down in the midst of profound silence. He and his Master ruled that hour, and pity stood in the place of judgment and justice.

At last Eby, the oldest man among them, who, as was well known, had condemned harshly, albeit with hopeful expectation, the contumacious behavior of Guildersleeve, arose in his place. He began to speak in a low monotone; but as he went on his voice rose higher and higher, till at the conclusion a shrill song was resounding in the ears of the listeners.

"I believed in my heart, brethren, it must come to this at last, blessed be the Lord!" said he. "Nevertheless, I am amazed at it. The goodness of God is always amazin'. We are beholden now to forget everything, — everything except that Moses has repented and done the first works. He has confessed to God and to the brethren. God be his judge! Brethren, can't we send him word that we're prayin' for him down here? Prayin' not as ef he was the chief of sinners, nuther, but as we should wish to be prayed for if we was in his case, — his dyin' case. He is goin' on the long journey which no man e'er came back from. Will our preacher tell him kindly that some on us have n't never disremembered the days when he used to stand with us, and was a brother amongst us, and how we mourned after him when Bishop Rose told us that Brother Guildersleeve was n't likely to come back no more? But now he has come back firstly, and secondly he is going again, to our beloved bishop as we trust in God, and we can all rejoice together that bymeby we shall meet as friends. For we know, Brother Ahern, that once here amongst us they was

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such friends that, if the bishop's right hand had been took off, he could n't have felt it no more."

Deacon Ent's face was covered, and his head bowed, as was that of many another strong man, while venerable Eby, with many tears, delivered this message in behalf of the brethren.

He had been thinking, while the old man was speaking, of another than Guildersleeve, who Mr. Holcombe had said was as his right hand, and thinking too of all that Guildersleeve had said concerning himself to the minister.

At last, feeling that men were waiting for his word, he arose and looked around upon the little company. But he saw only three faces. One of these he feared, — Mr. Holcombe's; the others were the faces of Guildersleeve and Mary; all these were bent on him with seriously questioning eyes.

His bearing was noticeable. No man seemed as much moved as he, by what had taken place. No other could have sent a message more expressive of loving fellowship. By not one word did he refer to the sinner's repentance or to the forgiveness of the brethren. He could hardly have spoken otherwise had the old man always maintained his integrity, and remained in the society, a brother approved and beloved.

August was not always so lenient, as was well known. He was jealous of the honor of the church. Uprightness, integrity of purpose and of action, the single eye, the open act, were virtues, qualities, powers, which he loved to dwell upon. And there was not a man that heard him now, who would not gladly have trusted him to train all the Mennonite children in the most true faith and doctrine. But now, unflinching readiness in service, obedience at whatever cost, fiery ardor, — nothing of all this was to be discerned in his speech; only human sympathy, and Christian gentleness in view of human frailty.

He was the last that spoke. It seemed to be the general conviction that he had said all that need be said. The pastor himself had not spoken, could not speak, more to the purpose. The younger brethren would long remember the eloquence of August Ent that day. They might well light their lamps at the light he bore.

Any one who saw him going up the mountain road, arm in arm with Mr. Holcombe, when the meeting was finally dismissed, might have sung in very joy of heart, "As the trees of lignaloes which the Lord hath planted, and as the cedar-trees beside the waters!"

CHAPTER XI.

JOHN EDGAR had not yet been told that his wages were to be increased ten dollars a month. That was news that "would keep" till Monday morning. So Mr. Elsden thought, sitting in his office and meditating thereupon. It would keep till Monday morning, and even for a longer time. The superintendent had procured the increase, not because he deemed it absolutely necessary in order to secure, for future time, the services of the young workman; but because he could make the favor to Edgar serve a purpose of his own — could use it as a sort of platform on which he might advance and take a survey of the surrounding region. There was Pit Hole abandoned; and here was Hook abandoned. Pit Hole he had bought of a now extinct company, "for nothing" as he deemed, when that company was in the act of expiring. Pit Hole might have been worked till doomsday in search of coal, and the coal would not have been found, because it was not there. But something else was there, which by and by might be developed, when it was discovered, — that was iron. Mr. Elsden was in no haste to have it discovered, he had waited a great many years for successes, and had received failures in the end; he had learned better than to snatch at fortune now. When the time for discovery should come, John Edgar was the man by whom it must be made. "Reckless dare-devil," he had called

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him once; but now he was "invaluable."

This John Edgar sat in the machine-shop Sunday afternoon, receiving a visit from Mr. Maxwell Boyd, who stayed long and at length fell asleep. That was not strange; it was so still there; and mountain air is famous for serving the new-comer a trick like that. John was at work over his drawings; and when he saw what had happened, he went on working, whistling, and singing snatches of songs, by turns, in a happier mood than he had been when Maxwell surprised him; for he had not heard that Mr. Boyd's brother had arrived, or had been expected, till Max announced himself. Edgar was in a happier mood, — this young gentleman was so intelligent, so interested in everything he saw, and withal so friendly. It was a hard matter to get much speech out of the elder Boyd. A nod and a word were as much as any workman expected; yet all the men liked Christopher. Their liking, though, was probably a mixture of respect and admiration for the successful man. But it seemed to John that he had found almost a friend in the stranger who had sought him out that afternoon. Now and then he broke off from his work to look at Maxwell; though he had worked diligently, he had not for a moment been unmindful of his presence.

"I don't envy any fellow living," said he to himself, leaning his elbows on the table and fixing a long, steady glance on Max; "but if I had such a brother to help me along as he has I, — good for me I have n't! Let alone what you can't get! that 's my ticket."

But it happened that, in looking for a pencil, Edgar went around Max Boyd and looked on the table whereon he was leaning his head. The pencil had slipped under the sleeper's hair; Edgar picked it up, but that was not why he started when he did so, as if a bee had stung him; nor why he went off into the middle of the shop, and tossed the pencil two or three times in the air, before he returned to his place and sat down; nor why his aspect was so changed when he resumed his drawing; nor why he now made such bad work of it.

Half an hour went by, then there was a knock at the door; it wakened Max. He looked up and saw Edgar sitting with his elbows on the table, his head buried in his hands, evidently in deep study. The knock was repeated, but he did not stir.

"Did you hear that?" asked Max.

"Yes," he answered, without moving, or even looking up. "I heard it, but I 'm my own man Sundays. I know what the fellows would like; but I 'll not have them in here making a row, because they have nothing else to do. I have something to do. If they sat and rattled on till morning, what good would that do me?"

"I am not going to be your janitor in spite of you," said Max, laughing; "but I should think a little recreation might serve you a good turn."

"Are you going, sir? What 's your hurry?" said Edgar, for Max now arose.

"Well, I don't see that I can assist you in your work."

"My work won't come to anything to-day. I suppose, sir, if I had studied as many things as you have, I should be saved a great deal of trouble; as it is, I have to grope." There was surely no vaunting in the voice or the mood of the young machinist now.

"It 's not by studying books that men get the constructive faculty," answered Max, gravely. He instantly sympathized with John, recognizing in his words a repetition of the lament, or regret, to which he had already heard Christopher give expression. "That is a sort thing," he went on, "that 's put into a body before it can talk or walk. Curious, is n't it? You have it; I have n't. You can get at the books, anybody can; but I cannot get at the invention. Things are dealt about with an even hand, you see. I hope I shall have the pleasure of helping you to what you want badly. Tell me when you need anything to — to get on with

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your work, I sha' n't be likely to find it out myself, for I am slow at that; besides, not being an inventor I don't know enough."

"O you fellow," exclaimed Edgar, jumping up from his chair, his eyes glittering with delight; "you go and tell Mr. Elsden what you have been saying to me and he 'll have you shipped for Botany Bay, you or me, one of us, sure. He would think this region not big enough for both of us. It is n't *his* way of talking to the hands I can tell you."

"Just hold me to my word, that 's all," said Max, in the glow of his generous feeling. "Have you a pipe here, Edgar?"

"It 's against the regulations, sir, to smoke in the building."

Max turned towards the door, about to go, when another knock arrested him.

This time John Edgar exhibited a very different degree of interest from that he showed when the first application was made; he evidently recognized the knock, and when it was repeated walked rapidly across the shop, and opened the door.

"O, you are here," said a girl's voice, "I was just going away. Here are your papers, John; I am much obliged to you."

"Have you been able to make anything out of them?" he asked, in a voice which had quite another tone from that in which he had been talking with Maxwell Boyd.

"You may see for yourself." Then there was a rustling of papers.

"Well enough! did you use a rule, Miss Edna?"

"Not once."

Max thought he would like to look at the face of the speaker, but he could not without forcing himself upon the evidently sufficient company of the two.

"You have a truer eye than mine, Miss Edna. Mr. Barlow said —"

"Said! has he gone?"

"Yes; he said you might do excellent things. But study from nature, draw everything you see, try faces. He told me to say that to you."

"Shall I try your face to begin with, now?"

Edgar hesitated; if Maxwell Boyd had been without instead of within, he would have said yes; but now he said: "I am afraid not to-day. Begin with a beautiful little face that you can look at and study every hour in the day."

"You mean Rosa's. I will. You are very kind, John. Good night."

"Good night, Miss Edna."

"Were you at the meeting this morning, John?"

"Yes. You have got old Guildersleeve back, it seems."

"*They* have. Yes. John, I brought a book with me which I should like to lend you; I covered it because it is not mine. Will you care about reading it?"

"I shall, certainly, if you have read it, and like it."

"I want to know whether you like it; I do not quite know what I think; and it is out of their way over there. They don't care about such things."

"Then I will read it carefully," said John; and he had now evidently forgotten that Max Boyd stood within, or he would have shortened this conversation, brief though it was, in spite of the evident wish of Miss Edna to prolong it.

"There is a great deal in it. It seems like all the world — so much there is," said Miss Edna; and then she said "Good night" again, and went away.

"There 's plenty of pluck there," said John, going back into the shop, and speaking to Maxwell. He laid the book on a high shelf, and glanced at a bit of looking-glass which was fastened to the wall beneath it.

"One of your pupils?" asked Max.

"Not exactly. The doctor took some of my drawings down to the preacher's one day, and she copied them; afterwards she came and asked me to explain what they all meant; since then I have helped her some. Did you see her?"

"No, but I heard her. And who is Rosa?"

"She 's the preacher's daughter; this one lives with them, — adopted I believe. The girls are about as much alike

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as the sun and the moon are. Would you like to see the preacher's house?"

"I dare say I have seen it already, for I have walked all the afternoon; but, yes, I should like to know who 's who, and where 's where."

And so the two young men walked about, Edgar as a guide, pointing out one place and another, which he supposed would interest the brother of Mr. Boyd, who had come to live in the neighborhood, and to find his work there.

By and by Max thought of Christopher, and signified his intention to return. Edgar then made known his preference for the valley road, and so they separated.

And this was the reason why he determined suddenly to go by himself down the railroad track, rather than up with Max towards the mountain-top.

Max had taken a glass of wine with Christopher at dinner, according to the Sunday custom of the elder brother. It was a single glass, but the subtle aroma was not yet entirely dissipated when he went into the machine-shop, and the sense that was keenest in Edgar had discerned it as he bent over sleeping Max, looking for his pencil. He wanted to get away by himself where he should have an opportunity of fighting his tempter. He sought the solitude which he should have shunned, for the Devil's favorite lair is solitude.

SPRING IN WASHINGTON:

WITH AN EYE TO THE BIRDS.

I CAME to Washington to live in the fall of 1863, and, with the exception of a month each summer spent in the interior of New York, have lived here ever since.

I saw my first novelty in Natural History the day after my arrival. As I was walking near some woods north of the city, a grasshopper of prodigious size flew up from the ground and alighted in a tree. As I pursued him, he proved to be nearly as wild and as fleet of wing as a bird. I thought I had reached the capital of grasshopperdom, and that this was perhaps one of the chiefs or leaders, or perhaps the great High Cock O'lorum himself, taking an airing in the fields. I have never yet been able to settle the question, as every fall I start up a few of these gigantic specimens, which perch on the trees. They are about three inches long, of a gray striped or spotted color, and have quite a reptile look.

The greatest novelty I found, however, was the superb autumn weather, the bright, strong, electric days, lasting well into November, and the general mildness of the entire winter. Though the mercury occasionally sinks to zero, yet the earth is never so seared and blighted by the cold, but that in some sheltered nook or corner signs of vegetable life still remain, which on a little encouragement even asserts itself. I have found wild flowers here every month in the year; violets in December, a single houstonia in January (the little lump of earth upon which it stood was frozen hard), and a tiny, weed-like plant, with a flower almost microscopic in its smallness, growing along gravelled walks and in old ploughed fields in February. The liverwort sometimes comes out as early as the first week in March, and the little frogs begin to pipe doubtfully about the same time. Apricot-trees are usually in bloom on All-Fools-day, and the apple-trees on May-day. By August, mother hen will lead forth her third brood, and I had a March pullet that came off with a family of her own in September. Our calendar is made for this climate.

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March is a spring month. One is quite sure to see some marked and striking change during the first eight or ten days. This season (1868) is a backward one, and the memorable change did not come till the 10th.

Then the sun rose up from a bed of vapors, and seemed fairly to dissolve with tenderness and warmth. For an hour or two the air was perfectly motionless, and full of low, humming, awakening sounds. The naked trees had a rapt, expectant look. From some unreclaimed common near by came the first strain of the song-sparrow; so homely, because so old and familiar, yet so inexpressibly pleasing. Presently a full chorus of voices arose; tender, musical, half suppressed, but full of genuine hilarity and joy. The blue-bird warbled, the robin called, the snow-bird chattered, the meadow-lark uttered her strong, but tender note. Over a deserted field a turkey-buzzard hovered low, and alighted on a stake in the fence, standing a moment with outstretched, vibrating wings, till he was sure of his hold. A soft, warm, brooding day. Roads becoming dry in many places, and looking so good after the mud and the snow. I walk up beyond the boundary and over Meridian Hill. To move along the drying road and feel the delicious warmth is enough. The cattle low long and loud, and look wistfully into the distance. I sympathize with them. Never a spring comes, but I have an almost irresistible desire to depart. Some nomadic or migrating instinct or reminiscence stirs within me; I ache to be off.

As I pass along, the high-hole calls in the distance precisely as I have heard him in the North. After a pause he repeats his summons. What can be more welcome to the ear than these early first sounds! They have such a margin of silence!

One need but pass the boundary of Washington City to be fairly in the country, and ten minutes' walk in the country brings one to real primitive woods. The town has not yet overflowed its limits like the great Northern commercial capitals, and Nature, wild and unkempt, comes up to its very threshold, and even in many places crosses it.

The woods, which I soon reach, are stark and still. The signs of returning life are so faint as to be almost imperceptible, but there is a fresh, earthy smell in the air, as if something had stirred here under the leaves. The crows caw above the wood, or walk about the brown fields. I look at the gray, silent trees long and long, but they show no sign. The catkins of some alders by a little pool have just swelled perceptibly; and brushing away the dry leaves and *débris* on a sunny slope, I discover the liverwort just pushing up a fuzzy, tender sprout. But the waters have brought forth. The little frogs are musical. From every marsh and pool goes up their shrill, but pleasing chorus. Peering into one of their haunts, a little body of semi-stagnant water, I discover masses of frogs' spawn covering the bottom. I take up great chunks of the cold, quivering jelly in my hands. In some places there are gallons of it. It is a perfect jelly, of a slightly milky tinge, thickly imbedded with black spots about the size of a small bird's eye. When just deposited, it is perfectly transparent. The vast jelly part is contributed by the male, the dark germinal specks by the female. These hatch in eight or ten days, gradually absorb their gelatinous surroundings, and the tiny tadpoles issue forth.

In the city, even before the shop-windows have caught the inspiration, spring is heralded by the silver poplars, which line all the streets and avenues. After a few mild, sunshiny March days, you suddenly perceive a change has come over the trees. Their tops have a less naked look. If the weather continues warm, a single day will work wonders. Presently the tree will be one vast plume of gray, downy tassels, while not the least speck of green foliage is visible. The first week in April these long mimic caterpillars lie all about the streets and fill the gutters.

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The approach of spring is also indicated by the crows and buzzards, which rapidly multiply in the environs of the city, and grow bold and demonstrative. The crows are abundant here all winter, but are not very noticeable except as they pass high in air to and from their winter quarters in the Virginia woods. Early in the morning, as soon as it is light enough to discern them, there they are streaming eastward across the sky, now in loose, scattered flocks, now in thick, dense masses, then singly and in pairs or triplets, but all setting in one direction, probably to the waters of Eastern Maryland. Toward night they begin to return, flying in the same manner, and directing their course to the wooded heights on the Potomac, west of the city. In spring these diurnal mass movements cease; the clan breaks up, the rookery is abandoned, and the birds scatter broadcast over the land. This seems to be the course everywhere pursued. One would think that, when food was scarcest, the policy of separating into small bands or pairs, and dispersing over a wide country, would prevail, as a few might subsist where a larger number would starve. The truth is, however, that in winter food can be had only in certain clearly defined districts and tracts, as along rivers and the shores of bays and lakes.

A few miles north of Newburg, on the Hudson, the crows go into winter quarters in the same manner, flying south in the morning and returning again at night, sometimes hugging the hills so close during a strong wind, as to expose themselves to the clubs and stones of school-boys ambushed behind trees and fences. The belated ones, that come laboring along just at dusk, are often so overcome by the long journey and the strong current, that they seem almost on the point of sinking down whenever the wind or a rise in the ground calls upon them for an extra effort.

The turkey-buzzards are noticeable about Washington as soon as the season begins to open, sailing leisurely along two or three hundred feet overhead, or sweeping low over some common or open space, where, perchance, a dead puppy or pig or fowl has been thrown. Half a dozen will sometimes alight about some such object out on the commons, and with their broad dusky wings lifted up to their full extent, threaten and chase each other, while perhaps one or two are feeding. Their wings are very large and flexible, and the slightest motion of them, while the bird stands upon the ground, suffices to lift its feet clear. Their movements when in air are very majestic and beautiful to the eye, being in every respect identical with those of our common hen or red-tailed hawk. They sail along in the same calm, effortless, interminable manner, and sweep around in the same ample spirals. The shape of their wings and tail, indeed their entire effect against the sky, except in size and color, is very nearly the same as that of the hawk mentioned. A dozen at a time may often be seen high in air, amusing themselves by sailing serenely round and round in the same circle.

They are less active and vigilant than the hawk; never poise themselves on the wing, never dive and gambol in the air, and never swoop down upon their prey; unlike the hawks also, they appear to have no enemies. The crow fights the hawk, and the kingbird and crow-blackbird fight the crow; but neither takes any notice of the buzzard. He excites the enmity of none, for the reason that he molests none. The crow has an old grudge against the hawk, because the hawk robs the crow's nest, and carries off his young; the kingbird's quarrel with the crow is upon the same grounds. But the buzzard never attacks live game, or feeds upon new flesh when old can be had.

In May, like the crows, they nearly all disappear very suddenly, probably to their breeding-haunts near the seashore. Do the males separate from the females at this time, and go by themselves? At any rate, in July I discovered that a large number of buzzards

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roosted in some woods near Rock Creek, about a mile from the city limits; and, as they do not nest anywhere in this vicinity, I thought they might be males. I happened to be detained late in the woods, watching the nest of a flying squirrel, when the buzzards, just after sundown, began to come by ones and twos and alight in the trees near me. Presently they came in greater numbers, but from the same direction, flapping low over the woods, and taking up their position in the middle branches. On alighting, each one would blow very audibly through his nose, just as a cow does when she lies down; this is the only sound I have ever heard the buzzard make. They would then stretch themselves after the manner of turkeys, and walk along the limbs. Sometimes a decayed branch would break under the weight of two or three, when, with a great flapping, they would take up new positions. They continued to come till it was quite dark, and all the trees about me were full. I began to feel a little nervous, but kept my place. After it was entirely dark and all was still, I gathered a large pile of dry leaves and kindled it with a match, to see what they would think of a fire. Not a sound was heard till the pile of leaves was in full blaze, when instantaneously every buzzard started. I thought the tree-tops were coming down upon me, so great was the uproar. But the woods were soon cleared, and the loathsome pack disappeared in the night.

About the first of June, I saw numbers of buzzards sailing around over the Great Falls of the Potomac.

A glimpse of the birds usually found here in the latter part of winter may be had in the following extract, which I take from my diary under date of February 4th: —

"Made a long excursion through the woods and over the hills. Went directly north from the Capitol for about three miles. The ground bare and the day cold and sharp. In the suburbs, among the scattered Irish and negro shanties, came suddenly upon a flock of birds, feeding about like our Northern snow-buntings. Every now and then they uttered a piping, disconsolate note, as if they had a very sorry time of it. They proved to be shore-larks, the first I had ever seen. They had the walk characteristic of all larks; were a little larger than the sparrow, had a black spot on the breast, with much white on the under parts of their bodies. As I approached them the nearer ones paused, and, half squatting, eyed me suspiciously. Presently, at a movement of my arm, away they went, flying exactly like the snow-bunting, and showing nearly as much white." (I have since discovered that the shore-lark is a regular visitant here in February and March, when large quantities of them are shot or trapped, and exposed for sale in the market. During a heavy snow I have seen numbers of them feeding upon the seeds of various weedy growths in a large market-garden well into town.) "Pressing on, the walk became exhilarating. Followed a little brook, the eastern branch of the Tiber, lined with bushes and a rank growth of green brier. Sparrows started out here and there and flew across the little bends and points. Among some pines just beyond the boundary, saw a number of American goldfinches, in their gray winter dress, pecking the pine-cones. A golden-crowned knight was there also, a little tuft of gray feathers, hopping about as restless as a spirit. Had the old pine-trees food delicate enough for him also? Farther on, in some low open woods, saw many sparrows, — the fox, white-throated, white-crowned, the Canada, the song, the swamp, — all herding together along the warm and sheltered borders. To my surprise saw a chee-wink also, and the yellow-rumped warbler. The purple finch was there likewise, and the Carolina wren and brown creeper. In the higher, colder woods not a bird was to be seen. Returning, near sunset, across the eastern slope of a hill which overlooked the city, was delighted to see a number of grass-finches or vesper sparrows (fringilla graminea), — birds which will be forever associ-

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ated in my mind with my father's sheep pastures. They ran before me, now flitting a pace or two, now skulking in the low stubble, just as I had observed them when a boy."

A month later, March 4th, is this note: —

"After the second memorable inauguration of President Lincoln, took my first trip of the season. The afternoon was very clear and warm, — real vernal sunshine at last, though the wind roared like a lion over the woods. It seemed novel enough to find within two miles of the White House a simple woodsman chopping away as if no President was being inaugurated! Some puppies, snugly nestled in the cavity of an old hollow tree, he said, belonged to a wild dog. I imagine I saw the 'wild dog,' on the other side of Rock Creek, in a great state of grief and trepidation, running up and down, crying and yelping, and looking wistfully over the swollen flood, which the poor thing had not the courage to brave. This day, for the first time, I heard the song of the Canada sparrow, a soft, sweet note, almost running into a warble. Saw a small, black, velvety butterfly with a yellow border to its wings. Under a warm bank found two flowers of the houstonia in bloom. Saw frogs' spawn near Piny Branch, and heard the hyla."

Among the first birds that make their appearance in Washington is the crow-blackbird. He may come any time after the 1st of March. The birds congregate in large flocks, and frequent groves and parks, alternately swarming in the tree-tops and filling the air with their sharp jangle, and alighting on the ground in quest of food, their polished coats glistening in the sun from very blackness, as they walk about. There is evidently some music in the soul of this bird at this season, though he makes a sad failure in getting it out. His voice always sounds as if he were laboring under a severe attack of influenza, though a large flock of them, heard at a distance on a bright afternoon of early spring, produce an effect not unpleasing. The air is filled with crackling, splintering, spurting, semi-musical sounds, — which are like pepper and salt to the ear.

All parks and public grounds about the city are full of blackbirds. They are especially plentiful in the trees about the White House, breeding there and waging war on all other birds. The occupants of one of the offices in the west wing of the Treasury one day had their attention attracted by some object striking violently against one of the window-panes. Looking up, they beheld a crow-blackbird pausing in mid-air, a few feet from the window. On the broad stone window-sill lay the quivering form of a purple finch. The little tragedy was easily read. The blackbird had pursued the finch with such murderous violence, that the latter, in its desperate efforts to escape, had sought refuge in the Treasury. The force of the concussion against the heavy plate-glass of the window had killed the poor thing instantly. The pursuer, no doubt astonished at the sudden and novel termination of the career of its victim, hovered a moment, as if to be sure of what had happened, and made off.

(It is not unusual for birds, when thus threatened with destruction by their natural enemy, to become so terrified as to seek safety in the presence of man. I was once startled, while living in a country village, to behold, on entering my room, at noon one October day, a quail sitting upon my bed. The affrighted and bewildered bird instantly started for the open window, into which it had no doubt been driven by a hawk.)

"The crow-blackbird has all the natural cunning of his prototype, the crow. In one of the inner courts of the Treasury building there is a fountain with several trees growing near. By midsummer, the blackbirds become so bold as to venture within this court. Various fragments of food, tossed from the surrounding windows, reward their temerity. When a crust of dry bread defies their beaks, they have been seen to drop it into the water, and when it

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had become soaked sufficiently, to take it out out again.

They build a nest of coarse sticks and mud, the whole burden of the enterprise seeming to devolve upon the female. For several successive mornings, just after sunrise, I used to notice a pair of them flying to and fro in the air above me, as I hoed in the garden, directing their course, on the one hand, to a marshy piece of ground about half a mile distant, and disappearing, on their return, among the trees about the Capitol. Returning, the female always had her beak loaded with building material, while the male, carrying nothing, seemed to act as her escort, flying a little above and in advance of her, and uttering now and then his husky, discordant note. As I tossed a lump of earth up at them, the frightened mother-bird dropped her mortar, and the pair skurried away, much put out. Later, they avenged themselves by pilfering my cherries.

The most mischievous enemies of the cherries, however, here, as at the North, are the cedar wax-wings, or "cherry-birds." How quickly they spy out the tree! Long before the cherry begins to turn, they are around, alert and cautious. In small flocks they circle about, high in air, uttering their fine note, or plunge quickly into the tops of remote trees. Day by day they approach nearer and nearer, reconnoitring the premises, and watching the growing fruit. Hardly have the green lobes turned a red cheek to the sun, before their beaks have scarred it. At first they approach the tree stealthily, on the side turned from the house, diving quickly into the branches in ones and twos, while the main flock is ambushed in some shade-tree not far off. They are most apt to commit their depredations very early in the morning and on cloudy, rainy days. As the cherries grow sweeter the birds grow bolder, till, from throwing tufts of grass, one has to throw stones in good earnest, or lose all his fruit. In June they disappear, following the cherries to the North, where, by July, they are nesting in the orchards and cedar groves.

Among the permanent summer residents here (one might say city residents, as they seem more abundant in town than out), the yellow warbler or summer yellow-bird is conspicuous. He comes about the middle of April, and seems particularly attached to the silver poplars. In every street, and all day long, one may hear his thin, sharp warble. When nesting, the female comes about the yard, pecking at the clothes-line, and gathering up bits of thread to weave into her nest.

Swallows appear in Washington from the first to the middle of April. They come twittering along in the way so familiar to every New England boy. The barn-swallow is heard first, followed in a day or two by the squeaking of the cliff-swallow. The chimney-swallows, or swifts, are not far behind, and remain here, in large numbers, the whole season. The purple martins appear in April, as they pass north, and again in July and August on their return, accompanied by their young.

The national capital is situated in such a vast spread of wild, wooded, or semi-cultivated country, and is in itself so open and spacious, with its parks and large government reservations, that an unusual number of birds find their way into it in the course of the season. Rare warblers, as the black-poll, the yellow red-poll, and the bay-breasted, pausing in May on their northward journey, pursue their insect game in the very heart of the town.

I have heard the veery thrush in the trees near the White House; and, one rainy April morning, about six o'clock, he came and blew his soft, mellow flute in a pear-tree in my garden. The tones had all the sweetness and wildness they have when heard in June in our deep Northern forests. A day or two afterward, in the same tree, I heard for the first time the song of the golden-crowned wren, or kinglet, — the same liquid bubble and cadence which characterize the wren-songs generally, but much finer and more delicate than the song of any other variety known to me; beginning in a fine, round, needle-

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like note, and rising into a full, sustained warble; — a strain, on the whole, remarkably exquisite and pleasing, the singer being all the while as busy as a bee, catching some kind of insects. If the ruby-crowned sings as well (and no doubt it does), Audubon's enthusiasm concerning its song, as he heard it in the wilds of Labrador, is not a bit extravagant. The song of the kinglet is the only characteristic that allies it to the wrens.

The Capitol grounds, with their fine large trees of many varieties, draw many kinds of birds. In the rear of the building the extensive grounds are peculiarly attractive, being a gentle slope, warm and protected, and quite thickly wooded. Here, in early spring, I go to hear the robins, cat-birds, blackbirds, wrens, &c. In March the white-throated and white-crowned sparrows may be seen, hopping about on the flower-beds or peering slyly from the evergreens. The robin hops about freely upon the grass, notwithstanding the keeper's large-lettered warning, and at intervals, and especially at sunset, carols from the tree-tops his loud, hearty strain.

The kingbird and orchard starling remain the whole season, and breed in the tree-tops. The rich, copious song of the starling may be heard there all the forenoon. The song of some birds is like scarlet, — strong, intense, emphatic. This is the character of the orchard starlings; also of the tanagers and the various grossbeaks. On the other hand, the songs of other birds, as of certain of the thrushes, suggests the serene blue of the upper sky.

In February, one may hear, in the Smithsonian grounds, the song of the fox-sparrow. It is a strong, richly modulated whistle, — the finest sparrow note I have ever heard.

A curious and charming sound may be heard here in May. You are walking forth in the soft morning air, when suddenly there comes a burst of bobolink melody from some mysterious source. A score of throats pour out one brief, hilarious, tuneful jubilee, and are suddenly silent. There is a strange remoteness and fascination about it. Presently you discover its source skyward, and a quick eye will detect the gay band pushing northward. They seem to scent the fragrant meadows afar off, and shout forth snatches of their songs in anticipation.

The bobolink does not breed in the District, but usually pauses in his journey and feeds during the day in the grass-lands north of the city. When the season is backward, they tarry a week or ten days, singing freely and appearing quite at home. In large flocks they search over every inch of ground, and at intervals, hover on the wing or alight in the tree-tops, all pouring forth their gladness at once, and filling the air with a multitudinous musical clamor.

They continue to pass, travelling by night and feeding by day, till after the middle of May, when they cease. In September, with numbers greatly increased, they are on their way back. I am first advised of their return by hearing their calls at night as they fly over the city. On certain nights the sound becomes quite noticeable. I have awakened in the middle of the night, and, through the open window, as I lay in bed, heard their faint notes. The warblers begin to return about the same time, and are clearly distinguished by their timid *yeaps*. On dark cloudy nights the birds seem confused by the lights of the city, and apparently wander about above it.

In the spring the same curious incident is repeated, though but few voices can be identified. I make out the snow-bird, the bobolink, the warblers, and on two nights during the early part of May I heard very clearly the call of the sandpipers.

Instead of the bobolink, one encounters here, in the June meadows, the black-throated bunting, a bird closely related to the sparrows, and a very persistent, if not a very musical songster. He perches upon the fences and upon the trees by the roadside, and, spreading his tail, gives forth his harsh strain, which may be roughly worded thus:

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fscp fscp, fee fee fee. Like all sounds associated with early summer, it soon has a charm to the ear quite independent of its intrinsic merits.

Outside of the city limits, the great point of interest to the rambler and lover of nature is the Rock Creek region. Rock Creek is a large, rough, rapid stream, which has its source in the interior of Maryland, and flows into the Potomac between Washington and Georgetown. Its course, for five or six miles out of Washington, is marked by great diversity of scenery. Flowing in a deep valley, which now and then becomes a wild gorge with overhanging rocks and high, precipitious headlands, for the most part wooded; here reposing in long, dark reaches, there sweeping and hurrying around a sudden bend or over a rocky bed; receiving at short intervals small runs and spring rivulets, which open up vistas and outlooks to the right and left, of the most charming description, — Rock Creek has an abundance of all the elements that make up not only pleasing, but wild and rugged scenery. There is, perhaps, not another city in the Union that has on its very threshold so much natural beauty and grandeur, such as men seek for in remote forests and mountains. A few touches of art would convert this whole region, extending from Georgetown to what is known as Crystal Springs, not more than two miles from the present State Department, into a park unequalled by anything in the world. There are passages between these two points as wild and savage, and apparently as remote from civilization, as anything one meets with in the mountain sources of the Hudson or the Delaware.

One of the tributaries to Rock Creek within this limit is called Piny Branch. It is a small, noisy brook, flowing through a valley of great natural beauty and picturesqueness, shaded nearly all the way by woods of oak, chestnut, and beach, and abounding in dark recesses and hidden retreats.

I must not forget to mention the many springs with which this whole region is supplied, each the centre of some wild nook, perhaps the head of a little valley one or two hundred yards long, through which one catches a glimpse or hears the voice of the main creek rushing along below.

My walks tend in this direction more frequently than in any other. Here the boys go too, troops of them, of a Sunday, to bathe and prowl around, and indulge the semi-barbarous instincts that still lurk within them. Life, in all its forms, is most abundant near water. The rank vegetation nurtures the insects, and the insects draw the birds. The first week in March, on some southern slope where the sunshine lies warm and long, I usually find the hepatica in bloom, though with scarcely an inch of stalk. In the spring runs, the skunk cabbage pushes its pike up through the mould, the flower appearing first, as if Nature had made a mistake.

It is not till about the 1st of April that many wild-flowers may be looked for. By this time the hepatica, anemone, saxifrage, arbutus, houstonia, and bloodroot may be counted on. A week later, the claytonia, or spring beauty, water-cress, violets, a low buttercup, vetch, and potentilla appear. These comprise most of the April flowers, and may be found in great profusion in the Rock Creek and Piny Branch region.

In each little valley or spring run some one species predominates. I know invariably where to look for the first liverwort, and where the largest and finest may be found. On a dry, gravelly, half-wooded hill-slope the birds-foot violet grows in great abundance, and is sparse in neighboring districts. This flower, which I never saw in the North, is the most beautiful and showy of all the violets, and calls forth rapturous applause from all persons who visit the woods. It grows in little groups and clusters, and bears a close resemblance to the pansies of the gardens. Its two purple, velvety petals seem to fall over tiny shoulders like a rich cape.

On the same slope, and on no other,

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I go about the 1st of May for lupine, or sundial, which makes the ground look blue from a little distance; on the other, or northern side of the slope, the arbutus, during the first half of April, perfumes the wild-wood air. A few paces farther on, in the bottom of a little spring run, the mandrake shades the ground with its miniature umbrellas. It begins to push its green finger-points up through the ground by the 1st of April, but is not in bloom till the 1st of May. It has a single white, wax-like flower, with a sweet, sickish odor, growing immediately beneath its broad leafy top. By the same run grow water-cresses and two kinds of anemones, — the Pennsylvania and the grove anemone. The bloodroot is very common at the foot of almost every warm slope in the Rock Creek woods, and, where the wind has tucked it up well with the coverlid of dry leaves, makes its appearance almost as soon as the liverwort. It is singular how little warmth is necessary to encourage these earlier flowers to put forth! It would seem as if some influence must come on in advance underground and get things ready, so that when the outside temperature is propitious, they at once venture out. I have found the bloodroot when it was still freezing two or three nights in the week; and have known at least three varieties of early flowers to be buried in eight inches of snow.

Another abundant flower in the Rock Creek region is the spring beauty. Like most others it grows in streaks. A few paces from where your attention is monopolized by violets or arbutus, it is arrested by the claytonia, growing in such profusion that it is impossible to set the foot down without crushing the flowers. Only the forenoon walker sees them in all their beauty, as later in the day their eyes are closed, and their pretty heads drooped in slumber. In only one locality do I find the ladies' slipper, — a yellow variety. The flowers that overleap all bounds in this section are the houstonias. By the 1st of April they are very noticeable in warm, damp places along the borders of the woods and in half-cleared fields, but by May these localities are clouded with them. They become visible from the highway across wide fields, and look like little puffs of smoke clinging close to the ground.

On the 1st of May I go to the Rock Creek or Piny Branch region to hear the wood-thrush. I always find him by this date leisurely chanting his lofty strain; other thrushes are seen now also or even earlier, as Wilson's, the olive-backed, the hermit, — the two latter silent, but the former musical.

Occasionally in the earlier part of May I find the woods literally swarming with warblers, exploring every branch and leaf, from the tallest tulip to the lowest spice-bush, so urgent is the demand for food during their long Northern journeys. At night they are up and away. Some varieties, as the blue yellow-back, the chestnut-sided, and the blackburnian, during their brief stay, sing nearly as freely as in their breeding haunts. For two or three years I have chanced to meet little companies of the bay-breasted warbler, searching for food in an oakwood, on an elevated piece of ground. They kept well up among the branches, were rather slow in their movements, and evidently disposed to tarry but a short time.

The summer residents here, belonging to this class of birds, are few. I have observed the black and white creeping-warbler, the Kentucky warbler, the worm-eating warbler, the redstart, and the gnat-catcher, breeding near Rock Creek.

Of these the Kentucky warbler is by far the most interesting, though quite rare. I meet with him in low, damp places in the woods, usually on the steep sides of some little run. I hear at intervals a clear, strong, bell-like whistle or warble, and presently catch a glimpse of the bird as he jumps up from the ground to take an insect or worm from the under side of a leaf. This is his characteristic movement. He belongs to the class of ground-warblers, and his range is very low,

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indeed lower than that of any other species with which I am acquainted. He is on the ground nearly all the time, moving rapidly along, taking spiders and bugs, overturning leaves, peeping under sticks and into crevices, and every now and then leaping up eight or ten inches, to take his game from beneath some overhanging leaf or branch. Thus each species has its range more or less marked. Draw a line three feet from the ground, and you mark the usual limit of the Kentucky warbler's quest for food. Six or eight feet higher bounds the usual range of such birds as the worm-eating warbler, the morning ground-warbler, the Maryland yellow-throat. The lower branches of the higher growths and the higher branches of the lower growths are plainly preferred by the black-throated blue-backed warbler, in those localities where he is found. The thrushes feed mostly on and near the ground, while some of the vireos and the true fly-catchers explore the highest branches. But the Sylviadæ, as a rule, are all partial to thick rank undergrowths.

The Kentucky warbler is a large bird for the genus and quite notable in appearance. His back is clear olive-green; his throat and breast bright yellow. His peculiarity is a black streak on the side of the face, extending down the neck.

Another familiar bird here, which I never met with in the North, is the gnat-catcher, called by Audubon the blue gray fly-catching warbler. In form and manner it seems almost a duplicate of the cat-bird, on a small scale. It mews like a young kitten, erects its tail, flirts, droops its wings, goes through a variety of motions when disturbed by your presence, and in many ways recalls its dusky prototype. Its color above is a light, gray blue, gradually fading till it becomes white on the breast and belly. It is a very small bird, and has a long, facile, slender tail. Its song is a lisping, chattering, incoherent warble, now faintly reminding one of the goldfinch, now of a miniature cat-bird, then of a tiny yellow-hammer, having much variety, but no unity, and little cadence.

Another bird which has interested me here is the Louisiana water-thrush, called also large-billed water-thrush, and water-wagtail. It is one of a trio of birds which has confused the ornithologists much. The other two species are the well-known golden-crowned thrush (*Seiurus aurocapillus*) or wood-wagtail, and the Northern, or small, water-thrush (*Seiurus noveboracensis*).

The present species, though not abundant, is frequently met with along Rock Creek. It is a very quick, vivacious bird, and belongs to the class of ecstatic singers. I have seen a pair of these thrushes, on a bright May day, flying to and fro between two spring runs, alighting at intermediate points, the male breaking out into one of the most exuberant, unpremeditated strains I ever heard. Its song is a sudden burst, beginning with three or four clear round notes much resembling certain tones of the clarinet, and terminating in a rapid, intricate warble.

This bird resembles a thrush only in its color, which is olive-brown above, and grayish white beneath, with speckled throat and breast. Its habits, manners, and voice suggest those of the lark.

I seldom go the Rock Creek route without being amused and sometimes annoyed by the yellow-breasted chat. This bird also has something of the manners and build of the cat-bird, yet he is truly an original. The cat-bird is mild and feminine compared with this rollicking polyglot. His [illegible] loud and strong and [illegible]. No sooner have you [illegible] retreat, which is usually a [illegible] growth in low, wet localities, near the woods or in old fields, than he begins his serenade, which for the variety, grotesqueness, and uncouthness of the notes is not unlike a country *skimmerton*. If one passes directly along, the bird may scarcely break the silence. But pause awhile or loiter quietly about, and your presence stimulates him to do his best. He peeps quizzically at

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you from beneath the branches and gives a sharp feline mew. In a moment more he says very distinctly, *who, who.* Then in rapid succession follow notes the most discordant that ever broke the sylvan silence. Now he barks like a puppy, then quacks like a duck, then rattles like a kingfisher, then squalls like a fox, then caws like a crow, then mews like a cat. Now, he calls as if to be heard a long way off, then changes his key, as if addressing the spectator. Though very shy, and carefully keeping himself screened when you show any disposition to get a better view, he will presently, if you remain quiet, ascend a twig or hop out on a branch in plain sight, lop his tail, droop his wings, cock his head, and become very melodramatic. In less than half a minute he darts into the bushes again, and again tunes up, no Frenchman rolling his *r*'s so fluently. *C-r-r-r-r-r, — whrr, — that 's it, — chee, — quack, cluck, — yit-yit-yit, — now hit it, — tr-r-r-r, — when, — caw, caw, — cut, cut, — tea-boy, — who, who, — mew, mew,* — and so on till you are tired of listening. Observing one very closely one day, I discovered that he was limited to six notes or changes, which he went through in regular order, scarcely varying a note in a dozen repetitions. Sometimes, when a considerable distance off, he will fly down to have a nearer view of you. And such a curious expressive flight, — legs extended, head lowered, wings rapidly vibrating, the whole action piquant and droll!

The chat is an elegant bird both in form and color. Its plumage is remarkably firm and compact. Color above, light olive-green; beneath, bright yellow; beak, black and strong.

The cardinal-grossbeak, or Virginia red-bird, is quite common in the same localities, though more inclined to seek the woods. It is much sought after by bird-fanciers, and by boy gunners, and consequently is very shy. This bird suggests a British redcoat; his heavy, pointed beak, his high cockade, the black stripe down his face, the expression of weight and massiveness about his head and neck, and his erect attitude, give him a decided soldierlike appearance; and there is something of the tone of the fife in his song or whistle, while his ordinary note, when disturbed, is like the clink of a sabre. Yesterday, as I sat indolently swinging in the loop of a grape-vine, beneath a thick canopy of green branches, in a secluded nook by a spring run, one of these birds came pursuing some kind of insect, but a few feet above me. He hopped about, now and then uttering his sharp note, till, some moth or beetle trying to escape, he broke down through the cover almost where I sat. The effect was like a firebrand coming down through the branches. Instantly catching sight of me, he darted away much alarmed. The female is tinged with brown, and shows but little red except when she takes flight.

By far the most abundant species of woodpecker about Washington is the red-headed. It is more common than the robin. Not in the deep woods, but among the scattered dilapidated oaks and groves, on the hills and in the fields, I hear, almost every day, his uncanny note, *ktr-rr, ktr-r-r,* like that of some larger tree-toad, proceeding from an oak grove just beyond the boundary. He is a stinking fellow, and very tough. Yet how beautiful as he flits from tree to tree, describing a gentle arc of crimson and white! This is another bird with a military look. His deliberate, dignified ways, and his bright uniform of red, white, and steel blue, bespeak him an officer of rank.

Another favorite beat of mine is northeast of the city. Looking from the Capitol in this direction, scarcely more than a mile distant, you see a broad green hill-slope, falling very gently, and spreading into a large expanse of meadow-land. The summit, if so gentle a swell of greensward may be said to have a summit, is covered with a grove of large oaks; and, sweeping back out of sight like a mantle, the front line of a thick forest bounds the sides. This emerald landscape is seen from a number of points in the city.

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Looking along New York Avenue from Northern Liberty Market, the eye glances, as it were, from the red clay of the street, and alights upon this fresh scene in the distance. It is a standing invitation to the citizen to come forth and be refreshed. As I turn from some hot, hard street, how inviting it looks! I bathe my eyes in it as in a fountain. Sometimes troops of cattle are seen grazing upon it. In June the gathering of the hay may be witnessed. When the ground is covered with snow, numerous stacks, or clusters of stacks, are still left for the eye to contemplate.

The woods which clothe the east side of this hill, and sweep away to the east, are among the most charming to be found in the District. The main growth is oak and chestnut, with a thin sprinkling of laurel, azelia, and dogwood. It is the only locality in which I have found the dog-tooth violet in bloom, and the best place I know of to gather arbutus. On one slope the ground is covered with moss, through which the arbutus trails its glories.

Emerging from these woods toward the city, one sees the white dome of the Capitol soaring over the green swell of earth immediately in front, and lifting its four thousand tons of iron gracefully and lightly into the air. Of all the sights in Washington, that which will survive longest in my memory, is the vision of the great dome thus rising above the hills.

ELEANOR IN THE EMPTY HOUSE:

A BALLAD OMITTED FROM PERCY'S "RELIQUES."

I.

SAD Eleanor sits in the lonely hall;
Silent as ever, she sits and sews,
Like a nun, for penance, at work on her pall,
Thinking the while on her sins and woes;
She sighs, but sings not; for all are gone, —
Ellen and Frances, Austin and John, —
And silently her hand works on.

II.

Musing on many things, — God above,
And life and death and the burning lake,
And her work, — and everything but love,
For nothing her frozen heart can wake, —
She stabs with her needle, but never sings;
For oft in her ears a shrill bell rings,
And she starts, as she heard an angel's wings.

III.

At nine o' the clock comes the Abbot in,
And whispers, "Eleanor, what hast thou there?"
"All day," she answers, "at work I have been
On a winding-sheet which I mean to wear,

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And now I am busy, hemming my pall;
For I heard, last night, the Death-Angel call,
And the grass will soon grow over us all."

IV.

At ten, Brother William came from his room,
Saying, "Sister Eleanor, get thee to bed!"
And he walked up and down, with a face of gloom,
More heavy of heart than he was in his tread;
For meagre he was, and worn in his looks,
With hunting for sense in difficult nooks,
And words in hid corners of Latin books.

V.

Still, patient Eleanor never stirred,
But stitched away at the snow-white cloth,
And answered the Brother never a word:
Whereat the sullen friar was wroth,
And glided away, with his visage wan,
Silent and sober; for all were gone! —
Brother Austin, and Brother John.

VI.

He met the cat in the corridor,
And the lean thing rubbed against his leg;
So he lifted the creature from the floor,
Saying, "Poor puss, thou needst not beg;
There's nothing, — nor milk, nor fowl, nor flesh,
Not a smelt from the hook, nor a quail from the mesh, —
Nothing for thee, Tom, salt or fresh!

VII.

"Not even a puny mouse in the wall,
Nor a cup of cream on an upper shelf;
For these roofs are abandoned by mice and all,
And I am as friendless as thyself;
The chambers are empty, — the larder, too, —
The grinders have ceased, they've grown so few,
And there's no one to pray for but me and you!"

VIII.

Such is the way most houses are
In the summer-time which poets praise;
Give me the glow behind the bar
Of a sea-coal fire; or the hickory's blaze;
And plenty of people up stairs and down
With smiling faces, and never a frown
Because there is nobody left in the town.

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SHAKER.

PART II.

IN the last number of the "Atlantic Monthly," I gave an outline of my autobiography in the external world; and then of my convincement — by means of the spiritual phenomena presented *to* and operating *in* me, as a worldly man, a materialist — that the Shaker order was the highest mediator between God and man.

But here I am again embarrassed, by my own realization of the unprepared state of many to appreciate the more interior religious exercises of soul involved in such a work of conversion. To it Jesus referred: "Neither cast ye your pearls before swine, lest they" — not comprehending their intrinsic value — "trample them under [the] feet" of their understanding; "give not [lightly] that which is holy unto the dogs ..... lest they turn again and rend you" for not giving them such kind of food — *animal* — as their appetites crave.

However, I am encouraged, in regard to others, by my own experience. I often used to think, in the early days of my faith, when I saw the brethren and sisters exercised in the beautiful gifts of the Spirit, which worldly Christians hold to be impossible in modern times, "How can I ever attain thereunto?" and, "If I can reach such a baptism, no other human being need doubt the possibility of doing so."

After being rationally convinced, by the above-mentioned spiritualistic manifestations, that the claims of the order were founded upon the existence of a Supreme Being and a revelation of knowledge and power (unto salvation from wilful sin, and from its very nature) coming down to mankind through intervening spheres and media, I was also blessed with a Christ Spirit baptism, by which I was interiorly convinced that I was a sinner before God; and in that light I saw light and darkness, and perceived that many things held in high estimation by even the most zealous of worldly Christians were an abomination in the sight of that Christ Spirit.

I had now come to a day and work of judgment that I could comprehend; and I esteemed it as a sacred privilege to bring to the light of earthly witnesses all the deeds I had done in the body and soul, whether they were good, or whether they were evil. Then I began to grow in grace and in the knowledge of the character of the first Christian, *Jesus*.

And I saw, according to the record, — the Bible, — that Jesus went with all the Jews in Judæa, confessing their sins and transgressions against Moses, as the exponent of natural law for the earth-life. And John heard him, and was thereby convinced that Jesus had lived even nearer to the law than he himself had done; and said: "I have need [rather to confess unto thee, and] to be baptized of thee."

After that Jesus was baptized by the descent of a Christ Spirit; and then occurred (for the sake of the multitude) the external spiritualistic appearance of a dove and a voice. This Spirit was the Second Adam, the Lord from heaven, *the Christ*.

As Jesus had done to John, so did Ann to Jane Wardley, — confessed her sins, and repented of them to the entire forsaking thereof. "Whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy"; while those who sin, and continue to cover their sins, as is the practice of the Christians of Babylon, do not prosper in the work of overcoming sin; they live and die in their sins; and therefore where Jesus is, in the spirit world, they can find no entrance until they have confessed their sins (which "follow after them") to God's acceptance. The simple Shakers pre-

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fer sending their sins "beforehand to judgment."

As each particle of gold possesses every one of the chemical properties of all the gold upon or in the earth, so does each human being possess all the elements and properties of humanity in the aggregate. The same process that would separate the dross from one ounce of gold would also serve to separate the dross from all the gold in existence.

And when it is satisfactorily proved that one man was the author of the system of Christianity, and that one woman was the finisher of that system, that is, that *Jesus* laid (or is) the "Corner-Stone," and that *Ann* placed (or is) the Capstone of the Temple, and that each of them became a perfect "pattern," or specimen of genuine Christianity, unadulterated, free from any Babylon mixture, from all extraneous worldly elements adverse or pertaining thereto, it cannot but be clearly seen why those two should sit as refiners of silver and purifiers of gold to the remainder of mankind; and why they, or their representatives, should watch carefully the crucible, — Shaker society, — to see that each man and woman coming into it continue in the fire until, like the silver or the gold, the faces of the refiners become perfectly reflected in them, — until the same character is formed, — and the same mind and spirit shall be in them that was in Jesus and in Ann, as the "first-born" brother and the "first-born" sister of the new creation.

From the moment of the interior conviction already referred to, my life has been "hid with Christ," among this people "in God"; and as an individual, I have been so absorbed into the community, that my personal history, "my policy," has become identified with the history and principles of the order.

Moses of olden time hath in every city those who preach him, being read in the synagogues every Sabbath-day. And Jesus, for nearly two thousand years has had his heralds and ambassadors proclaiming his name, and preaching his *male* "gospel to every creature."

And now one "like the Son of Man" sits upon and points to some eighteen *white clouds* * not much larger than a man's hand, rising above the horizon in different parts of Atlantica. These have a "future."

Be it mine to speak the praises of the *Mother* Church; and to introduce the readers of the New Atlantis to a "new thing in the earth," — "a woman" who has established a millennial community; thus en-*compass*-ing the primordial spiritual object of "a man," — Jesus.

"Turn again, O Virgin of Israel! turn again to these thy cities." As yet they shall use *this speech* in the land of Judah, and in the cities thereof, when I shall bring again their captivity. "And there shall dwell in Judah itself, and in all the cities" — communities — "thereof, together, husbandmen and they that go forth with flocks. For I have satiated the weary soul, and I have replenished every sorrowful soul": —

"The Lord bless thee, O Habitation of Justice, and Mountain of Holiness!"

Ann Lee.

Ann Lee was born February 29, 1736, in Toad Lane (now Todd's Street), Manchester, England. Her father, John Lee, was a blacksmith, and poor; with him she resided until she left England for America. Her mother was es-

* That is, eighteen societies of Believers, as follows, viz.: —

Mount Lebanon, two and a half miles from Lebanon Springs, twenty-five miles southeast of Albany, Columbia Co., N. Y. Address F. W. Evans.
Watervliet, seven miles northeast of Albany.
Groveland, Livingston Co., N. Y.
Hancock, Berkshire Co., Mass.
Tyringham, same county and State.
Enfield, Hartford Co., Conn.
Harvard, Worcester Co., Mass.
Shirley, Middlesex Co., Mass.
Canterbury, Merrimack Co., N. H.
Enfield, Grafton Co., N. H.
Alfred, York Co., Maine.
New Gloucester, Cumberland Co., Maine.
Union Village, Warren Co., Ohio.
Watervliet, Montgomery Co., Ohio.
White Water, Hamilton Co., Ohio.
North Union, Cleveland, Cuyahoga Co., Ohio.
Pleasant Hill, Mercer Co., Ky.
South Union, Logan Co., Ky.

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teemed a very pious woman. They had eight children, who were (as was then common for poor children) brought up to work, instead of being sent to school; by which means Ann acquired a habit of industry, but could neither write nor read. During her childhood and youth she was employed in a cotton factory, and was afterwards a cutter of hatters' fur; and then a cook in an infirmary. She was in every calling noted for her neatness, faithfulness, prudence, and economy.

Her complexion was fair; she had blue eyes, and light chestnut hair. Her countenance was expressive, but grave, inspiring confidence and respect. Many called her beautiful.

She possessed a strong and healthy physical constitution, and remarkable powers of mind. At times, when under the operation of the Holy Spirit, her form and actions appeared divinely beautiful. The influence of her spirit was then beyond description, and she spoke as "one having authority."

In childhood she exhibited a bright, sagacious, and active genius. She was not, like other children, addicted to play, but was serious and thoughtful. She was early the subject of religious impressions, and was often favored with heavenly visions.

As she grew in years, she felt an innate repugnance to the marriage state, and often expressed these feelings to her mother, desiring to be preserved therefrom; notwithstanding which (through the importunities of her relatives), she was married to Abraham Stanley, a blacksmith. The convictions of her youth, however, often returned upon her with much force, and at length brought her into excessive tribulation of soul, in which she earnestly sought for deliverance from the bondage of sin, and gave herself no rest day or night, but spent whole nights in laboring and crying to God to open some way of salvation.

In the year 1758, the twenty-third of her age, she joined a society of people who, because of their indignation against sin in themselves, often shook, and (by the Spirit) were shaken, and hence by the rabble were designated *Shakers*. The society was under the lead of Jane and James Wardley, formerly of the Quaker order. The people of that society were blameless in their deportment, and were distinguished for the clearness of their testimony against sin, the strictness of their moral discipline, and the purity of their lives.

The light of this people led them to make an open confession of every sin they had committed, and to take up finally and forever the cross against everything they knew to be evil. This endowed them with great power over sin; and here Ann found that protection she had so long desired, and which corresponded with her faith at that time. She was baptized into the same spirit, and, by degrees, attained to the full knowledge and experience of all the spiritual truths of the society.

Her statement is: "I felt such a sense of my sins, that I was willing to confess them before the whole world. I confessed my sins to my elders, one by one, and repented of them in the same manner. When my elders reproved me, I felt determined not to be reproved twice for the same thing, but to labor to overcome the evil for myself. Sometimes I went to bed and slept; but, in the morning, if I could not feel that sense of the work of God that I did before I slept, I would labor all night. This I did many nights, and in the daytime I put my hands to work, and my heart to God, and the refreshing operations thereof would release me, so that I felt able to go to my work again.

"Many times, when I was about my work, I have felt my soul overwhelmed with sorrow. I used to work as long as I could keep it concealed, and then would go out of sight, lest any one should pity me with that pity which was not of God. In my travail and tribulation, my sufferings were so great, that my flesh consumed upon my bones, bloody sweat pressed through the pores of my skin, and I became as helpless

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as an infant. And when I was brought through, and born into the spiritual kingdom, I was like an infant just born into the natural world. They see colors and objects, but they know not what they see. It was so with me; but, before I was twenty-four hours old, I saw, and I knew what I saw."

Ann was wrought upon after this manner for the space of nine years. Yet she often had intervals of release, in which her bodily strength and vigor were sometimes miraculously renewed; and her soul was filled with heavenly visions and Divine revelations. By these means, the way of God and the nature of his work gradually opened upon her mind with increasing light and understanding.

She spent much time in earnest and incessant cries to God to show her the foundation of man's loss, what it was, and wherein it consisted, and how the way of salvation could be discovered and effectually opened to mankind in their present condition, and how the great work of redemption was to be accomplished.

The ultimate effect of the labor and suffering of soul that Ann passed through was to purify and fitly prepare her for becoming a temple in which the Christ Spirit, that had made the *first* appearing to Jesus, and constituted him Jesus Christ, could make a *second* appearing; and through whom the God of heaven could set up a church, or "kingdom which should never be destroyed."

While Ann, for bearing her testimony against "fleshly lusts which war against the soul," was imprisoned in Manchester, England, she saw Jesus Christ in open vision, who revealed to her the most astonishing views and Divine manifestations of truth, in which she had a perfect and clear sight of the "mystery of iniquity," the root and foundation of all human depravity.

From the time of the appearing of Christ to Ann, in prison (1770), she was received by the people as a mother in spiritual things, and was thenceforth by them called *Mother Ann*.

The exercises in their religious meetings were singing and dancing, shaking, turning, and shouting, speaking with new tongues, and prophesying, with all those various gifts of the Holy Spirit known in the primitive Church. These gifts progressively increased, until the time of the full organization and establishment of the Shaker church in America in 1792.

On the 19th of May, 1774, Mother Ann, with eight of her followers, embarked in the ship Mariah for New York, where they arrived on the 6th of August following. They proceeded to Albany, and thence to Watervliet, which was at that time a wilderness and called Niskeuna, where they remained very secluded for about three years and a half.

Mother Ann, having finished her work on earth, departed this life, at Watervliet, on the 8th day of September, 1784, aged forty-eight years and six months.

Thus it is an interesting fact, that Ann Lee, the ostensible founder of the Shaker system of Religious Socialism, was an uneducated woman, that is, according to the popular idea of education. But was she, therefore, uneducated, unlearned? Neither Confucius, nor Zoroaster, nor Plato, nor Homer, nor even the Prophets of Israel, would pass an examination in a sophomore class at college. Of Jesus it was asked, "How knoweth this man letters, having never learned?" And it is certain that Ann, in her normal state, could neither write nor read. Yet Shakerism *only* is successful Communism; and (so far as I am aware) is the only religious system that teaches science by Divine Revelation; and it also teaches that all true science leads directly thereto, as in the case of Swedenborg, — one of the most learnedly scientific men of his time, — by whom it evolved *Spiritualism*. He was contemporary with Ann, who said he was her John the Baptist. He, *not* the Fox girls, was the angel of modern Spiritualism, which is the last and highest of the sciences, inasmuch as

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it teaches the geography of the spirit world; resting, as does all science, upon facts, — supernatural phenomena. It is the very science that Materialists should learn. It (as well as astronomy, chemistry, agriculture, &c.) has always been an element of Shakerism. There may be Spiritualism without religion; but there can be no religion without Spiritualism, which is as a bayou flowing out from the great River of Divine Revelation, in Shakerism, to the sea, — world.

It was by spiritual manifestations (as I have stated in Part I.) that I, in 1830, was converted to Shakerism. In 1837 to 1844, there was an influx from the spirit world, "confirming the faith of many disciples" who had lived among believers for years, and extending throughout all the eighteen societies, making media by the dozen, whose various exercises, not to be suppressed even in their public meetings, rendered it imperatively necessary to close them all to the world during a period of seven years, in consequence of the then unprepared state of the world, to which the whole of the manifestations, and the meetings too, would have been as unadulterated "foolishness," or as inexplicable mysteries.

The spirits then declared, again and again, that, when they had done their work amongst the inhabitants of Zion, they would do a work in the world, of such magnitude, that not a palace nor a hamlet upon earth should remain unvisited by them.

After their mission amongst us was finished, we supposed that the manifestations would immediately begin in the outside world; but we were much disappointed; for we had to wait four years before the work began, as it finally did, at Rochester, New York. But the rapidity of its course throughout the nations of the earth (as also the social standing and intellectual importance of the converts), has far exceeded the predictions.

In Revelation (xviii.) it is said, an angel came "down from heaven, having great power; and the earth was lightened with his glory." That is *Spiritualism*, and Swedenborg was the type of it, just as Jesus was the type of Christianity, in his day, and as Ann Lee was the type of Christianity in its second advent upon the earth.

It is a fact, patent to all observers, that what the religious world designated by the vague and (in many respects) unmeaning epithet of opprobrium, *Infidelity*, had made itself respectable and respected in such men as Hume, Volney, Voltaire, Frederick the Great of Prussia, and the whole host of writers of the French Encyclopædia, — got up for the express purpose of overthrowing Christianity; for the signature with which Voltaire was in the habit of closing his articles for the press was "Crush the wretch!" meaning Jesus Christ; these were the "horns" that grew out of the beast, and that "hated the whore," — the "whore of Babylon," the Catholic Church, — and tormented her with their fiery missiles of truth, ending in the French Revolution, the abolition of the Sabbath, and of all Church establishments and services, and the deification of *Reason*, personified in a young female, who was paraded through the streets of Paris; thus undesignedly foreshadowing the coming Woman.

The "second beast" (which was the "image" of the first) "had two horns like a lamb," — Luther and Calvin, — but "he spoke as a dragon, exercising all the persecuting power of the first beast" (unto whom he gave his power), as see Henry VIII., its head, who destroyed two of his six wives, and died a monster of depravity, after putting to death, by burning and hanging, for their "heresies," hundreds of his subjects.

Those same "horns" (powers), growing out of the "image of the beast," — Protestantism, — produced the American Revolution. Thomas Paine, Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, and their compeers of the same class, — Deists, Materialists, Universalists, Unitarians, Free-Thinkers, Infidels, — framed the declaration of rights, or first princi-

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ples of a civil government, and formed a Constitution, which was but a compromise, for the time being, between right and expediency; but which contained within itself the power of amendment, — of growth towards those first principles. And, if it did not abolish slavery, it did abolish "the beast" of Church and State; for it separated the Church from the civil government. It was "the earth opening its mouth to swallow up the flood" of religious persecution; thus helping the woman, Ann Lee, to found an order, or church, which could not exist even in England, much less in any other nation; for hitherto, under the reign of the "beast, and the image of the beast," the civil government had been the sword of the Church, by which to punish infidels and heretics. Yet these antagonistic "horns" grew out of the "beast." Now a thing is supported by what it grows out of, and of which it is a component part; therefore, it is added, "they ate her flesh," — were part and parcel of Babylon.

The angel of Spiritualism has "great power" to act upon material things, by rapping, and moving tables, chairs, bells, musical instruments, &c.; thus "confounding the wisdom of the wise" and scientific Materialists, and converting them to a belief in God, a spirit world, the progressive nature and immortality of the human soul, and its sequences, — in short, doing with such men as Robert Owen and Robert Dale Owen — types of a class — what all the churches in England had, for half a century, labored in vain to do. These men made ten converts from the churches, while the churches were trying to make one from the ranks of the infidels. They were "lightened with the glory" of the angel of Spiritualism, and were enlightened and quickened by it, too, into more life than the "dead bodies" of the churches were possessed of.

Nor was this all, or the worst of it. For the Christians, who said, "We will go and do the will of God," — do right to humanity, — did not do right; but they, as their opponents said, "pointed to the heavens, and thither directed the attention of their hearers, while they took possession of the earth from under their feet"; and then, for the first time, in England, were built poor-houses and taverns, for the needy and travellers; instead (as was the case under the Catholic rule) of religious institutions, where the poor should be fed and cared for, and the wandering traveller lodged;* while the infidels, who denied the existence of the Christians' Triune God, or said, "We will not do his bidding," did do good to humanity, and sought to establish communities, as at New Lanark and New Harmony, and a hundred other places, to restore (unwittingly) the Christian institution of "all things common," some of them spending their whole lives and immense fortunes to do what it was the first duty of a Christian priesthood to accomplish, — fulfil the prophecy, and make provision for every man to "sit under his own vine and fig-tree," upon his own land, thus realizing one of the beatitudes of Jesus, by causing the meek to "inherit the earth."

I had often heard of the "plan of salvation"; but to me it seemed a poor plan, as it had been arranged. For its elementary doctrines were, a Trinity of *male* Gods creating man, who sins; the birth, by a woman, of one of the Trinity; his final death, as an atonement for man's sins; then the reanimation of his body to life, and the transmutation of his physical into a spiritual body; and then, finally, the ultimate reanimation of all the bodies of the human race, to undergo a like transformation. Then a similar change in the earth itself, on an external day of judgment, &c., &c.; after all this, each and every person passing into a perfect heaven of the most consummate purity and holiness, or being plunged into a burning hell of veritable fire and brimstone, there to remain for ever and ever; the event to depend upon what they had or had not done during the short term of their earth-life.

* Cobbett.

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These doctrines I was taught when a child, and I supposed that I believed them. But the truth of the matter is, to such an extent are man and woman and child "the creatures of circumstances" (as Owen would put it), that a large proportion of them are not accountable for their condition, physical, moral, or religious. Therefore it would be decidedly wrong to send them to any worse hell than their own state constitutes. And what sort of a heaven would it be, that could admit such persons within its precincts?

The theology of Christendom had degenerated into the mere doctrines of devils, of unreasoning authority; for Babylon "is become the habitation of devils, and the hold of every foul spirit, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird." The deification of Reason was but the swing of the pendulum to the other extreme. The Church was at war with science, — with *astronomy*, and was not willing that the earth should turn upon its own axis; with *geology*, limiting all its records to six thousand years; with *chemistry*, in contravention of the maxim, that "from nothing comes nothing, and that not anything can be annihilated," claiming that all things were made out of nothing; with *physiology*, by teaching that destructive plagues (as cholera, small-pox, &c.) came of Divine appointment, and were to be stayed only by church rites; with *agriculture*, by praying for good crops, without first enforcing, as an indispensable requisite, drainage, subsoiling, fertilizing, and diligent attention to the laws of God in Nature.

In fine Babylon, in her war upon Nature, upon science, upon human reason, has been worsted; and now she is like a whale with a thrasher on its back, and a sword-fish under its belly; for she has Shakerism with its Divine revelations assailing her from above, and Spiritualism, embodying all the sciences, working upon her from below.

Therefore, with much propriety, did the *next angel*, who followed the angel of Spiritualism, and witnessed its effects, announce to a thankful and rejoicing universe, "Babylon is fallen, is fallen." As a "great millstone cast into the sea, thus with violence shall that great city Babylon," the adulterous mixture of Church and State, right and wrong, peace and war, humility and pride, monastic celibacy and sacramental marriage, Hebraism and Mahometanism, Christianity and Heathenism, all commingled together in Christendom, be destroyed, and dissolved by the "fervent heat" generated by Divine revelation and human reason co-operating; yea, she "shall be utterly burned with fire," and consumed by the flame of scientific and revealed truth; "for strong is the Lord God who judgeth her," and mighty are the Church of God, and the earthly civil government of America, which will *execute the judgment* (to be finally passed upon every nation, kingdom, and state upon earth) by the spread of republican principles and the everlasting *Gospel of Jesus Christ and Mother Ann.* Thus will celibacy in the Shaker order operate as a substitute for poverty, famine, disease, and war, in governing the unreasoning, unlimited principle of human reproduction.

Then there will be formed and established a legitimate union of the true Christian Church with a true civil government, each in its order, like soul and body. And then "out of Zion shall go forth the law and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem," — the Church of Christ's Second Appearing; and the nations shall "not learn war any more"; but, instead thereof, the people shall learn (and practise) agriculture, horticulture, manufacturing, and just commerce.

I understand that Mr. Emerson, in a recent lecture in Boston, made some statements relative to communities, the causes of their failure, &c. Robert Owen published his view of the causes of failure at New Harmony, as follows: "There was not disinterested industry; there was not mutual confidence; there was not practical experience; there

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was not unison of action, because there was not unanimity of counsel. These were the points of difference and dissension, the rock upon which the social bark struck and was wrecked."

I will state my view, and will endeavor to elucidate and defend it. A permanently successful community must necessarily be the external body of a true Christian Church of Christ's Second Appearing.

An angel said to Esdras: "For in the place where the Highest beginneth to shew his city, there can no man's building be able to stand." Perhaps all professing Christians will agree, that the time when the Lord God began to show his power the most directly in organizing and building them into a "city," was on the day of Pentecost, when he gathered together the people of one nation, — the Jews, — and, from among them, individuals of one and the same class, namely, spiritualists (religionists), who in that place formed a community. In it, the males and females were separated; thus laying the foundation of the two monastic orders of the Christian Church. These (male and female) were the "two witnesses," within the Church, for the original order of the Jewish primitive Christian Church; and the line of the "heretics" (male and female), ending in the Quakers, produced the "two witnesses," outside of the national church, for the principles of that church, — celibacy, community, revelation, spiritualism, non-resistance, simplicity of dress and language, and health. For all these "heretical" witnesses held to one or more of these principles, and built their organization (which could not possibly "stand") thereupon.

But suppose I present a succinct consecutive view of the "plan of salvation," as seen from a Shaker standpoint. I the more readily do this, because I know that most theologians will agree with Dr. Adam Clarke and Dr. Cumming, that "the only key with which to unlock the mysteries of godliness, — of prophecy and vision, and of the 'revelation,' — is the actual occurrence of the central event, the second appearance of Christ." And I have great satisfaction in being able to state that this important and transcendently glorious event has already taken place; and that, too, at the time (1792 or 1793) assigned by Dr. Cumming as being the end of the twelve hundred and sixty years, — the "reign of the beast"; the period of time during which the "woman" who "fled into the wilderness" remained there; and the period during which the "two witnesses" prophesied; all ending in the year 1792, when the "sanctuary" or church was to be "cleansed, and an end made of sin." In that very year the Shaker Church was founded. At that time believers were gathered into community order by Joseph Meacham and Lucy Wright (called Father Joseph and Mother Lucy), as Mother Ann, previous to her decease, had said would be the case.

Joseph Meacham and Lucy Wright were among the first of those in America who received faith in the religious principles of Shakerism. Upon them the leadership and government of the people (Shakers) devolved. Under their administration, the principles in regard to property and order in general were fully carried out, and a community of goods was established.

They gradually gathered the people from their scattered condition into families. Orders, rules, and regulations, in temporal and spiritual things, were framed. Elders and deacons of both sexes were appointed, and set in their proper order; and a covenant was written and entered into, for the mutual understanding and protection of the members.

Joseph Meacham was a Baptist preacher in New Lebanon, and a prominent leader in the religious revival out of which the society of Mount Lebanon originated. He was born in Enfield, Connecticut, February 22, 1742, of one of the best families. He was a philosopher, intuitional and revelational, and was "learned in all the learning of the Egyptians." That he was a man of great executive ability is proved by

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his success in organizing and establishing the Shaker community system. He died August 16, 1796.

Lucy Wright, who stood with him in that work, was born in Pittsfield, Massachusetts. She was of one of the most wealthy and influential families in the town, and was a beautiful woman physically, and of most extraordinary intellectual and moral endowments. She succeeded Father Joseph as the head of the Society, and was designated *Mother Lucy*. She died February 7, 1821.

But what *is* the Shaker church? and what relation does it bear to the present and the future, and to the history of religious ideas, as they have descended with the tide of time from the beginning, and especially as they stand recorded in the Bible? Is it a normal or an abnormal institution? I claim that it is the fruit of the tree of *humanity*, ripened under the laws of progressive development operating ever since the world began.

Serpent.

The medium of temptation to the first human pair was their physical, sensuous nature, — "the serpent" seducing them by the mere desire of pleasure, in the exercise of their creative powers, to ignore and do despite to the *law of use*, which is, "Whether ye eat or drink or whatsoever ye do," let it be, not for the pleasurable sensations attending, but for the "honor and glory of God," — *use*, as in the originating of an immortal soul. For simple generation in and of itself, as originally instituted, was as innocent as eating and drinking. God and nature made man upright; but he has sought the lusts of generation (the flesh), the lusts of eating and drinking, and finally added the lusts of the mind, — the intellectual faculties; so that, in the days of Jesus, "the serpent," which began in Eden by crawling upon the earth on his belly, had become a winged serpent or dragon, causing mankind to wax worse and worse, and was the symbol of Paganism in the aggregate.

In the *third epoch*, this dragon became a fiery, flying dragon, or serpent: the fall into self-hood had involved the spiritual faculties in humanity, so that the people, thinking to do God and humanity service, could perpetrate murder by torture.

Four Dispensations.

The same idea, of progress by successive stages, is often used by the various Prophets, under different symbols: Ezekiel saw four issues of water from beneath the threshold of the temple: first, to the ankles; second, to the knees; third, to the loins; the fourth was an impassable river, — the time when the Spirit should be poured out upon all flesh; the old having dreams, the young visions of spiritual things; the knowledge of the Lord covering the earth, as the waters do the land under the sea.

These four epochs are again represented to John, the beloved disciple, by *four beasts:* a lion, a calf, a beast with a face like a man, and a flying eagle. These symbols portray the progress of man, from the lowest to the highest condition of natural humanity; while the four outflowings of water represent the influxes from the Christ sphere, or seventh heaven, passing down through the six inferior generative heavens, and portray the progress of man from the lowest to the highest condition of *spiritual* humanity.

The *Lion Epoch*, from Adam to Abraham, is the wild animal phase of human progress, — when man lived by hunting, clothed himself in skins, and practised war as an exciting amusement, like the American Indians. During this dispensation, the earth was filled with violence; might made right. In those times there were giants; and the mammoths and mastodons were to them as the horse and ox and elephant are to us.

The *Calf Epoch*, from Abraham to Jesus, is the second stage of progress, wherein food and clothing obtain, as under Moses, Confucius, Zoroaster, Romulus, the Pharaohs and their contemporaries. In this epoch, the arts

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and sciences are cultivated; mechanics, mathematics, architecture, — it is the temple era; pyramids are built, and great walls, like those of China; and massive works, that remain for ages, — bridges, arches, and roads.

In Israel, while in the wilderness, the Lord called Bezaleel, and "filled him with the Spirit of God, in wisdom, and in understanding, and in knowledge, and in all manner of workmanship, to devise cunning works, to work in gold and in silver, and in brass, and in cutting of stones, to set them, and in carving of timber, to work in all manner of workmanship"; to the erection and embellishment of buildings, and the making of tools, &c.; all culminating (in the days of Solomon) in the glorious kingdom of Israel, and the world-renowned and splendid temple, which was dedicated to, and sanctified by, the God of Israel, as a house of prayer for all nations; which temple is said to have been composed of all known earthly substances, as indicating that the good and true in all people will be incorporated into the final temple of God, — the *Church of Jesus Christ and Mother Ann.*

The same laws were in operation in all contemporary nations, producing similar results: a Saviour, a Bible, statutory laws, a temple, as of Jupiter, and Diana, and Apollo, in which the deities of the several nations were often manifested as really as in Israel's temple. But the God of Israel, though a God of marriage, and war, and slavery, was God of these gods and Lord of their lords; because Israel was the model and typical nation, — progressive, — having prophecies and promises (a reflection from the Christ sphere, which was the true pattern shown on the Mount of things to come), up to the manifestation of John the Baptist, the harbinger of their Messiah, — *Jesus;* and to the appearing to him of the Christ Spirit, who, as his God and Guardian Angel, suddenly came to his prepared temple, — the man Jesus.

This system of spiritual theology is not confined to this little earth, but is equally applicable to the inhabitants of all the material worlds within the universe of nature, whether fallen or unfallen; the Christ, or Resurrection Order, — the *seventh heaven,* — being the only Mediator, or intervening sphere, between souls in all worlds and the *Esse* of Life, or final First Cause, the Eternal Father and Mother, — *God.*

The "*Face-of-a-Man*" *Epoch*, from Jesus to Ann Lee, is the third stage of the onward movement of humanity. There is the "beast," or animal, as a basis, as heretofore; but now we have, on the surface of society, Christianity in name. Whole nations of Pagans are, under Constantine and his successors, converted by the sword; the people are baptized by *force;* their temples are turned into churches, and their priests into a Christian priesthood; their statues of gods and goddesses are converted into the likenesses of the various Apostles and saints; and, for images of the Virgin Mary, the statues of Venus afford an ample supply.*

Thus do we find, in Christendom, a mixture of Hebraism, Paganism, and Mahometanism, with just enough of Christianity to gild it over. As Mr. Dixon puts it: "The truth is, we English and Americans have hardly yet embraced Christianity as a scheme of life. We find our religion at church; and when we have sung our psalms, and breathed our prayers, we go back into the streets to be governed, for another week, by our Pagan laws, derived from the Roman Pandects, or from the code of Justinian." "Foremost," says the same writer, "among the seekers after light, are the Shaker brethren at Mount Lebanon, in the State of New York."

In a Mahometan country, Mr. Dixon asserts, the Koran is a law-book; but not so the Bible in Christendom. For the equalization of land by Moses, and the perfecting of the process of reproduction, this third epoch has substituted the monastic orders, with common property and celibacy for the few; and, for the clergy and the many, Pagan monopoly.

* Mosheim.

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Hence the late Archbishop Hughes, when on a visit to Mount Lebanon, after investigating the Shaker system in the most searching manner, remarked: "The principles of your order have always been held by the Catholic Church. Celibacy is enjoined upon the clergy; common property is a monastic rule, as is also non-resistance. But your order is higher than ours, in that, what we require of a small number of our most advanced members in the Church, you expect and exact of all, from the greatest to the least."

The *Flying-Eagle Epoch* is a compound and complex dispensation, embracing a perfected *spiritual* government, and a perfected *civil* government in the natural order; embodying all the elements of Divine revelation in nature, relating to reproduction, nutrition, clothing, architecture, agriculture, — all science applied to human happiness on the earth-plane, — republicanism; the *eagle* being the ensign of true godly republicanism, as was the *dragon* of Paganism; while the eagle, with wings superadded, the *flying eagle*, is the Resurrection Church, — *Shakerism*, — rising above the earthly order of a mere civil government (however just and orderly), into the pure and holy sphere of abstract Christianity.

These four living creatures are the four dispensations, the complete history of humanity in the *external order*, from the beginning of time to the end of the human race, — *natural humanity*, — moving towards the millennial state, wherein there will be a spiritual order, the soul, and a natural order, the body of mankind; a civil government (having a balance of power, being composed equally of men and women; that is, the Senate being the *female* branch of the government, as the House will be the *male* branch; and the President, as at present, the executive) enforcing, as the most important of all its functions, a strict observance of the natural law of generation, *intercourse for offspring only*; and as a logical sequence, "wars and fightings" will "cease to the ends of the earth."

Then the higher law of celibacy, from a ground of progress, will continually go from Zion, the spiritual order, to regulate the populative principle, the Word of the Lord, through the President, as the executive of the Republic, enforcing the moral law in its entirety; and there will be no more sickness, or premature death by fœticide and infanticide, or the social evil, or riches, or poverty, or over-population; for one order "will sing the song of Moses, the servant of God," and the other will "sing the song of the Lamb," — *Jesus*.

These two lines of progress existed in each individual of the race, from the beginning, and were marked in the race itself by the two sons of Adam, — Cain and Abel, and their descendants. Cain was begotten under the law of *lust*; Abel, under the true natural law.

The Pagan nations came of Cain, and descended in Pharaoh, — Egypt, — passing through Ishmael, the brother of Isaac, to his posterity, and on to Tiberius Cæsar, — Rome, — who slew his righteous brother, *Jesus*, as Cain did Abel; then, continuing through Judas, the antithesis of Jesus, to his posterity, culminated in the Pope, Luther, Calvin, Mahomet, — the whole Antichristian world, — *Babylon*.

The Four Issues of Water.

The *first* outflowing of the waters was only to the ankles, beginning with Abel; thus showing that Divine revelation to man from the Christ heavens was only a small beginning and weak; existing rather as a spirit of prophecy; operating practically to cause the righteous to observe the laws of nature in nutrition, to sustain the individual; and in propagation, to continue the race.

The *second* outflowing of the waters was to the knees, — from Abraham to Jesus. Here the revelation from the Resurrection order began more distinctly to show its true character and design, by types and shadows of future things; putting restraints upon the appetite respecting what to eat, and when and

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how to propagate; attaching penalties to sin either by fornication, or by disorderly, unnatural, and untimely sexual intercourse of married persons; and exacting the offering up of children to the Lord, to be brought up in the temple as Nazarites, — celibates; and requiring the mark of circumcision upon all males, as a prophetic sign that the Christ Spirit would ultimately lead the *true* descendants of Abel and Isaac to cut themselves off from the order and work of generation by becoming circumcised in thought and imagination.

For in the *third* dispensation, propagation was a work which belonged exclusively to the *true* descendants of Cain and Ishmael, and not to the "seed of the woman," who were to "bruise the serpent's head" — the lust of generation — by "slaying" the innocent "lamb" of nature, generation itself; thus effectually cutting themselves off "from the foundation of the world." In this manner they became "lambs of God," who are continually "taking away the sins of the world"; "Saviours upon Mount Zion," to destroy the work of Esau, — natural generation.

The *third* outflowing of the waters was to the loins. Now the waters — Christ elements — had become deep enough to enable many men and women to swim free from the earthly, animal work of physical reproduction; thus dividing the spiritual posterity of Jesus into two parts, as was divided the natural posterity of Adam in the instances of Cain and Abel, Isaac and Ishmael, and Jacob and Esau; distinguishing those who (by means of having the sexes separated in monasteries and nunneries) lived a celibate life, as did Jesus, the twelve Apostles, and all of the Pentecostal Jewish Christian Church, from those who had been heathens, — Gentiles, — the posterity of Cain, Ishmael, Esau, and Judas, who, under the combined influences of Hebraism and Christianity, continued the order of marriage.

The early Christians held that no Pagan could become a Christian, without first becoming a Jew, and keeping intact the law of Moses.

In this third epoch, — the first appearing of Christ, — the waters reached only to the seat of the generative life, — "the loins." One of the most perfect of the prophets of the past said (lamentingly), "My loins are filled with a loathsome disease," — lust. Of him even Peter affirmed, "David is not ascended into the [resurrection] heavens."

And another, speaking of the saints of the ankles-and-knees dispensation, declared, "These all died in faith, not having received the promises made from time to time by the Christ Spirit that followed them," and once in a long time found a prophet through whom to portray a true Christian, and project hopes of future glory.

Their souls were in paradise, the Jewish heaven, into which Jesus (and the thief) entered immediately after passing out of the body, and preached to them as he had done to their posterity in Jerusalem; and thousands of these faithful souls believed, and went with Jesus, as his witnesses, on his mission to the antediluvians, whence he "descended into [their] hell." There Jesus and his disciples preached to those who, when upon earth, had been giants in wickedness, whose every thought and imagination had been only for sensual indulgence in eating and drinking, and in marrying and giving in marriage; and who mocked Noah, while he, being spiritually instructed, was constructing a large ship in which to save a seed of all living creatures upon earth, to contain them and their food during a period of forty days. And "for this cause was the Gospel preached to them, that they might be judged" in the same way and manner, by the truth preached, as were those who were still in the body and upon the earth, in Jerusalem.

After this Jesus appeared (in spirit) to one of his friends, and informed her that he had not yet ascended to his own proper resurrection heaven.

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THE IMPASSABLE RIVER.

Now there is to be no more walking upon the earth, and at the same time wading in the water. The time of the Gentile Christians is "fulfilled," in which "if they married they did no sin," but they should "have trouble in the flesh."

Now there is required a full sacrifice of the Adamic man and woman, an "end of the world," which with the lusts and elements thereof shall be "melted" by the operation of the "fervent heat" of truth, and "pass away." Old things are to be done away, and all things are to become new; a perpetual sabbath of worship; a continual "feast of tabernacles"; a never-ending camp-meeting; a last supper or sacrament, where the guests no more separate to go and eat at the table of isolation, after having eaten as brethren and sisters "in common" at the Lord's table; a baptism in "the river of life," cleansing the soul from the "uncleannesses" of a generative nature, and "from the corruptions that are in the world through lust."

For as, "in the days of Noah, they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the flood came and killed them all, *so* shall it be at the coming of the Son of Man," the second direct appearing of the Christ Spirit upon the earth. For whereas the flood arrested and cut them off from all those practices, by physical death, the operation of truth by this manifestation of the Christ Spirit more effectually arrests mankind by the death of the generative life itself; thus bringing the world to an end therein. "Ye are they upon whom the ends of the world are come" — the end of marriage, selfish property, oaths, war, sickness, unbelief in Spiritualism and Divine revelation.

CAN A LIFE HIDE ITSELF?

I HAD been reading, as is my wont from time to time, one of the many volumes of "The New Pitaval," that singular record of human crime and human cunning, and also of the inevitable fatality which, in every case, leaves a gate open for detection. Were it not for the latter fact, indeed, one would turn with loathing from such endless chronicles of wickedness. Yet these may be safely contemplated, when one has discovered the incredible fatuity of crime, the certain weak mesh in a network of devilish texture; or is it rather the agency of a power outside of man, a subtile protecting principle, which allows the operation of the evil element only that the latter may finally betray itself? Whatever explanation we may choose, the fact is there, like a tonic medicine distilled from poisonous plants, to brace our faith in the ascendency of Good in the government of the world.

Laying aside the book, I fell into a speculation concerning the mixture of the two elements in man's nature. The life of an individual is usually, it seemed to me, a series of *results*, the processes leading to which are not often visible, or observed when they are so. Each act is the precipitation of a number of mixed influences, more or less unconsciously felt; the qualities of good and evil are so blended therein, that they defy the keenest moral analysis; and how shall we, then, pretend to judge of any one? Perhaps the surest indication of evil (I further reflected) is that it always tries to conceal itself, and the strongest incitement to good is that evil cannot be concealed. The crime, or the vice, or even the self-acknowledged weakness, becomes a part of the

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individual consciousness; it cannot be forgotten or outgrown. It follows a life through all experiences and to the uttermost ends of the earth, pressing towards the light with a terrible, demoniac power. There are noteless lives, of course, — lives that accept obscurity, mechanically run their narrow round of circumstance, and are lost; but when a life endeavors to lose itself, — to hide some conscious guilt or failure, — can it succeed? Is it not thereby lifted above the level of common experience, compelling attention to itself by the very endeavor to escape it?

I turned these questions over in my mind, without approaching, or indeed expecting, any solution, — since I knew, from habit, the labyrinths into which they would certainly lead me, — when a visitor was announced. It was one of the directors of our county almshouse, who came on an errand to which he attached no great importance. I owed the visit, apparently, to the circumstance that my home lay in his way, and he could at once relieve his conscience of a very trifling pressure and his pocket of a small package, by calling upon me. His story was told in a few words; the package was placed upon my table, and I was again left to my meditations.

Two or three days before, a man who had the appearance of a "tramp" had been observed by the people of a small village in the neighborhood. He stopped and looked at the houses in a vacant way, walked back and forth once or twice as if uncertain which of the cross-roads to take, and presently went on without begging or even speaking to any one. Towards sunset a farmer, on his way to the village store, found him sitting at the roadside, his head resting against a fence-post. The man's face was so worn and exhausted that the farmer kindly stopped and addressed him; but he gave no other reply than a shake of the head.

The farmer thereupon lifted him into his light country-wagon, the man offering no resistance, and drove to the tavern, where, his exhaustion being so evident, a glass of whiskey was administered to him. He afterwards spoke a few words in German, which no one understood. At the almshouse, to which he was transported the same evening, he refused to answer the customary questions, although he appeared to understand them. The physician was obliged to use a slight degree of force in administering nourishment and medicine, but neither was of any avail. The man died within twenty-four hours after being received. His pockets were empty, but two small leathern wallets were found under his pillow; and these formed the package which the director left in my charge. They were full of papers in a foreign language, he said, and he supposed I might be able to ascertain the stranger's name and home from them.

I took up the wallets, which were worn and greasy from long service, opened them, and saw that they were filled with scraps, fragments, and folded pieces of paper, nearly every one of which had been carried for a long time loose in the pocket. Some were written in pen and ink, and some in pencil, but all were equally brown, worn, and unsavory in appearance. In turning them over, however, my eye was caught by some slips in the Russian character, and three or four notes in French; the rest were German. I laid aside "Pitaval" at once, emptied all the leathern pockets carefully, and set about examining the pile of material.

I first ran rapidly through the papers to ascertain the dead man's name, but it was nowhere to be found. There were half a dozen letters, written on sheets folded and addressed in the fashion which prevailed before envelopes were invented; but the name was cut out of the address in every case. There was an official permit to embark on board a Bremen steamer, mutilated in the same way; there was a card photograph, from which the face had been scratched by a penknife. There were Latin sentences; accounts of expenses; a list of New York addresses, covering eight pages; and a number

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of notes, written either in Warsaw or Breslau. A more incongruous collection I never saw, and I am sure that, had it not been for the train of thought I was pursuing when the director called upon me, I should have returned the papers to him without troubling my head with any attempt to unravel the man's story.

The evidence, however, that he had endeavored to hide his life, had been revealed by my first superficial examination; and here, I reflected, was a singular opportunity to test both his degree of success and my own power of constructing a coherent history out of the detached fragments. Unpromising as is the matter, said I, let me see whether he can conceal his secret from even such unpractised eyes as mine.

I went through the papers again, read each one rapidly, and arranged them in separate files, according to the character of their contents. Then I rearranged these latter in the order of time, so far as it was indicated; and afterwards commenced the work of picking out and threading together whatever facts might be noted. The first thing I ascertained, or rather conjectured, was, that the man's life might be divided into three very distinct phases, the first ending in Breslau, the second in Poland, and the third and final one in America. Thereupon I once again rearranged the material, and attacked that which related to the first phase.

It consisted of the following papers: three letters, in a female hand, commencing "my dear brother," and terminating with "thy loving sister, Elise"; part of a diploma from a gymnasium, or high school, certifying that [here the name was cut out] had successfully passed his examination, and was competent to teach, — and here again, whether by accident or design, the paper was torn off; a note, apparently to a jeweller, ordering a certain gold ring to be delivered to "Otto," and signed "B. v. H."; a receipt from the package-post for a box forwarded to Warsaw, to the address of Count Ladislas Kasincsky; and finally, a washing-list, at the bottom of which was written, in pencil, in a trembling hand: "May God protect thee! But do not stay away so very long."

In the second collection, relating to Poland, I found the following: Six orders in Russian and three in French, requesting somebody to send by "Jean" sums of money, varying from two to eight hundred rubles. These orders were in the same hand, and all signed "Y." A charming letter in French, addressed "*cher ami*," and declining, in the most delicate and tender way, an offer of marriage made to the sister of the writer, of whose signature only "Amélie de" remained, the family name having been torn off. A few memoranda of expenses, one of which was curious: "Dinner with Jean, 58 rubles"; and immediately after it: "Doctor, 10 rubles." There were, moreover, a leaf torn out of a journal, and half of a note which had been torn down the middle, both implicating "Jean" in some way with the fortunes of the dead man.

The papers belonging to the American phase, so far as they were to be identified by dates, or by some internal evidence, were fewer, but even more enigmatical in character. The principal one was a list of addresses in New York, divided into sections, the street boundaries of which were given. There were no names, but some of the addresses were marked +, and others ?, and a few had been crossed out with a pencil. Then there were some leaves of a journal of diet and bodily symptoms, of a very singular character; three fragments of drafts of letters, in pencil, one of them commencing, "Dog and villain!" and a single note of "Began work, September 10th, 1865." This was about a year before his death.

The date of the diploma given by the gymnasium at Breslau was June 27, 1855, and the first date in Poland was May 3, 1861. Belonging to the time between these two periods there were only the order for the ring (1858), and a little memorandum in pencil,

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dated "Posen, Dec., 1859." The last date in Poland was March 18, 1863, and the permit to embark at Bremen was dated in October of that year. Here, at least, was a slight chronological framework. The physician who attended the county almshouse had estimated the man's age at thirty, which, supposing him to have been nineteen at the time of receiving the diploma, confirmed the dates to that extent.

I assumed, at the start, that the name which had been so carefully cut out of all the documents was the man's own. The "Elise" of the letters was therefore his sister. The first two letters related merely to "mother's health," and similar details, from which it was impossible to extract anything, except that the sister was in some kind of service. The second letter closed with: "I have enough work to do, but I keep well. Forget thy disappointment so far as *I* am concerned, for I never expected anything; I don't know why, but I never did."

Here was a disappointment, at least, to begin with. I made a note of it opposite the date, on my blank programme, and took up the next letter. It was written in November, 1861, and contained a passage which keenly excited my curiosity. It ran thus: "Do, pray, be more careful of thy money. It may be all as thou sayest, and inevitable, but I dare not mention the thing to mother, and five thalers is all I can spare out of my own wages. As for thy other request, I have granted it, as thou seest, but it makes me a little anxious. What is the joke? And how can it serve thee? That is what I do not understand, and I have plagued myself not a little to guess."

Among the Polish memoranda was this: "Sept. 1 to Dec. 1, 200 rubles," which I assumed to represent a salary. This would give him eight hundred a year, at least twelve times the amount which his sister — who must either have been cook or housekeeper, since she spoke of going to market for the family — could have received. His application to her for money, and the manner of her reference to it, indicated some imprudence or irregularity on his part. What the "other request" was, I could not guess; but as I was turning and twisting the worn leaf in some perplexity, I made a sudden discovery. One side of the bottom edge had been very slightly doubled over in folding, and as I smoothed it out, I noticed some diminutive letters in the crease. The paper had been worn nearly through, but I made out the words: "Write very soon, dear Otto!"

This was the name in the order for the gold ring, signed "B. v. H." — a link, indeed, but a fresh puzzle. Knowing the stubborn prejudices of caste in Germany, and above all in Eastern Prussia and Silesia, I should have been compelled to accept "Otto," whose sister was in service, as himself the servant of "B. v. H.," but for the tenderly respectful letter of "Amélie de ——," declining the marriage offer for her sister. I re-read this letter very carefully, to determine whether it was really intended for "Otto." It ran thus: —

"DEAR FRIEND, — I will not say that your letter was entirely unexpected, either to Helmine or myself. I should, perhaps, have less faith in the sincerity of your attachment, if you had not already involuntarily betrayed it. When I say that, although I detected the inclination of your heart some weeks ago, and that I also saw it was becoming evident to my sister, yet I refrained from mentioning the subject at all until she came to me last evening with your letter in her hand, — when I say this, you will understand that I have acted towards you with the respect and sympathy which I profoundly feel. Helmine fully shares this feeling, and her poor heart is too painfully moved to allow her to reply. Do I not say, in saying this, what her reply must be? But, though her heart cannot respond to your love, she hopes you will always believe her a friend to whom your proffered devotion was an honor, and will be — if you will subdue it to her deserts — a grateful thing to remember.

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We shall remain in Warsaw a fortnight longer, as I think yourself will agree that it is better we should not immediately return to the castle. Jean, who must carry a fresh order already, will bring you this, and we hope to have good news of Henri. I send back the papers, which were unnecessary; we never doubted you, and we shall of course keep your secret so long as you choose to wear it.

"AMÉLIE DE ——"

The more light I seemed to obtain, the more inexplicable the circumstances became. The diploma and the note of salary were grounds for supposing that "Otto" occupied the position of tutor in a noble Polish family. There was the receipt for a box addressed to Count Ladislas Kasincsky, and I temporarily added his family name to the writer of the French letter, assuming her to be his wife. "Jean" appeared to be a servant, and "Henri" I set down as the son whom Otto was instructing in the castle or family seat in the country, while the parents were in Warsaw. Plausible, so far; but the letter was not such a one as a countess would have written to her son's tutor, under similar circumstances. It was addressed to a social equal, apparently to a man younger than herself, and for whom — supposing him to have been a tutor, secretary, or something of the kind — she must have felt a special sympathy. Her mention of "the papers" and "your secret" must refer to circumstances which would explain the mystery. "So long as you choose to *wear* it," she had written; then it was certainly a secret connected with his personal history.

Further, it appeared that "Jean" was sent to him with "an order." What could this be, but one of the nine orders for money, which lay before my eyes? I examined the dates of the latter, and lo! there was one written upon the same day as the lady's letter. The sums drawn by these orders amounted in all to four thousand two hundred rubles. But how should a tutor or secretary be in possession of his employer's money? Still, this might be accounted for; it would imply great trust on the part of the latter, but no more than one man frequently reposes in another. Yet, if it were so, one of the memoranda confronted me with a conflicting fact: "Dinner with Jean, 58 rubles." The unusual amount — nearly fifty dollars — indicated an act of the most reckless dissipation, and in company with a servant, if "Jean," as I could scarcely doubt, acted in that character. I finally decided to assume both these conjectures as true, and apply them to the remaining testimony.

I first took up the leaf which had been torn out of a small journal or pocket note-book, as was manifested by the red edge on three sides. It was scribbled over with brief notes in pencil, written at different times. Many of them were merely mnemonic signs; but the recurrence of the letters J and Y seemed to point to transactions with "Jean," and the drawer of the various sums of money. The letter Y reminded me that I had been too hasty in giving the name of Kasincsky to the noble family; indeed, the name upon the post-office receipt might have no connection with the matter I was trying to investigate. Suddenly I noticed a "Ky" among the mnemonic signs, and the suspicion flashed across my mind that Count Kasincsky had signed the orders with the last letter of his family name! To assume this, however, suggested a secret reason for doing so; and I began to think that I had already secrets enough on hand.

The leaf was much rubbed and worn, and it was not without considerable trouble that I deciphered the following (omitting the unintelligible signs): —

"Oct. 30 (Nov. 12) — talk with Y: 20 — Jean. Consider.

"Nov. 15 — with J — H — hope.

"Dec. 1 — Told the C. No knowledge of S — therefore safe. Uncertain of —— C. to Warsaw. Met J. as agreed. Further and further.

"Dec. 27 — All for naught! All for naught!

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"Jan. 19, '63. — Sick. What is to be the end? Threats. No tidings of Y. Walked the streets all day. At night as usual.

"March 1. — News. The C. and H. left yesterday. No more to hope. Let it come, then!"

These broken words warmed my imagination powerfully. Looking at them in the light of my conjecture, I was satisfied that "Otto" was involved in some crime, or dangerous secret, of which "Jean" was either the instigator or the accomplice. "Y.," or Count Kasincsky, — and I was more than ever inclined to connect the two, — also had his mystery, which might, or might not, be identical with the first. By comparing dates, I found that the entry made December 27 was three days later than the date of the letter of "Amélie de ——"; and the exclamation "All for naught!" certainly referred to the disappointment it contained. I now guessed the "H." in the second entry to mean "Helmine." The two last suggested a removal to Warsaw from the country. Here was a little more ground to stand on; but how should I ever get at the secret?

I took up the torn half of a note, which, after the first inspection, I had laid aside as a hopeless puzzle. A closer examination revealed several things which failed to impress me at the outset. It was written in a strong and rather awkward masculine hand; several words were underscored, two misspelled, and I felt — I scarcely knew why — that it was written in a spirit of mingled contempt and defiance. Let me give the fragment just as it lay before me: —

"ARON!
It is quite time
be done. Who knows
is not his home by this
concern for the
that they are well off,
sian officers are
cide at once, my
risau, or I must
t *ten days delay*
money can be divi-
tier, and you may
ever you please.
untess goes, and she
will know who you
time, unless you carry
friend or not
decide,
ann Helm."

Here, I felt sure, was the clew to much of the mystery. The first thing that struck me was the appearance of a new name. I looked at it again, ran through in my mind all possible German names, and found that it could only be "Johann," — and, in the same instant, I recalled the frequent habit of the Prussian and Polish nobility of calling their German valets by French names. This, then, was "Jean!" The address was certainly "Baron," and why thrice underscored, unless in contemptuous satire? Light began to break upon the matter at last. "Otto" had been playing the part, perhaps assuming the name, of a nobleman, seduced to the deception by his passion for the Countess's sister, Helmine. This explained the reference to "the papers," and "the secret," and would account for the respectful and sympathetic tone of the Countess's letter. But behind this there was certainly another secret, in which "Y." (whoever he might be) was concerned, and which related to money. The close of the note, which I filled out to read, "Your friend or not, as you may decide," conveyed a threat, and, to judge from the halves of lines immediately preceding it, the threat referred to the money, as well as to the betrayal of an assumed character.

Here, just as the story began to appear in faint outline, my discoveries stopped for a while. I ascertained the breadth of the original note by a part of the middle crease which remained, filled out the torn part with blank paper, completed the divided words in the same character of manuscript, and endeavored to guess the remainder, but no clairvoyant power of divination came to my aid. I turned over the letters again, remarking the neatness with

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which the addresses had been cut off, and wondering why the man had not destroyed the letters and other memoranda entirely, if he wished to hide a possible crime. The fact that they were not destroyed showed the hold which his past life had had upon him, even to his dying hour. Weak and vain, as I already suspected him to be, — wanting in all manly fibre, and of the very material which a keen, energetic villain would mould to his needs, — I felt that his love for his sister and for "Helmine," and other associations connected with his life in Germany and Poland, had made him cling to these worn records.

I know not what gave me the suspicion that he had not even found the heart to destroy the exscinded names; perhaps the care with which they had been removed; perhaps, in two instances, the circumstance of their taking words out of the body of the letters with them. But the suspicion came, and led to a re-examination of the leathern wallets. I could scarcely believe my eyes, when, feeling something rustle faintly as I pressed the thin lining of an inner pocket, I drew forth three or four small pellets of paper, and, unrolling them, found the lost addresses! I fitted them to the vacant places, and found that the first letters of the sister in Breslau had been forwarded to "Otto Lindenschmidt," while the letter to Poland was addressed "Otto von Herisau."

I warmed with this success, which exactly tallied with the previous discoveries, and returned again to the Polish memoranda. The words "[Rus]sian officers" in "Jean's" note led me to notice that it had been written towards the close of the last insurrection in Poland, — a circumstance which I immediately coupled with some things in the note and on the leaf of the journal. "No tidings of Y" might indicate that Count Kasincsky had been concerned in the rebellion, and had fled, or been taken prisoner. Had he left a large amount of funds in the hands of the supposed Otto von Herisau, which were drawn from time to time by orders, the form of which had been previously agreed upon? Then, when he had disappeared, might it not have been the remaining funds which Jean urged Otto to divide with him, while the latter, misled and entangled in deception rather than naturally dishonest, held back from such a step? I could hardly doubt so much, and it now required but a slight effort of the imagination to complete the torn note.

The next letter of the sister was addressed to Bremen. After having established so many particulars, I found it easily intelligible. "I have done what I can," she wrote. "I put it in this letter; it is all I have. But do not ask me for money again; mother is ailing most of the time, and I have not yet dared to tell her all. I shall suffer great anxiety until I hear that the vessel has sailed. My mistress is very good; she has given me an advance on my wages, or I could not have sent thee anything. Mother thinks thou art still in Leipzig: why didst thou stay there so long? but no difference; thy money would have gone anyhow."

It was nevertheless singular that Otto should be without money, so soon after the appropriation of Count Kasincsky's funds. If the "20" in the first memoradum on the leaf meant "twenty thousand rubles," as I conjectured, and but four thousand two hundred were drawn by the Count previous to his flight or imprisonment, Otto's half of the remainder would amount to nearly eight thousand rubles; and it was, therefore, not easy to account for his delay in Leipzig, and his destitute condition.

Before examining the fragments relating to the American phase of his life, — which illustrated his previous history only by occasional revelations of his moods and feelings, — I made one more effort to guess the cause of his having assumed the name of "von Herisau." The initials signed to the order for the ring ("B. v H.") certainly stood for the same family name; and the possession of papers belonging to one of the family

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was an additional evidence that Otto had either been in the service of, or was related to, some Von Herisau. Perhaps a sentence in one of the sister's letters — "Forget thy disappointment so far as *I* am concerned, for I never expected anything" — referred to something of the kind. On the whole, service seemed more likely than kinship; but in that case the papers must have been stolen.

I had endeavored, from the start, to keep my sympathies out of the investigation, lest they should lead me to misinterpret the broken evidence, and thus defeat my object. It must have been the Countess's letter, and the brief, almost stenographic, signs of anxiety and unhappiness on the leaf of the journal, that first beguiled me into a commiseration, which the simple devotion and self-sacrifice of the poor, toiling sister failed to neutralize. However, I detected the feeling at this stage of the examination, and turned to the American records, in order to get rid of it.

The principal paper was the list of addresses of which I have spoken. I looked over it in vain, to find some indication of its purpose; yet it had been carefully made out and much used. There was no name of a person upon it, — only numbers and streets, one hundred and thirty-eight in all. Finally, I took these, one by one, to ascertain if any of the houses were known to me, and found three, out of the whole number, to be the residences of persons whom I knew. One was a German gentleman, and the other two were Americans who had visited Germany. The riddle was read! During a former residence in New York, I had for a time been quite overrun by destitute Germans, — men, apparently, of some culture, who represented themselves as theological students, political refugees, or unfortunate clerks and secretaries, — soliciting assistance. I found that, when I gave to one, a dozen others came within the next fortnight; when I refused, the persecution ceased for about the same length of time. I became convinced, at last, that these persons were members of an organized society of beggars, and the result proved it; for when I made it an inviolable rule to give to no one who could not bring me an indorsement of his need by some person whom I knew, the annoyance ceased altogether.

The meaning of the list of addresses was now plain. My nascent commiseration for the man was not only checked, but I was in danger of changing my *rôle* from that of culprit's counsel to that of prosecuting attorney.

When I took up again the fragment of the first draught of a letter, commencing, "Dog and villain!" and applied it to the words "Jean" or "Johann Helm," the few lines which could be deciphered became full of meaning. "Don't think," it began, "that I have forgotten you, or the trick you played me! If I was drunk or drugged the last night, I know how it happened, for all that. I left, but I shall go back. And if you make use of" (here some words were entirely obliterated) .... "is true. He gave me the ring, and meant" .... This was all I could make out. The other papers showed only scattered memoranda, of money, or appointments, or addresses, with the exception of the diary in pencil.

I read the letter attentively, and at first with very little idea of its meaning. Many of the words were abbreviated, and there were some arbitrary signs. It ran over a period of about four months, terminating six weeks before the man's death. He had been wandering about the country during this period, sleeping in woods and barns, and living principally upon milk. The condition of his pulse and other physical functions was scrupulously set down, with an occasional remark of "good" or "bad." The conclusion was at last forced upon me that he had been endeavoring to commit suicide by a slow course of starvation and exposure. Either as the cause or the result of this attempt, I read, in the final notes, signs of an aberration of mind. This also explained the singular demeanor of the man when found, and his

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refusal to take medicine or nourishment. He had selected a long way to accomplish his purpose, but had reached the end at last.

The confused material had now taken shape: the dead man, despite his will, had confessed to me his name and the chief events of his life. It now remained — looking at each event as the result of a long chain of causes — to deduce from them the elements of his individual character, and then fill up the inevitable gaps in the story from the probabilities of the operation of those elements. This was not so much a mere venture as the reader may suppose, because the two actions of the mind test each other. If they cannot, thus working towards a point and back again, actually discover what *was*, they may at least fix upon a very probable *might have been*.

A person accustomed to detective work would have obtained my little stock of facts with much less trouble, and would, almost instinctively, have filled the blanks as he went along. Being an apprentice in such matters, I had handled the materials awkwardly. I will not here retrace my own mental zigzags between character and act, but simply repeat the story as I finally settled and accepted it.

Otto Lindenschmidt was the child of poor parents in or near Breslau. His father died when he was young; his mother earned a scanty subsistence as a washerwoman; his sister went into service. Being a bright, handsome boy, he attracted the attention of a Baron von Herisau, an old, childless, eccentric gentleman, who took him first as page or attendant, intending to make him a superior *valet de chambre*. Gradually, however, the Baron fancied that he detected in the boy a capacity for better things; his condescending feeling of protection had grown into an attachment for the handsome, amiable, grateful young fellow, and he placed him in the gymnasium at Breslau, perhaps with the idea, now, of educating him to be an intelligent companion.

The boy and his humble relatives, dazzled by this opportunity, began secretly to consider the favor as almost equivalent to his adoption as a son. (The Baron had once been married, but his wife and only child had long been dead.) The old man, of course, came to look upon the growing intelligence of the youth as his own work: vanity and affection became inextricably blended in his heart, and when the *cursus* was over, he took him home as the companion of his lonely life. After two or three years, during which the young man was acquiring habits of idleness and indulgence, supposing his future secure, the Baron died, — perhaps too suddenly to make full provision for him, perhaps after having kept up the appearance of wealth on a life-annuity, but, in any case, leaving very little, if any, property to Otto. In his disappointment, the latter retained certain family papers which the Baron had intrusted to his keeping. The ring was a gift, and he wore it in remembrance of his benefactor.

Wandering about, Micawber-like, in hopes that something might turn up, he reached Posen, and there either met or heard of the Polish Count, Ladislas Kasincsky, who was seeking a tutor for his only son. His accomplishments, and perhaps, also, a certain aristocratic grace of manner unconsciously caught from the Baron von Herisau, speedily won for him the favor of the Count and Countess Kasincsky, and emboldened him to hope for the hand of the Countess's sister, Helmine ——, to whom he was no doubt sincerely attached. Here Johann Helm, or "Jean," a confidential servant of the Count, who looked upon the new tutor as a rival, yet adroitly flattered his vanity for the purpose of misleading and displacing him, appears upon the stage. "Jean" first detected Otto's passion; "Jean," at an epicurean dinner, wormed out of Otto the secret of the Herisau documents, and perhaps suggested the part which the latter afterwards played.

This "Jean" seemed to me to have been the evil agency in the miserable

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history which followed. After Helmine's rejection of Otto's suit, and the flight or captivity of Count Kasincsky, leaving a large sum of money in Otto's hands, it would be easy for "Jean," by mingled persuasions and threats, to move the latter to flight, after dividing the money still remaining in his hands. After the theft, and the partition, which took place beyond the Polish frontier, "Jean," in turn, stole his accomplice's share, together with the Von Herisau documents.

Exile and a year's experience of organized mendicancy did the rest. Otto Lindenschmidt was one of those natures which possess no moral elasticity, — which have neither the power nor the comprehension of atonement. The first real, unmitigated guilt — whether great or small — breaks them down hopelessly. He expected no chance of self-redemption, and he found none. His life in America was so utterly dark and hopeless, that the brightest moment in it must have been that which showed him the approach of death.

My task was done. I had tracked this weak, vain, erring, hunted soul to its last refuge, and the knowledge bequeathed to me but a single duty. His sins were balanced by his temptations; his vanity and weakness had revenged themselves; and there only remained to tell the simple, faithful sister that her sacrifices were no longer required. I burned the evidences of guilt, despair, and suicide, and sent the other papers, with a letter relating the time and circumstances of Otto Lindenschmidt's death, to the civil authorities of Breslau, requesting that they might be placed in the hands of his sister Elise.

This, I supposed, was the end of the history, so far as my connection with it was concerned. But one cannot track a secret with impunity; the fatality connected with the act and the actor clings even to the knowledge of the act. I had opened my door a little, in order to look out upon the life of another, but in doing so a ghost had entered in, and was not to be dislodged until I had done its service.

In the summer of 1867 I was in Germany, and during a brief journey of idlesse and enjoyment came to the lovely little watering-place of Liebenstein, on the southern slope of the Thuringian Forest. I had no expectation, or even desire, of making new acquaintances among the gay company who took their afternoon coffee under the noble linden-trees on the terrace; but, within the first hour of my after-dinner leisure, I was greeted by an old friend, an author, from Coburg, and carried away, in my own despite, to a group of his associates. My friend and his friends had already been at the place a fortnight, and knew the very tint and texture of its gossip. While I sipped my coffee, I listened to them with one ear, and to Wagner's overture to "Lohengrin" with the other; and I should soon have been wholly occupied with the fine orchestra, had I not been caught and startled by an unexpected name.

"Have you noticed," some one asked, "how much attention the Baron von Herisau is paying her?"

I whirled round and exclaimed, in a breath, "The Baron von Herisau!"

"Yes," said my friend; "do you know him?"

I was glad that three crashing, tremendous chords came from the orchestra just then, giving me time to collect myself before I replied: "I am not sure whether it is the same person: I knew a Baron von Herisau long ago: how old is the gentleman here?"

"About thirty-five, I should think," my friend answered.

"Ah, then it can't be the same person," said I: "still, if he should happen to pass near us, will you point him out to me?"

It was an hour later, and we were all hotly discussing the question of Lessing's obligations to English literature, when one of the gentlemen at the table said: "There goes the Baron von Herisau: is it perhaps your friend, sir?"

I turned and saw a tall man, with prominent nose, opaque black eyes, and black mustache, walking beside a

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pretty, insipid girl. Behind the pair went an elder couple, overdressed and snobbish in appearance. A carriage, with servants in livery, waited in the open space below the terrace, and, having received the two couples, whirled swiftly away towards Altenstein.

Had I been more of a philosopher I should have wasted no second thought on the Baron von Herisau. But the Nemesis of the knowledge which I had throttled poor Otto Lindenschmidt's ghost to obtain, had come upon me at last, and there was no rest for me until I had discovered who and what was the Baron. The list of guests which the landlord gave me whetted my curiosity to a painful degree; for on it I found the entry: "Aug. 15. — Otto v. Herisau, *Rentier*, East Prussia."

It was quite dark when the carriage returned. I watched the company into the supper-room, and then, whisking in behind them, secured a place at the nearest table. I had an hour of quiet, stealthy observation before my Coburg friend discovered me, and by that time I was glad of his company and had need of his confidence. But, before making use of him in the second capacity, I desired to make the acquaintance of the adjoining *partie carrée*. He had bowed to them familiarly in passing, and when the old gentleman said, "Will you not join us, Herr ——?" I answered my friend's interrogative glance with a decided affirmative, and we moved to the other table.

My seat was beside the Baron von Herisau, with whom I exchanged the usual commonplaces after an introduction. His manner was cold and taciturn, I thought, and there was something forced in the smile which accompanied his replies to the remarks of the coarse old lady, who continually referred to the "Herr Baron" as authority upon every possible subject. I noticed, however, that he cast a sudden, sharp glance at me, when I was presented to the company as an American.

The man's neighborhood disturbed me. I was obliged to let the conversation run in the channels already selected, and stupid enough I found them. I was considering whether I should not give a signal to my friend and withdraw, when the Baron stretched his hand across the table for a bottle of Affenthaler, and I caught sight of a massive gold ring on his middle finger. Instantly I remembered the ring which "B. v. H." had given to Otto Lindenschmidt, and I said to myself, "That is it!" The inference followed like lightning that it was "Johann Helm" who sat beside me, and not a Baron von Herisau!

That evening my friend and I had a long, absorbing conversation in my room. I told him the whole story, which came back vividly to memory, and learned, in return, that the reputed Baron was supposed to be wealthy, that the old gentleman was a Bremen merchant or banker, known to be rich, that neither was considered by those who had met them to be particularly intelligent or refined, and that the wooing of the daughter had already become so marked as to be a general subject of gossip. My friend was inclined to think my conjecture correct, and willingly co-operated with me in a plan to test the matter. We had no considerable sympathy with the snobbish parents, whose servility to a title was so apparent; but the daughter seemed to be an innocent and amiable creature, however silly, and we determined to spare her the shame of an open scandal.

If our scheme should seem a little melodramatic, it must not be forgotten that my friend was an author. The next morning, as the Baron came up the terrace after his visit to the spring, I stepped forward and greeted him politely, after which I said: "I see by the strangers' list that you are from East Prussia, Baron; have you ever been in Poland?" At that moment, a voice behind him called out rather sharply, "Jean!" The Baron started, turned round and then back to me, and all his art could not prevent the blood from rushing to his face. I made, as if by accident, a gesture with my hand,

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indicating success, and went a step further.

"Because," said I, "I am thinking of making a visit to Cracow and Warsaw, and should be glad of any information —"

"Certainly!" he interrupted me, "and I should be very glad to give it, if I had ever visited Poland."

"At least," I continued, "you can advise me upon one point; but excuse me, shall we not sit down a moment yonder? As my question relates to money, I should not wish to be overheard."

I pointed out a retired spot, just before reaching which we were joined by my friend, who suddenly stepped out from behind a clump of lilacs. The Baron and he saluted each other.

"Now," said I to the former, "I can ask your advice, Mr. Johann Helm!"

He was not an adept, after all. His astonishment and confusion were brief, to be sure, but they betrayed him so completely that his after-impulse to assume a haughty, offended air only made us smile.

"If I had a message to you from Otto Lindenschmidt, what then?" I asked.

He turned pale, and presently stammered out, "He — he is dead!"

"Now," said my friend, "it is quite time to drop the mask before us. You see we know you, and we know your history. Not from Otto Lindenschmidt alone; Count Ladislas Kasincsky —"

"What! Has he come back from Siberia?" exclaimed Johann Helm. His face expressed abject terror; I think he would have fallen upon his knees before us, if he had not somehow felt, by a rascal's instinct, that we had no personal wrongs to redress in unmasking him.

Our object, however, was to ascertain through him the complete facts of Otto Lindenschmidt's history, and then to banish him from Liebenstein. We allowed him to suppose for awhile that we were acting under the authority of persons concerned, in order to make the best possible use of his demoralized mood, for we knew it would not last long.

My guesses were very nearly correct. Otto Lindenschmidt had been educated by an old Baron, Bernhard von Herisau, on account of his resemblance in person to a dead son, whose name had also been Otto. He could not have adopted the plebeian youth, at least to the extent of giving him an old and haughty name, but this the latter nevertheless expected, up to the time of the Baron's death. He had inherited a little property from his benefactor, but soon ran through it. "He was a light-headed fellow," said Johann Helm, "but he knew how to get the confidence of the old *Junkers*. If he had n't been so cowardly and fidgety, he might have made himself a career."

The Polish episode differed so little from my interpretation that I need not repeat Helm's version. He denied having stolen Otto's share of the money, but could not help admitting his possession of the Von Herisau papers, among which were the certificates of birth and baptism of the old Baron's son, Otto. It seems that he had been fearful of Lindenschmidt's return from America, for he had managed to communicate with the sister in Breslau, and in this way learned the former's death. Not until then had he dared to assume his present disguise.

We let him go, after exacting a solemn pledge that he would betake himself at once to Hamburg, and there ship for Australia. (I judged that America was already amply supplied with individuals of his class.) The sudden departure of the Baron von Herisau was a two days' wonder at Liebenstein; but besides ourselves, only the Bremen banker knew the secret. He also left, two days afterwards, with his wife and daughter — their cases, it was reported, requiring Kissingen.

Otto Lindenschmidt's life, therefore, could not hide itself. Can any life?

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THE PACIFIC RAILROAD — OPEN

HOW TO GO: WHAT TO SEE.

IV.

AT Cheyenne, we take the cars, for the grand ride over the Rocky Mountain section of the track, and into Salt Lake Valley. An hour or so from Cheyenne brings us to Sherman, the highest point (8,200 feet) of the entire railroad line. But we feel, rather than see, the evidences of the fact. The air is thin and chill, even under a July or August sun; but it is a high plain, and not mountain-tops, that the track rests upon. There are bare, smoothly rounded hills about, and scattered over these are huge boulders, or piles of boulders, like remnants of mountains; but the mountains themselves stand far away in the dim distance; and the train speeds free and nearly straight over an open and comparatively level country, crossing an occasional deep ravine or river-bed, cutting through a rocky fragment of the original hill-tops, but on the whole finding an easy way through the one hundred and fifty miles that counted, in the government subsidy, as the peculiarly mountainous section, and had the exceptional allowance of $ 48,000 a mile. A clean, reddish granite, ground fine by nature, makes the most compact and enduring of road-beds; the ties come from thin forests in the distant hills; and altogether we are still in a paradise for railroad contractors.

Down and on from Sherman a thousand feet and twenty-five miles, the land grows more level still, and the Laramie Plains spread a broad fifty miles around us. They are like one of the Parks below in Colorado, only the mountains do not lie around so close and commanding, and the views are less picturesque, and less rich. But a visit to the neighboring hills will repay the sportsman; a considerable village is springing up at Laramie; the Plains are famous in overland emigrant travel, and were long the head-quarters for government supplies and soldiers in the mountains; and those of us who failed to look into the Parks of Colorado will do well to stop here a day or two.

Beyond, the country grows gradually barren; and after crossing the North Platte River, we enter upon one hundred and fifty miles of desert, — a waterless, treeless, grassless, hilly plain; the soil fine, dry, and impregnated with alkali; the air pure, dry, and cool, — a section shudderingly remembered by slow-travelling emigrants, and memorable in the history of railroad construction for the necessity, during the progress of the work through it, of adding a water train to the trains supplying materials and food. Rightly-named Bitter Creek gathers the sluggish surface waters of the region, and carries them on to Green River, reaching which, we enter upon new and better scenes. The water increases and freshens, the verdure improves; but the traveller is most attracted by the novel and imposing forms of architecture that Nature has left, to mark her history, upon these still open plains. Long, wide troughs, as of departed rivers; long, level embankments, as of railroad tracks or endless fortifications; huge hills of fantastic shapes rising abruptly from the plain, — great square mounds of rock and earth, half-formed pyramids, — it would seem as if a generation of giants had built their cities and tombs, and left their work to awe and humble their puny successors. The Black, the Pilot, and the Church *Buttes* are among the more celebrated of these huge monumental mountains standing on the level plain; but the railway track passes out of sight of all except the Church Butte, which, seen under favorable lights, impresses the

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imagination like a grand old cathedral going to decay, quaint in its crumbling ornaments, majestic in its proportions. They seem like the more numerous and fantastic illustrations of Nature's frolicsome art in Southern Colorado, to be remains of granite hills, which wind and water, and especially the vast columns of sand, whirling with lordly force through the air, — literally moving mountains, — have left to hint the past, and tell the story of their several achievements. Not unfitly, there as here, these buttes have won the title of "Monuments to the Gods."

Passing the waters that flow south to the Colorado, we come to those that run west to the Salt Lake Basin. Nature as a railroad engineer now deserts us; and science and mighty labor are summoned to make a path for the track through and down these western ranges of the Rocky Mountains. Over and down the high hills, the road at last reaches Echo Canyon, and following that to its entrance into Weber Canyon, proceeds by this into the Valley of the Salt Lake. These canyons are narrow and rugged, with high, perpendicular walls of red rock, with picturesque openings and fresh running streams, with little Mormon farms and every element of agreeable and inspiring scenery. The mountain-tops are white with snow; the valleys are green with grass or gay with flowers; and those greatly cherished, but long-missed companions of man, the trees, come in to freshen and familiarize the scene. Within this region the traveller towards the west finds the first tunnels of the road; and of these five, aggregating nearly two thousand feet, occur between Green River and the Salt Lake Valley.

Our travellers across the continent, men or women, will not need urging to stop at Salt Lake City, though it lies forty miles south of Ogden, where the Pacific Railroad enters and crosses the Salt Lake Valley. The social and the natural phenomena centring there make it perhaps the most interesting feature in our journey. The courage of men who undertake the management of numberless wives will attract one sex, while the audacity of the thing will arouse the wonder, if not the worship, of the other. Here too, are problems for the statesman, questions for the philosopher, and puzzles for the scientific student. The science of Salt Lake City, social and natural, presents problems not easily solved; and one must be content to look upon the surface of things and move on. There will be, this summer, a branch railroad to the city, and sooner or later the track will proceed on south, through the lower Mormon settlements, to Arizona.

The town will delight us by its location on a high plain overlooking the broad valley of the Jordan, with Camp Douglas behind, on a higher bench of land, and the Wahsatch Mountains, with winter caps, hanging above it on the north and east; while opposite, lower mountains make a western horizon, and Salt Lake, an inland ocean, ripples and shimmers under the noonday sun, fifteen miles away. Broad streets, with irrigating brooks pouring down their gutters, good hotels, large and well-supplied stores, an abundant market, a large and well-appointed theatre, — run in the name and for the benefit of the Church, — gardens luxuriant with fruit — the peach and the strawberry most abounding — and bountiful with vegetables, hot sulphur springs in the suburbs, inviting most delicious baths, summer days, dry and pure, yet cool nights, — all will seduce the senses and minister to our joy; and the traveller may well sing, with Bishop Heber, that "every prospect pleases, and only man is vile." Three or four days will suffice for all he need see or know of Utah or the Mormons. In this time he may enjoy a drive out to Salt Lake, with a bath and a sail, if they are to be had, guarding his mouth and eyes from the water, which is sharply salt, and his stomach from sea-sickness, for the wind makes short waves on this sea; he can attend, if it is Sunday, — and he should try to pass Sunday here, — the services in the grand Church Square, where he will see the old and new Tabernacles,

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and the foundations of the grand Mormon cathedral, as well as an audience of several thousand Mormons, affording an interesting study of humanity; he may walk under the high wall enclosing Brigham Young's equally grand square opposite, with tithing-house, home for thirty wives and seventy children, family school-house, all the central business offices of church and state, stables and warehouses to match so vast an establishment, and gardens of grapes and peaches and pears and flowers and vegetables, all within the area; and he may ponder, as he walks, the contending passions and conflicting experiences, the crushed loves and the subdued hates, the moral murders perpetrated, the physical murders planned, within this ten-acre circuit of wall; he may make an excursion back to the mouth of the canyon that overlooks city and valley, numbering the front doors of the long, low *adobe* cottages, as the simplest means of learning how many wives each owner has, and wondering if half of those children, that swarm in every door-yard and play around every mud-puddle, have any idea who their fathers are.

The visitor will busy himself, of course, with a dozen questions and a dozen theories about Mormonism, about polygamy and Brigham Young, and when and how it is all coming to an end. Perhaps if he hears earnest Mormons talk, he will wonder in his heart whether it is possible they are right, — whether this little leaven in Utah is, as they say, bound to leaven the whole American lump, and polygamy is to become the law of the sexes, and Mormonism the religion of the future; — which is all well enough, if he keeps his wondering doubt to himself. But no social, political, and religious organization so foreign to all our principles of life and growth as this of Brigham Young in Utah, exists elsewhere in America, or even in Europe; it proceeds from and depends upon a single will; and a very little knowledge of history and its philosophy, and less of our national instincts and faith in progress, will enable the observer to see that the Mormon system must give way, and be swept almost into forgetfulness by the advancing tide of American emigration and American civilization. There is nothing in our American fundamentals that is not outraged by the theories and practice of the autocracy ruling here in Utah; and unless we are speedily going back to the civilization of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, this thing will not be, cannot be. And yet, a beautiful and prosperous city of thirty thousand inhabitants, a population in the surrounding territory of one hundred thousand, making a garden here in the dry desert of this central basin of the continent, will impress the traveller wonderfully, as it ought, with the power of a religious fanaticism, directed by a lordly will and organizing a faithful, simple industry, to create wealth and to set in motion many of the elements of progress and civilization. Without the presence of the Mormons, who discovered the pathway, and have fed those who came out upon it, all this central region of our great West would be now many years behind its actual development, and the railroad, instead of being finished, would hardly have been begun.

V.

There is no end to the anomalies of nature in this great interior American basin, of which the Salt Lake Valley is alike the threshold, the gem, and a sub-specimen. But the study of them is now accompanied with so many drawbacks that the pleasure-traveller will, after leaving Salt Lake City, seek to put them all between him and the Sierras as speedily as possible. Ascending and passing out of the valley, the road skirts the northern shore of the lake, crossing Bear River, its chief tributary, and going through the Promontory Mountains, which rise from the lake, on the north. Here the two companies building the railroad, from east and west, join their tracks; though at the present writing, each is determined on a distinct connection with

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Salt Lake City; from here the stage lines start, northeast and northwest, to Montana and Idaho; and from here, too, the Union or Eastern Pacific Company intends to stretch a branch road up to and along the Snake branch of the Columbia River, through Idaho, and down the Columbia to the sea, thus making for itself a distinct connection with the Pacific Ocean. The distance is six hundred and fifty miles; but for half of it steamboats can run on the rivers, so that the first construction, to insure steam communication, is comparatively not large, and will hardly require more money than the profits of the company in building the main line.

Stretching out from Salt Lake through high broad valleys, or plains, barren and forbidding, the road seeks the Humboldt Valley, and follows that river for two hundred and thirty miles. This is the old emigrant route across the continent; cheerless and dreary enough, indeed; but far more tolerable than the old stage road, which led us south of Salt Lake, and crossed Nevada at about its centre. The river is sluggish and muddy, and fertilizes but a narrow strip of land in its path; it lies along a trough between high volcanic table-lands on the north, and the ranges of mountains which, every fifteen or twenty miles, lead off south through Nevada, and out of whose snows it gathers its feeble waters. Where the road enters the valley, wide and watery meadows spread out in a sickly oasis; and where it leaves the valley, the same phenomenon is repeated. For the rest, there is little to divert the traveller, nothing to inspire him but the dry, clear air, and the rounded outlines of the bare hills. Elko, where the main tributary of the Humboldt comes out of the snow-capped East Humboldt Mountains, — which are ten thousand to twelve thousand feet high, and the backbone of the great basin, — is the point of departure for the new silver mines of White Pine, the latest sensation of the sensation-loving Pacific coast. They lie one hundred and forty miles south of the railroad, in Southeastern Nevada, and if they hold out as they have begun, with a pretty sure promise of five millions the first year, they will force the first southern cross-railroad to the Colorado, and checkmate Mormonism in the south.

A little farther out we touch a bit of emigrant sentiment in Maggie Creek, so named for a pretty little Scotch girl, pet of one of the early columns of the army of civilization crossing this way years ago. Here is Catlin, a town of hopes, marking a point of departure from the west for Idaho. Near here, too, if the locomotive breaks down, the traveller may refresh himself by climbing a little knob, a few rods from the road, and finding that nature has improved an old crater by turning it into a mammoth hot sulphur bath-tub. At Argenta, he will be invited to a stage ride of ninety miles up the Reese River Valley to Austin; but if he has ever invested in any of its mines, he will decline with a shudder, and set his face resolutely west. The glory of Austin is a trifle dimmed now; but it has had its five or six thousand inhabitants, and was the successor of "Washoe," and the forerunner of White Pine, in the series of mining movements that have made Nevada, and even threaten to perpetuate her existence as a State in spite of the lack of everything else that makes and maintains states.

If we are bent on novelty, eighteen miles farther west we shall switch off our car for half a day, and borrow horses, and gallop away south among the barren hills and more barren valleys, into the Whirlwind Valley, where sulphurous waters beat and bubble beneath the surface like numerous struggling hidden pumps or steam-engines, and occasionally burst out in columns of burning water, and clouds of hot steam. Great, still pools invite to a bath, yet mayhap would overtake the bather with a scalding, crystallizing explosion, and leave him a monumental statue of his temerity, and a new wonder of Nature in the Great Basin. Frequently she revenges herself here for her lack of all the ordinary natural graces by sending up seething chemi-

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cals, in bursts that seem the faint breathings of dying volcanoes, or the early efforts of new ones.

Passing between the Trinity Mountains on the north and the West Humboldt on the south, and through a mining district of great hopes, large prospecting, and small returns, the road now leaves the Humboldt River, — which sneaks off among the hills, to die in the sands, — and crosses the Truckee Desert — forty miles of the dreariest country it has yet traversed. Here the soil is arid, and full of alkali; the scenery, wild and savage; the only life, lizards and jackass rabbits; the only relief to the monotony of the flat landscape, brown, bare mountains; the only pleasure before the traveller, the end of the road, which brings him within sound of the waters and the winds of the California Mountains.

Along the Truckee to Reno, we should take a day to see Virginia City and Gold Hill, fourteen miles away on a branch road. The great Comstock lode lies under these two towns; they are built along the mountain-side, upon the crust of the great silver mine of America, with open depths beneath of from five hundred to one thousand feet, and more miles of streets below than above; and they are the theatre of the most systematic and extensive, if not the most successful, mining operations in this country. The mines in this lode have yielded over eighty millions in gold and silver since 1860, reaching sixteen millions, or their highest year's return, in 1867, but falling off one half in 1868, and giving signs now of being nearly worked out. It is in the hope of their improvement, at least of a more profitable working, that Congress is besought to give millions for tunnelling the mountain to the lode, from a distant point in the valley below the present excavations. But with any real faith in the future possibilities of the mine, the money for the work can be found there easier than the gift can be bored and bought through Congress. The question at issue is one of life or death to these towns. Their historical relations to silver mining, to the settlement and organization of Nevada, and to the Pacific Railroad, their unique location and the surrounding natural objects of interest, as well as the fact that they afford the best opportunity for observing the processes of quartz mining and milling, makes it worth while for even the hurried traveller to visit them.

The "Steamboat Springs," in the neighborhood, repeat the phenomena of Whirlwind Valley. Carson, the capital, lies pleasantly in an adjoining valley, nearer the great mountains. But the mountains themselves now invite us more strongly; and we are soon moving swiftly among their gurgling waters and soughing pines, — purer water and grander forest than we have seen before, — with towering walls of rock and distant snow-fields, that awaken many Alpine memories. The snow-sheds over the track shut out the best of the mountain scenery, and we must stop near the summit, at Donner Lake, a beautiful sheet of water, already a favorite summer resort for California, and type of a series of grand lakes along the upper Sierras, that add a rare charm to their many other attractions. A day or two here will make us familiar with the numerous beauties of this mountain range, — the grand forests, the castellated rocks, the wedded summer and winter, the dry, pure air, the mosses, the flowers and mountain fruits, — and refresh us for the descent into the hot suns and the brown valleys of California's summer.

The railroad passage over these mountains is the greatest triumph of engineering skill and labor on the whole line. The track, going west, ascends twenty-five hundred feet in fifty miles, and descends six thousand feet in seventy-five miles. There is over a mile of tunnels on the route, and in the process of excavation a million of dollars were spent in blasting-powder alone. Majestic, frowning peaks hang over us, deep, almost fathomless gorges lie beneath us, as we follow out and around the long ridges, in the descent into Cali-

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fornia; and, amid scenery bolder and more impressive than any we have yet passed through, we enter the lower valleys, and reach California's capital, Sacramento.

Three lines invite us thence to San Francisco, — the river boats; a short-cut railroad to Vallejo, at the head of the bay, with a twenty-mile ferry; and the Pacific Railroad's extension through Stockton to Oakland, — the rural suburb and school-house of San Francisco, — with an hour of steamboat on the bay. By and by, rails will encircle the bay, and we may go into the heart of San Francisco without "breaking bulk" or touching water. Sacramento, Stockton, and Oakland are all worth a passing glance. They are inland rural cities, like Cleveland and Columbus in Ohio, or Hartford, Springfield, and Worcester in New England, pleasantly located near the water, brisk with local trade and growing manufactures, mature in social and religious elements, rich in many beautiful homes. They rank next to San Francisco among the towns of California. Sacramento and Stockton stand respectively at the heads of the Sacramento and San Joaquin Valleys, which form, north and south, the great interior basin and agricultural region of the State, and whose waters, uniting, pour westward, and encircle San Francisco with her bay.

VI.

But it is at San Francisco that we shall linger and take in the essence of California life, and cast the future of California's wealth. First we shall go to the Occidental, Cosmopolitan, Russ, or Lick Hotel, and live at three dollars a day, — specie, mind you, now, — as well as at the Tremont or Fifth Avenue. Perhaps we shall have a mind to try that "peculiar institution" of the city, the "What Cheer House," where meals and lodging are fifty cents each, with a library and museums of natural history and mineralogy thrown in. We shall certainly want to test the French restaurants, where, at sharp six and at a private table, we may have for a dollar and a half as good a dinner of four or five courses, wine included, as Parker or Delmonico would give us for a five-dollar bill.

The abundance of fruit will have amazed us, as we came down from the mountains; but still the wonder grows at the sight of the city fruit-stands, — Sweet-water and Black Hamburg and Muscat grapes at from five to twelve cents a pound, and poorer qualities at half the price; strawberries the season through; peaches and pears, more fair and luscious and large than our senses were ever accustomed to; fresh figs, oranges, limes, and bananas, all cheap, and all in such abundance on the hotel tables and in the streets, as to make a fruit-famished New-Englander rub his eyes and prick his flesh, to assure himself that he is not in a fairy-land dream. Then the more solid provisions! Here is flour at half the price it bears in the East, and vegetables of every kind, — spring, summer, and fall varieties, — all at once, in fullest perfection. Here are fresh salmon, twelve months in the year, at from ten to twenty cents a pound, and smelts at eight cents, and fresh cod, bass, shrimps, anchovies, soles, even herrings, — every luxury of the sea; and game as various, and at prices that shame our Eastern markets. The materials for living are as plentiful here as the art of their preparation is perfect; and it will not take the thrifty mind long to calculate that, so far as food is concerned, a family can be supported more cheaply in San Francisco than in New York or Boston. The rates quoted are of course specie; but wages and profits are also in specie, and are higher, generally, than currency wages and profits in Eastern cities.

The summer, we must remember, is apt to be chillier than the winter in San Francisco; and though the morning sun may seduce us, it will never do to venture out for the day in shoes and white stockings or without overcoats. Montgomery Street is Wall Street and Broadway united, and at all hours of

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the day is gay and animated — the promenade of richly-dressed women, the busy arena of "cornering" and "cornered" men. To the right, chiefly on made land, flat and regular, lie the heavy business squares of the city; to the left are the streets of the retail shops. Passing through these on our way to the citizens' homes, we mount, with weary legs and bent backs, the great sand-hills which are such a blessing to street contractors, such a trial to land-owners and tax-payers, but which afford us such a grand view of the city and of its surroundings, and the wide range of interior waters that gather here from all the State, and, with delaying, lingering movement, circle the city as with a sea, and then with a slow, majestic sweep, pass through the line of rocks by the Golden Gate into the ocean. We must enjoy this prospect of city and bay from several points; it is a revelation in itself of the future Pacific Coast Empire, certainly of San Francisco's destiny as its metropolis.

The San Franciscans, having begun wrongly on the American straight line and square system of laying out the city, are tugging away at these hills with tireless energy, to reduce the streets to a grade that man and horse can ascend and descend without double collar-and-breeching help; but there is work in the enterprise for many a generation to come. They would have done better to accept the situation at the first, choose Nature engineer and architect in chief, and encompass the hills with their streets and buildings, instead of undertaking to go up and then through them. Such a flank attack would have been much more successful and economical, and have given them a vastly more picturesque city.

In town, the buildings of the Mercantile and Young Men's Christian Associations, and of the California Bank, the financial king of the coast, will attract us; the school-houses and churches will show that New England has been active here for years; the machine shops and woollen mills will suggest that we talk lower of Lowell and Holyoke and Pittsburg; and the stores and shops and little factories of all sorts, springing into success all about our wandering path in city and suburbs, will prove to us that here are a people not only capable of going alone, but already doing so. San Francisco is only twenty years old, yet she has one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, a third of the population of the whole State, and her manufactures are valued at thirty millions a year, a sum which exceeds the value of the gold and silver products of the State, and equals that of the wheat crop. Her commerce employs from forty to fifty steamships and three thousand sailing vessels; already the third, she will soon be the second commercial city of the nation. They talk lovingly as well as grandly of "Frisco" out here, and they only allow New York to be ranked as a rival when they are in their most condescending moods. Boston is where Starr King came from, and that is glory enough for her, and she ought to be forever grateful to California for having given him a fit field for his powers, and so renown to his birthplace.

In the clear, quiet morning, before the wind sucks in over these sand-hills through the Golden Gate, and the coarse dust blinds and stings, we will drive out to the ocean at the Cliff House. It is an hour's ride, and the road is smooth and hard. We might well stop for an hour at Lone Mountain Cemetery, and see how San Francisco is making a fit burial-place under adverse circumstances, and how she pays tribute to the memory of Broderick, and James King of William, proud martyrs to the political and social reformation of the town and State. On the rocks before the Cliff House, — where we will take our second breakfast or lunch, — an army of huge seals creep up to sun themselves and bark, and great, gawky pelicans flap about; and getting down the under bank we lie on the hard sands, and try to realize that this is the Pacific Ocean, and that beyond are the Sandwich Islands and China and Japan. Driving

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back along the hard beach for miles, our horses trotting to the roll of the ocean, we attack the city from another quarter, see its proud Orphan Asylum, its old mission grounds, and appreciate how much room for growth these wide-rolling sand-hills afford.

The ever-present Chinese will pique our curiosity. We must look into their homes, — compact, simple, yet not over clean or sweet-smelling quarters, — into their restaurants and their theatre, if it is in operation, and into their "Josh Houses." Their stores invite us with open doors, and tempt our pockets with all the various specialties of Chinese manufacture at reasonable prices. A few are men of stature and presence, with faces of refinement and gentle strength; the many go sneaking about their work, — a low type of mankind, physically and mentally, imported here like merchandise, and let out to labor under a system only half removed from slavery itself. Yet they are an important element in the industry and progress of all this side of the continent. But for their labor the Pacific Railroad would have been at least two years longer in building. Twelve thousand of them have done nearly all the picking and drilling and shovelling and wheeling of the road, from Sacramento to Salt Lake. They furnish the principal labor in the factories; they make cigars; they dig and work over neglected gold gulches; they are cooks; they almost monopolize the clothes washing and ironing; in all the lighter and simpler departments of labor, where fidelity to a pattern, and not flexibility and originality of action are required, they make the best and most reliable of workers. At least seventy-five thousand of them are scattered over these Pacific States, west of Utah; and though our American and European laborers quarrel with and abuse them; though the law gives them no rights, but that of suffering punishment; though they bring no families, and seek no citizenship; though all their women here are not only commercial, but expressly imported as such; though they are mean and contemptible in their vices as in their manners; though they are despised and kicked about on every hand; still they come and thrive, slowly better their physical and moral and mental conditions, and supply this country with what it most needs for its growth and prosperity, — cheap labor. What we shall do with them is not quite clear yet; how they are to rank, socially and politically, among us, is one of the nuts for our social-science students to crack, if they can; but now that we have depopulated Ireland, and Germany is holding on to its own, and the old sources of our labor supply are drying up, all America needs them; and, obeying the great natural law of demand and supply, Asia seems almost certain to pour upon and over us countless thousands of her superfluous, cheap-living, slow-changing, unassimilating but very useful laborers. And we shall welcome, and then quarrel over and with them as we have done with their Irish predecessors. Our vast grain, cotton, and fruit fields, our extending system of public works, our multiplying manufactures, all need and can employ them. But must they vote, and if so to what effect?

The garden-yards of San Francisco homes, welcomed us lovingly, and will bid us a sweet adieu. These are a pleasant feature of all California towns. Great open conservatories, with daily artificial waterings in summer, they maintain freshness of color and vigor of bloom the whole year through. Roses of every name and variety, never dying and ever-blooming; heliotropes and fuchsias climbing over fences and houses; all flowers that open in our New England from June to October, — make perpetual summer gayety of color and gratefulness of odor, at little outlay of means, around every house. The climate of the city is more equable than that of the country, — never so warm, never so cold; not soft or kind to invalids, but a tonic and a preservative for the healthy, and keeping labor up to its fullest capacity for the whole twelvemonth.

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Let us look into Wells, Fargo, & Co.'s Express on Montgomery Street, before we leave San Francisco, for an illustration of how much more thoroughly these new people on the Pacific coast meet the exacting wants of our civilization than either Europe or the Eastern States. Here, for ten cents (three to the government for the permission and seven for the work) your letter is taken, to be carried to any point on the broad continent. Here you can ship merchandise, small or great, to any known spot on the globe's surface. Here you can buy gold or greenbacks; here draw on your Eastern correspondents, and receive the cash down. Here they will contract to carry anything for you, yourself included, anywhere; to bring you anything, send for anything, sell you anything, supply you with information on any given topic; and generally set you up in knowledge, money, business, and character. Our Eastern express companies never began to make themselves half so useful or omnipresent.

San Francisco will impress all her visitors deeply in many ways. We see her life is very new, yet we see it is very old. Civilization is better organized here in some respects than in any other city except Paris. Some of the streets look as if transplanted from a city of Europe; others are in the first stages of rescue from the barbaric desert. Asia, Europe, and America have here met and embraced each other. Yet America is supreme; an America in which the flavor of New England can be tasted above all other local elements; an America in which the flexibility, the adaptability, and the all-penetrating, all-subduing power of our own race are everywhere and in everything manifest.

In a concluding article we shall show the reader the interior of California, and ask him to accompany us on a run over to the Sandwich Islands, returning home by the way of Oregon, Puget's Sound, the Columbia River, Idaho, and Montana.

THE INTELLECTUAL CHARACTER OF PRESIDENT GRANT.

THE intellectual calibre and character of the chief magistrate are matters that concern every man in the country. Under our form of government, the President, combining as he does the principal functions of sovereign and of prime minister, possesses greater power than any constitutional monarch in Europe; and even the autocrats of France and Russia hardly exert more influence than the head of this nation while his administration lasts. Despite, then, the fact that our institutions are in reality both democratic and republican, the personal peculiarities of the President become of vast importance to his countrymen. And not his moral qualities alone; for however excellent and honest, however energetic, self-reliant, and industrious he may be, he must also, as the chief of a great nation possess a great intellect. Without this, his energy may be misdirected, his self-will become mulish obstinacy, his industry be thrown away; or, with all the honesty and purity in the world, he may come under the dominion of more vigorous intellects, and so the real meaning of an election may be as little known after an inauguration, as if that election had never occurred.

The moral traits of U. S. Grant are tolerably well understood by the country, and a belief in them undoubtedly did very much towards elevating him to power; but there still exists in some quarters a mistrust of his intellectual ability, an uncertainty as to whether he possesses the faculties necessary in a statesman, especially at so delicate and

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dangerous a crisis as that through which this nation is passing. The characteristic reserve of the man, his persistent shrinking from self-assertion, his sedulous avoidance of display of any sort, have contributed to this anxiety. For Americans, of all people, are least used to this reserve. The man who asserts himself gets credit with us, at least for a while, and he who never thrusts himself forward, who hardly assumes the place to which he is entitled, much less pretends to favor beyond his deserts, is very apt to be taken at his own estimate, and find no one ready to drag him out of obscurity. Unless one proclaims, "I am a great man!" the world is sometimes a long while in finding out whether he really is great or not.

We propose a somewhat careful analysis of Grant's most prominent intellectual traits, for the sake of discovering whether he possesses those peculiar faculties which alone can guide and govern the country successfully during the next four years. It is difficult, however, in any case, to draw the line between the moral and the intellectual peculiarities, to say where the former end and the latter begin, what is exclusively will and what is exclusively intellect. The physiologists have not yet determined whether the brain is a mass of mere matter, or the seat of the soul; the psychologists are uncertain about the influences of temperament; the philosophers differ when they attempt to map out the various and delicate divisions of character; one trait runs into another so subtilely that it is difficult, if not impossible, always to trace the line of demarcation. This is especially true in the case of Grant. In him the moral peculiarities are so strongly developed, that to a casual observer they overshadow the intellectual traits; and they undoubtedly affect and modify them. We shall, therefore, not attempt invariably to discriminate, but, while bestowing more attention upon the peculiarities which absolutely belong to the domain of the intellect, shall not hesitate to touch upon those that lie even beyond the boundary line.

It may, therefore, perhaps, be better to begin our discussion with a consideration of the qualities which are most readily affected by the will, and from these proceed by degrees to the purely intellectual. Any one who should attempt a portrait of the new President would assuredly begin by speaking of his firmness, his simplicity, his patience, his energy, and probably of his magnanimity and integrity. Doubtless all these qualities originate in character, considered as distinct from intellect; doubtless Grant might possess all these without any extraordinary intellectual powers; but it would be extraordinary if he did. Nature does not often bestow such an array of moral traits upon a man, without adding some corresponding intellectual gifts. He who should display these characteristics strongly marked would be an extraordinary person, in any event, and almost certain to employ even moderate talents unusually well. It is, however, far more natural to suppose that such traits themselves are in some degree the result of intellectual qualities; that firmness proceeds in a measure from clearness of judgment, that simplicity originates in wisdom, that patience is far-sightedness, that magnanimity results from a wide view of affairs, that courage comes from the consciousness of power. These certainly are fair deductions, especially if we can ascertain that all the intellectual qualities, on which the moral ones may be said to be based, are exemplified in an equally remarkable degree.

Let us examine into this. Let us see when these traits in Grant have been most conspicuous, and ascertain whether it is probable that they were then mere exertions of will, unconscious displays of character, and not, in truth, absolute efforts of intellect. Grant's firmness, it is notorious, is always conspicuous in the shock of battle, where, as events multiply, he becomes more determined, until, at the crisis of the fight, when things look blackest, he is most resolute, and selects that moment

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for some extraordinary and crowning effort by which to secure what he has been all along aiming at. Now this is either a bull-dog tenacity, a sheer incapacity for perceiving or appreciating danger, or such an absolute clearness of judgment, and such an ability to detect the critical moment, to comprehend and control all the conflicting and confusing circumstances, as amount to talent of the highest order. We all saw, during the late war, how often it happened, that men who possessed undoubted personal courage, and in calmer moments displayed a tolerable judgment, became confused in the emergency, or lost their presence of mind entirely on the battle-field. While they acted as subordinates they were successful; they would carry out the orders of a superior at every hazard; but give them a supreme or an independent command, and they shrank from responsibility, or were overwhelmed by it. Commanders vacillated and delayed and failed, not for lack of courage, but for lack of just that sort of firmness which depends on clearness of judgment, — on a certainty that you are doing the right thing, and that nothing better can be done, — and which therefore never allows its possessor to waver in his intentions, or suspend his efforts.

This firmness it was that impressed Sherman so at Shiloh, when, at the darkest moment of the fight, — four o'clock on that first terrible day, before Buell's troops had crossed the river, — Grant ordered an attack to be made on the morrow, at dawn. Through this same firmness he held out at the Wilderness. Late on the 6th of May, after two days' fighting in that tangled and gloomy thicket, — where the troops, unable to see the enemy, sometimes fired upon their own comrades, — while Hancock was making his prodigious effort on the left of the national line, which, if unsuccessful, would have been defeat for the army, — Grant was on a knoll in the rear of the centre of the field. Nothing could be seen of the battle, although it was so near; a heavy cloud of smoke hung over the woods, making the air oppressive, and the roar of musketry was like incessant thunder. Meade and Grant were pacing back and forth under the trees, sometimes talking to each other, sometimes looking at their maps, while the subordinate officers stood near, ready to mount at a moment's warning. Once in a while a cannon-ball fell, almost unnoticed, near the group. Suddenly an *aide-de-camp* rode up in great haste from the front, and announced, all out of breath, that Hancock had been driven in, and absolutely cut to pieces. This was the turning-point of the battle of the Wilderness; one officer actually burst into tears; Meade looked very black; but Grant simply remarked, "I don't believe it," and went on whittling a stick which he had carried during the day. Was this mere dogged obstinacy? Or was it simply such an acquaintance with the condition of the battle, and such a judgment based on the qualities which Hancock and his command had already displayed, as made him certain of the falsity of the intelligence? Instead of withdrawing Hancock at once from his exposed situation, Grant sent him reinforcements, and waited for the issue. He was sure that if a momentary check had occurred, it would soon be remedied. He did not believe that Hancock had been defeated. And so it proved. The Rebels pushed the left hard; indeed, they drove it for awhile; but Hancock finally rallied his sturdy veterans, and drove Longstreet in his turn.

Again: that long persistency of Grant's, while he lay in the weary trenches around Petersburg, enduring not only the dangers and trials of war, but the hostile clamors of the impatient North, and refusing to accept Halleck's advice when Early appeared before Washington, and the former chief of the army urged that Grant should abandon his campaign, and return to save the capital, — was this a purely physical trait, dependent solely on nerve or temperament? Or did his resolution proceed from the well-poised judgment of a man

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that could be disturbed by no events, confused by no tumult, swayed by no representations, because all the while he saw success in the future, through clouds that hid it from the rest of the world?

Take, again, the firmness manifested by Grant in his long contest with Andrew Johnson; his persistent silence under the strongest provocation to speak; his reticence during the Presidential campaign. In all these instances he went counter to the advice of many who considered themselves wise, and on whose fidelity he himself reposed; — in all these instances, the event proved his judgment correct, and his course the best possible under the circumstances. Is it probable that this remarkable and constant clearness of judgment was an accident, and that the firmness had no relation to the judgment, but was a characteristic which would have been just as fully displayed had the judgment been wavering or incorrect? Those who know Grant intimately say that his firmness is not exerted in trivial matters; that he is indifferent about many little things, that he yields to others often, when it is unimportant whether he yields or not. He does, it is said, what his wife or his children wish; he complies with the suggestions or invitations of his friends, reserving his indomitable firmness for the occasions when principle is involved, or great interests are at stake. A merely obstinate man would display his obstinacy just as often on petty occasions as on great ones. Andrew Johnson has, perhaps, as much firmness as Grant, but it is a quality which in him is combined with uncommonly bad judgment. He shuts his eyes, and rushes on headlong. He is firm because he does not see or appreciate the difficulties in his way. Grant is firm, although he sees them, because he sees also how to overcome or remove them.

Another well-known peculiarity of Grant is his simplicity of language and behavior. He says the most remarkable things in the fewest words; he performs the most extraordinary acts amid unfamiliar scenes, in the plainest manner. He avoids pomp and show; his conduct is invariably free from ostentation or the appearance of conceit. Now it is easy to say that this all results from the habits of his early life; or that he is silent, because he has nothing to say; that he is quiet in manner, because he cannot be grand. Yet every one admits that the finest breeding is that which is least conspicuous; that the highest excellence in speech is terse simplicity. Because a man is modest and simple by nature, it will hardly do to deny him credit for being so. It is quite possible that he continues so purposely. To be simple as a second lieutenant, or as a leather-dealer, is one thing; to be simple as general of a million of soldiers, or as President of the United States, is quite another. Most men, whatever their natural unaffectedness, would find it extremely difficult to retain the quality at the extraordinary elevation which Grant has reached. The simplicity he has been able to preserve, under his honors, may fairly be regarded as indicating a well-balanced mind, such as few possess, a judgment of men and a self-knowledge which can result only from superior intelligence.

Then, the magnanimity by which he has been characterized is easily resolved into the broadest statesmanship. It will be found always to have been exercised with a purpose, and not to be merely the instinct of a noble nature. At Donelson, where he allowed the Rebel officers to retain their side-arms after the surrender, it was with the hope that such treatment would convince them that the government entertained no personal animosity, no desire to humiliate unnecessarily those with whom it was fighting; for at that time Grant was not without the hope of a speedy termination of the war. At Vicksburg, he paroled the garrison of over thirty thousand soldiers, — for which he was promptly rebuked by Halleck. But this was done with a deliberate purpose. He hoped that,

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by spreading this vast number of dispirited men over the interior of the rebellious region, he would be able to demoralize those who yet remained unconquered. He treated them well, fed them with better food than they had known for months, and then turned them loose, to scatter discontent throughout the treasonable mass.

In the most famous instance of his magnanimity, — the terms accorded to Lee at Appomattox Court House, — there can be traced a far-seeing statesmanship. The Rebels expected nothing; they were completely at the mercy of Grant. Lee had been out-marched, out-generalled, out-fought, surrounded. He had been pursued from Petersburg, by night as well as by day, with remorseless energy; now a blow was dealt him on one flank, now on the other; now his trains were destroyed; now he was compelled to halt and face about to meet his conqueror; till, bruised and mangled and beaten down, he stopped at last in the Valley of the Appomattox, a hundred miles from Richmond. Here he found that he not only had an army in his rear, cutting off all return, but that a portion of Grant's infantry had absolutely outmarched his own soldiers hurrying forward in their eagerness to escape. Directly in his front were Sheridan, Ord, and Griffin, while the mass of Meade's army was close in rear. He was shut in on every side; only the road leading to Lynchburg was left open to him, and that was not only impracticable for artillery, but so narrow that not half his troops could by any possibility escape. And so the army of North Virginia lay at the mercy of the conqueror. If Lee had not surrendered just when he did, his command must in a few hours have been annihilated. This, too, was the end of the war; every one felt it. A national officer said to a Rebel at Appomattox: "You speak as if this army were all that is left of the Rebellion." "And so it is," said the other; "no other Confederate force will hold out a day, since we have surrendered." And then and there, with everything in his power, Grant offered to the men who had resisted him so long the most generous terms that a conqueror ever accorded to a prostrate foe.

He met Lee in a little farm-house between the two armies, and near the front of each. The Rebel chief inquired what terms Grant meant to allow him, and the other replied that he should expect the surrender of all arms and munitions of war, but would parole the prisoners. Lee expressed great satisfaction at this, and proposed to sign the terms at once, if Grant would put them into writing. So Grant sat down, and with his own hand drew up the famous capitulation of Appomattox Court House.

There was but one officer present with Lee; with Grant were about a dozen. The national officers looked war-worn and soiled; some of them had not undressed for a week; Grant did not even carry his sword. He had been hurriedly sent for by Sheridan a few days before, and rode off at once without any of the pomp and circumstance of glorious war. Since then he had not found time to return to his own head-quarters. But Lee was superbly dressed, with embroidered gauntlets and a costly sword. The cause of this was explained by a Rebel officer. Sheridan had burned all the enemy's baggage train a day or two before, and even the highest officers could save only a single suit of clothes; of course they selected the best. Thus at Appomattox the conquered were vastly better clad than the conquerors.

Grant, sitting without his sword, looked up from the table where he wrote, and saw Lee opposite, with his glittering scabbard. Up to this time no mention had been made of the side-arms of the Rebel officers, and according to the terms as Lee accepted them, the formal surrender of swords might have been exacted. But Grant now inserted the stipulation that the officers might retain their side-arms, horses, and personal property. Lee did not know this till he put on his spectacles to look at the paper, after Grant had handed it to

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him. He at once expressed great satisfaction, and remarked, "This will have a very good effect." Afterwards he asked: "How about the cavalrymen in my army. They own the horses that they ride." Grant looked again at the paper, and replied: "The terms do not allow them to retain their horses." Lee then also re-examined the paper, and returning it to Grant admitted that the horses were included in the stipulation of surrender. Whereupon Grant said: "I will not change the terms of the surrender, General Lee, but I will instruct my officers who receive the paroles to allow your men to retain their horses and take them home to work their little farms." Lee again declared that the effect of such magnanimity would be excellent.

Now the question is, whether all this generosity proceeded simply from goodness of heart, or whether it was not also the wisest and broadest statesmanship. Grant believed (as he has himself avowed) that, by giving Lee's army such generous terms, he should make it impossible for any other Rebel force to remain in the field; for, as soon as the troops elsewhere felt assured that after surrender they would neither be hung nor imprisoned, they would refuse to bear arms for a day. If he had thought and acted differently, the war might have lasted a year longer. More than a hundred thousand organized men were still in the field; they could not perhaps have been kept together as an army, but they could have scattered to the mountains of North Carolina, or hidden among the swamps of the farther South; they could have formed partisan bands, and disquieted the entire region that had been in rebellion, obliging the government to maintain large forces to subdue them, and increasing vastly the expenditure of life and treasure. All this he hoped to avert, by announcing at once that the defeated Rebels need fear nothing for life or liberty on account of any purely military acts they had committed.

And the immediate event proved the justice of his reasoning. The Rebels made haste to yield all they had fought for. They gave up slavery; they relinquished the idea of secession; they asked for pardon; they had no hope of retaining their property; many of them expected exile, and believed their old political rights forfeited. The day after Lee surrendered, every high officer of his army visited Grant to thank him for the terms he had allowed. They talked then with humility and gratitude. Lee himself had a long conversation with Grant, and spoke earnestly of his desire that the Rebellion should cease. The remaining rebel forces surrendered as rapidly as the formalities could be arranged. In two months no hostile soldier in the territory of the Union remained in arms. The rebels not only gave their paroles, but volunteered to take the oath of allegiance to the government they had sought to destroy.

That there came a change after this in their sentiments and behavior, we all know; that partisan bands, two years afterwards, were formed, that life became insecure at the South, that former Rebels were insolent and blatant once more, is notorious. But this was not the fault of Grant's policy. Another, by misfortune, came into greater power in civil matters, and to the unwise and wicked administration of Andrew Johnson are due the results that all deplore.

For with Grant's magnanimity there has always been united a fixed determination to secure that for which he fought. He was never lenient until the enemy was conquered; and the records of his career will be searched in vain for evidence that he ever was willing to abandon or endanger any of the principles or results of the war. The same man who was so merciful at Vicksburg, whose clemency at Appomattox is world-renowned, gave Sheridan the famous order to lay waste the Valley of Virginia. It was from no weak-hearted amiability, no maudlin tenderness, that his lenity proceeded, but from the broadest scanning of possibilities, from wise judgment of events and men, as well as from a generous

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humanity. When this fact is recognized, his magnanimity, like his courage and simplicity, appears as an intellectual quality.

There are, however, other decided peculiarities of the new President which are in no way traceable to a moral origin. His insight into character, his power of controlling and directing large bodies of men, the marvellous promptness and correctness of his decisions at critical moments, his ability to clothe his thoughts in terse and apposite language, are all traits of a purely intellectual type. None of these is more universally recognized than his knowledge of character. The generals who became famous under him, who after himself did the most towards terminating the war, were all of his own selection and in great measure owed their rise to him. Sherman was under a cloud when Grant took command of all the armies; but the first demand of the new chief was that the government should place Sherman at the head of the Western forces. Mr. Lincoln demurred; General Halleck doubted. They thought the command too great to intrust to this soldier, untried by any such responsibilities; but Grant insisted, and the opposition ceased. Grant, indeed, since the battle of Shiloh, where he first saw Sherman's great qualities displayed, had never wavered in his confidence and admiration. He persisted, whenever he had the opportunity, in giving Sherman important commands; and the result was the famous Atlanta campaign, and the never to be forgotten march to the sea. Sheridan's name was almost unknown at the East, when Grant placed him in command of the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac. Grant declared then that Sheridan would make the most splendid cavalry officer of the war. Winchester and Five Forks, and many less famous but still brilliant fights, afterwards indorsed his judgment.

But Grant not only possesses the faculty of judging men whom he has known long and intimately, he has a keen insight into the immediate motives of mere casual acquaintances. He detects at once the object of those who strive to flatter or cajole him. Although he sits so silent, apparently unobservant, or bent only on preventing any betrayal of his own opinion, he is all the while observing closely; he is measuring the man he talks with, who perhaps at the very time considers Grant a dull and sluggish character. In a word or two he will describe a character, in the shortest sentence show an exact appreciation of motives and purposes and plans.

For he exhibits at times a rare felicity of language. His words generally come slowly, but they are always to the point, and when analyzed his speech often proves eloquent. His despatches abound in terse, significant expressions, like the response to Buckner: "No terms other than an unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works." "I propose to fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer," is historical. "Let us have peace," uttered by the head of the army, became the watchword of a party. His famous letter to Andrew Johnson on the removal of Sheridan is alive with earnestness; and his remarks to President Lincoln, upon receiving command of the armies, are a model of chaste and manly eloquence: "Mr. President, I accept the commission with gratitude for the high honor conferred. With the aid of the noble armies that have fought on so many fields for our common country, it will be my earnest endeavor not to disappoint your expectations. I feel the full weight of the responsibilities now devolving on me; and I know if they are met, it will be due to those armies, and above all, to the favor of that Providence which leads both nations and men."

Take, again, the short speech he made when he received the nomination for the Presidency: "I shall have no policy of my own to enforce against the will of the people"; — a sentiment full of wisdom and patriotism, and at

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the same time the severest possible rebuke of the President, who strove so hard to force his policy upon an unwilling people. At Galena, when his election was announced, he proclaimed: "The responsibilities of the position I feel, but accept them without fear"; while in his inaugural are opinions worthy to become maxims of public and international law. The truth is, that few men who call themselves orators have made better or more effective speeches than he who has made so few, who never speaks till he has something to say, but who upon due occasions always has something to say that is pertinent and forcible.

For in this thing Grant is extremely like a man of genius. His wisdom, or courage, or whatever power he possesses, never deserts him at a crisis. Then all his faculties are brighter than at any other time. In battle he is superb; his manner is slightly intensified, but his action is neither hurried nor delayed. An officer comes up with news of immense importance. Grant turns round instantly, but composedly, and directs: "Send Burnside to support Hancock." "Order Sherman to move at once on the enemy." Information is brought that requires thirty thousand men to march in a certain direction. He gives the order at once, without consulting any one.

On the night after the battle of Five Forks, Grant sat outside of his tent, about twenty miles west of the James, waiting for news from Sheridan. Meade's army and Ord's stretched in front of the long lines around Petersburg, which had withstood them so long. Another flank movement was making, but thus far with little success. The weather had been miserable; the rains were violent, the roads almost impassable; horses and caissons and army wagons floundered in the quicksands. As far as Grant's left stretched out, so far Lee still confronted him. Sheridan had been fighting at Dinwiddie, and Lee had reached around almost to Grant's rear to strike at Sheridan, — had, indeed, dealt him a heavy blow. But to do this, the enemy had been obliged to divide his own force, hoping to get back before Grant could attack the broken front. Grant, however, at once sent an additional corps to the support of Sheridan, and, at nine o'clock in the evening, was waiting for details of the battle.

He sat wrapped in the soldier's blue overcoat, which he wore in that campaign. Two or three staff officers were near, gathered round a camp-fire in the wet woods. Two had remained all day with Sheridan, so as to report to the General-in-Chief the result of the fight at the earliest moment. One of them had already returned, bringing word of success, — how complete was not yet known. Finally, the other arrived with a full report from Sheridan. He was in great excitement, having ridden hard, ten miles or more, from the field of victory. Five Forks was won.

Grant listened calmly, only now and then interrupting the officer to ask a question. When all was told, he rose, without saying a word, entered his tent, where a candle flickered on the table, invited no one to join him, but wrote a despatch in sight of the officers outside, and gave it to an orderly. Then, coming out to the fire again, he remarked, — as calmly as if he were saying, "It is a windy night," — "I have ordered an attack all along the lines to-morrow at daybreak." When one remembers what that meant, — how many such attacks had been made, and how often with little result; in what light the North had come to regard these assaults upon fortified works; how disastrous repulse would have been at that juncture to Grant, with a part of his army ten miles away, — the promptness of the decision can be better appreciated. But Grant felt that the hour and the opportunity had arrived; he had that intuitive sympathy with his soldiers which every great commander feels; he knew that they must be inspired by Sheridan's victory as much as the Rebels would be depressed; and now was the time to take advantage of this feeling, and make the final assault.

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At four o'clock next day, the works of Petersburg were carried.

This promptness of decision never failed him in battle. Sudden emergencies often arose, but he was always ready for them. The famous movement at Donelson was the inspiration of a moment. Grant came upon the field when everything seemed lost; the Rebels had driven back his troops two miles. The men were raw and scattered; they went to Grant, and told him that the Rebels had come out with haversacks, as if they meant to stay out and fight for days. Grant instantly perceived the significance of this apparently simple fact. He ordered the haversacks of several prisoners to be examined; they were discovered to be filled. "Then they mean to cut their way through; they have no idea of staying here to fight us. Whichever party first attacks now will win, and the Rebels will have to be very quick if they beat me." He ordered an immediate assault by his left, at a point where no fighting had yet occurred, and where the Rebels were unprepared. The assault succeeded, and Fort Donelson was won. This faculty of turning what looks like defeat into brilliant victory, of seizing the critical moment in a long and fierce encounter, of deciding in the thickest heat of battle, when the slightest error brings irremediable disaster, — this Grant possesses in an extraordinary degree. It is not so common as to be mere common sense.

He exercises the like faculty in civil affairs. The readiness with which he thinks the right thought at the right time has already been adverted to. He is not a fluent speaker, but when from any cause he becomes excited, his thought gets full utterance. Andrew Johnson attempted, two years ago, to drive Grant out of the country. It had become apparent that the General of the army was not a follower of the President in his reactionary course. Mr. Johnson had sought to compel Grant to order troops into Maryland immediately before a State election; but Grant's tact and skill had defeated his purpose. Then Johnson determined to rid himself of his powerful subordinate. He foolishly hoped to find Sherman more pliable than Grant, and he knew that, if Grant were sent out of the country, Sherman would command the army. Congress was about to meet, and it was necessary to act promptly, for emergencies might arise in which the use of troops would be all important to the President's schemes. So Grant, who, from the close of the Rebellion, had been constantly urging the President to take more decided steps to insure the evacuation of Mexico by the French troops, was approached with what it was hoped would prove a tempting bait.

The President first sounded him in conversation, saying he wished Grant to go on a diplomatic mission to Mexico, in conjunction with the minister to that country. Grant at once detected the object of the President, and declined the mission. Johnson, however, insisted, and Grant still declined, the second time in writing, although the President had only addressed him orally. After this, Grant was summoned to a Cabinet meeting, where his instructions, already printed, were read aloud by the Secretary of State, without any reference to Grant's previous refusal. He at once, in the presence of the entire Cabinet, declared his unwillingness to leave the country on such an errand. Johnson was roused by this persistent opposition to his wish, and abruptly asked the Attorney-General whether there were any reason why Grant should not obey, — whether the General of the army could not be employed upon a diplomatic service. Grant at once started to his feet, and exclaimed: "Mr. President, I can answer that question without appealing to the Attorney-General. I am an American citizen, have been guilty of no treason or other crime, and am eligible to any civil office to which any other American is eligible. But this is a purely civil duty to which you would assign me, and I cannot be compelled to undertake it. Any legal

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military order you give me, I will obey; but this is civil, not military, and I decline the duty. No power on earth can force me to it." The plotters were electrified and made no answer, and Grant, instead of resuming his seat, quitted the room. He was not sent to Mexico. On this occasion he spoke fluently enough, and none can fail to perceive the cogency of his utterance or the terseness of his expression. Yet he must have been unprepared. He could not have foreseen the exigency. But the same quality that so suddenly prompted the assaults on Petersburg and Donelson inspired the language and the argument that baffled the President.

The exactness with which he drew the delicate line between the civil and the military duty, in this case, reminds us of his career as Secretary of War. No statesman, no practised politician, ever entered upon a more difficult task. He had at that time avowed his disapprobation of Mr. Johnson's policy, had shown it by acts as well as words, — acts and words completely understood by the President. He had earnestly opposed the removal of Mr. Stanton, yet he was ordered to take Mr. Stanton's place in the Cabinet of the man whose administration of the government he heartily condemned. Many whose good opinions he most valued, and with whose politics he was in closest sympathy, disapproved his action in entering the Cabinet; none of those who censured him most but will now admit the wisdom of his course.

He succeeded for a long while in repressing many of the President's most violent attempts to thwart Congress and evade the law; and was even able at the same time to extort praise from his hostile chief for the vigor of his purely administrative action. Holding the double office of General-in-Chief and Secretary of War, besides being the most popular man in the country, his power was enormous, almost rivalling that of the President; yet he came to no open rupture with Mr. Johnson, until he insisted, in conformity with law, on laying down one of his great offices. Certainly the sagacity and tact shown in all this are traits that no man of ordinary ability displays. They indicate a fineness of intellect for which unthinking observers have failed to give him credit.

He had evinced the same sagacity, the same faculty of preserving a straight and even course amid peculiar difficulties, often before. His whole behavior previous to entering on the duties of Secretary of War, and during the earlier portion of the long contest between Mr. Johnson and Congress, was such as none but a man of great political talent could have displayed. A soldier, he was plunged into the most complicated civil affairs; a subordinate, he was made almost independent of his superior; in a republic, he was intrusted with dictatorial power; he was directed to govern a hostile, though conquered people, and he was obliged to do this in direct opposition to the declared wishes of his legitimate commander; he had also to deal with an ignorant race just emerging from slavery, at the close of a civil war; he was approached by men of all parties and characters, — implored, advised, coaxed, threatened, by turns; yet he succeeded in persuading all of his desire at least to do right; he was able to postpone for a while the final outbreak of the quarrel between the President and Congress, to show the former the respect due to his office, and at the same time to obey the laws which compelled him to oppose the President's policy. It is not possible that this could have been accomplished by a man possessing merely good intentions, steadiness of purpose, and excellent common sense.

But there is still another field in which all must admit that Grant has given evidence of extraordinary mental powers. This evidence is found in the great combinations of his strategy during the last year of the war. We do not speak now of the ability to handle large bodies of troops in the immediate presence of the enemy, as at Chattanooga or the Wilderness, but of the

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power to direct and control simultaneously many large and widely separated armies, so that all their movements tended to one end, finally achieving the most admirable and exact co-operation known in military history. When Grant himself started for Richmond, he ordered Sherman to Atlanta, ordered Banks to Mobile, Sigel into the Valley of Virginia, and Butler up the James; and for nearly a year afterwards he supervised the operations of these different armies. During that period he sent Sherman on his famous march, renewed the effort against Mobile, watched over and reinforced Thomas in his defence of Nashville, inspired all Sheridan's brilliant campaigns, brought Schofield by land, in the depth of winter, from Tennessee to Washington, and from Washington sent him by sea to North Carolina, to meet Sherman coming northward on his victorious journey, brought the Fort Fisher campaign to a fortunate close, sent Wilson on a career of success into the interior of Alabama, ordered Stoneman into Western Carolina, and all the while held the greatest Rebel army and leader in check, so as to insure the triumph of his own subordinates. He who is capable of administrative efforts as vast as these, is likely to prove fit for administrative functions in another sphere.

For it is the very intellectual qualities which we have seen so conspicuously displayed in the General that will be most in demand in the President. Clearness of judgment, knowledge of character, sagacity and tact in dealing with men, broad views of affairs, prompt intelligence in unexpected and pressing emergencies, ability to control numerous and vast and complicated interests, so that not only the success of each may be assured, but that each success shall directly contribute to the success of all, — if these are not the intellectual components of a character fitted to govern a great nation at a critical period, then all history is at fault.

THE NEW TASTE IN THEATRICALS.

THERE is this satisfaction in living, namely, that whatever we do will one day wear an air of picturesqueness and romance, and will win the fancy of people coming after us. This stupid and commonplace present shall yet appear the fascinating past; and is it not a pleasure to think how our rogues of descendants — who are to enjoy us æsthetically — will be taken in with us, when they read, in the files of old newspapers, of the quantity of entertainment offered us at the theatres during the season just ending, and judge us by it? I imagine them two hundred years hence looking back at us, and sighing, "Ah! there was a touch of the old Greek life in those Athenians! How they loved the drama in the jolly Boston of that day! That was the golden age of the theatre: in the winter of 1868-69, they had dramatic performances in seven places, of every degree of excellence, and the managers coined money." As we always figure our ancestors going to and from church, they will probably figure us thronging the doors of theatres, and no doubt there will be some historical gossiper among them to sketch a Boston audience in 1869, with all our famous poets and politicians grouped together in the orchestra seats, and several now dead introduced with the pleasant inaccuracy and uncertainty of historical gossipers. "On this night, when the beautiful Tostée reappeared, the whole house rose to greet her. If Mr. Alcott was on one of his winter visits to Boston, no doubt he stepped

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in from the Marlborough House, — it was a famous temperance hotel, then in the height of its repute, — not only to welcome back the great actress, but to enjoy a chat between the acts with his many friends. Here, doubtless, was seen the broad forehead of Webster; there the courtly Everett, conversing in studied tones with the gifted so and so. Did not the lovely such a one grace the evening with her presence? The brilliant and versatile Edmund Kirke was dead; but the humorous Artemas Ward and his friend Nasby may have attracted many eyes, having come hither at the close of their lectures, to testify their love of the beautiful in nature and art; while, perhaps, Mr. Sumner, in the intervals of state cares, relaxed into the enjoyment," etc. "Vous voyez bien le tableau!"

That far-off posterity, learning that all our theatres are filled every night, will never understand but we are a theatre-going people in the sense that it is the highest fashion to be seen at the play; and yet we are sensible that it is not so, and that the Boston which makes itself known in civilization — letters, politics, reform — goes as little to the theatre as fashionable Boston.

The stage is not an Institution with us, we should say; yet it affords recreation to a very large and increasing number of persons, and while it would be easy to over-estimate its influence for good or evil even with these, there is no doubt that the stage, if not the drama, is popular. Fortunately an inquiry like this into the present taste in theatricals concerns the fact rather than the effect of the taste; otherwise the task might become indefinitely hard alike for writer and for reader. No one can lay his hand on his heart, and declare that he is the worse for having seen *La Belle Hélène*, for example, or say more than that it is a thing which ought not to be seen by any one else; yet I suppose there is no one ready to deny that *La Belle Hélène* was the motive of those performances that most pleased the most people during the past winter. The season gave us nearly every kind of theatrical. In the legitimate drama we had such starry splendors as Booth, Hackett, and Forrest; and we had many new plays of the modern sort, given very effectively and successfully at the different theatres. We had, moreover, the grand opera, and not in a poverty-stricken way, as they have it in the native land of the opera, where one piece is repeated for a fortnight or a month, but superabundantly, as Americans have everything, except quality; twenty nights of opera, and a new piece, Italian, French, or German, nearly every night. Those who went said it was not very good, and I believe that the houses were no better than the performance. There was English opera, also; but best of all, and far more to our minds than her serious sisters, was the *opéra bouffe*, of which we had nearly a month, with Tostée, Irma, and Aujac. We greeted these artists with overflowing theatres; and the reception of the first, after a year's absence, was a real ovation, of which the historical gossiper will not afford posterity an idea too extravagant, however mistaken. There was something fascinating in the circumstances and auspices under which the united Irma and Tostée troupes appeared — *opéra bouffe* led gayly forward by *finance bouffe*, and suggesting Erie shares by its watered music and morals; but there is no doubt that Tostée's grand reception was owing mainly to the personal favor which she enjoys here, and which we do not vouchsafe to every one. Ristori did not win it; we did our duty by her, following her carefully with the libretto, and in her most intense effects turning the leaves of a thousand pamphlets with a rustle that must have shattered every delicate nerve in her; but we were always cold to her greatness. It was not for Tostée's singing, which was but a little thing in itself; it was not for her beauty, for that is now scarcely more than a reminiscence, if it was not always an illusion; was it because she rendered the spirit of M. Offenbach's operas so perfectly, that we liked her so much?

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"Ah, that movement!" cried an enthusiast, "that swing, that — that —, wriggle!" She is undoubtedly a great actress, full of subtle surprises, and with an audacious appearance of unconsciousness in those exigencies where consciousness would summon the police — or ought to; she is so near, yet so far from, the worst that can be intended; in tones, in gestures, in attitudes, she is to the libretto just as the music is, now making it appear insolently and unjustly coarse, now feebly inadequate in its explicit immodesty.

To see this famous lady in *La Grande Duchesse* or *La Belle Hélène* is an experience never to be forgotten, and certainly not to be described. The former opera has undoubtedly its proper and blameless charm. There is something pretty and arch in the notion of the Duchess's falling in love with the impregnably faithful and innocent Fritz; and the extravagance of the whole, with the satire upon the typical little German court, is delightful. But *La Belle Hélène* is a wittier play than *La Grande Duchesse*, and it is the vividest expression of the spirit of *opéra bouffe*. It is full of such lively mockeries as that of Helen when she gazes upon the picture of Leda and the Swan: "J'aime à me recueiller devant ce tableau de famille! Mon père, ma mère, les voici tous les deux! O mon père, tourne vers ton enfant un bec favorable!" — or of Paris when he represses the zeal of Calchas, who desires to present him at once to Helen: "Soit! mais sans lui dire qui je suis; — je désire garder le plus strict incognito, jusq'au moment où la situation sera favorable à un coup de théâtre." But it must be owned that our audiences seemed not to take much pleasure in these and other witticisms, though they obliged Mademoiselle Tostée to sing *Un Mari sage* three times, with all those actions and postures which seem incredible the moment they have ceased. They possibly understood this song no better than the strokes of wit, and encored it merely for the music's sake. The effect was, nevertheless, unfortunate, and calculated to give those French ladies but a bad opinion of our understanding and morals. How could they comprehend that the new taste is, like themselves, imported, and that its indulgence here does not characterize us? It was only in appearance that, while we did not enjoy the wit, we delighted in the coarseness. And how coarse this travesty of the old fable mainly is! That priest Calchas, with his unspeakable snicker, his avarice, his infidelity, his hypocrisy, is alone infamy enough to provoke the destruction of a city. Then that scene interrupted by Menelaus! It is indisputably witty, and since all those people are so purely creatures of fable, and dwell so entirely in an unmoral atmosphere, it appears as absurd to blame it, as the murders in a pantomime. To be sure, there is something about murder — some inherent grace or refinement perhaps — that makes its actual representation upon the stage more tolerable than the most diffident suggestion of adultery. Not that *La Belle Hélène* is open to the reproach of overdelicacy in this scene, or any other, for the matter of that; though there is a strain of real poetry in the conception of this whole episode, of Helen's intention to pass all Paris's love-making off upon herself for a dream, — poetry such as might have been inspired by a muse that had taken too much nectar. There is excellent character, also, as well as caricature, in the drama; not alone Calchas is admirably done, but Agamemnon, and Achilles, and Helen, and Menelaus, — "pas un mari ordinaire .... un mari épique" — and the burlesque is good of its kind. It is artistic, as it seems French dramatic effort must almost necessarily be.

It can scarcely be called the fault of the *opéra bouffe* that the English burlesque should have come of its success; nor can the public blame it for the great favor the burlesque won last winter, if indeed the public wishes to bestow blame for this. No one, however, could see one of these curious travesties without being reminded, in an awkward way, of the *morale* of the *opéra*

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bouffe, and of the *personnel* — as we may say — of "The Black Crook," "The White Fawn," and the "Devil's Auction." There was the same intention of merriment at the cost of what may be called the marital prejudices, though it cannot be claimed that the wit was the same as in *La Belle Hélène;* there was the same physical unreserve as in the ballets of a former season; while in its dramatic form, the burlesque discovered very marked parental traits.

This English burlesque, this child of M. Offenbach's genius, and the now somewhat faded spectacular muse, flourished the past winter in three of our seven theatres for months, — five, from the highest to the lowest, being in turn open to it, — and had begun, in a tentative way, to invade the deserted stage even so long ago as last summer; and I have sometimes flattered myself that it was my fortune to witness the first exhibition of its most characteristic feature in a theatre into which I wandered, one sultry night, because it was the nearest theatre. They were giving a play called "The Three Fast Men," which had a moral of such powerful virtue that it ought to have reformed everybody in the neighborhood. Three ladies being in love with the three fast men, and resolved to win them back to regular hours and the paths of sobriety by every device of the female heart, dress themselves in men's clothes, — such is the subtlety of the female heart in the bosoms of modern young ladies of fashion, — and follow their lovers about from one haunt of dissipation to another, and become themselves exemplarily vicious, — drunkards, gamblers, and the like. The first lady, who was a star in her lowly orbit, was very great in all her different *rôles*, appearing now as a sailor, with the hornpipe of his calling, now as an organ-grinder, and now as a dissolute young gentleman, — whatever was the exigency of good morals. The dramatist seemed to have had an eye to her peculiar capabilities, and to have expressly invented edifying characters and situations that her talents might enforce them. The second young lady had also a personal didactic gift, rivalling, and even surpassing in some respects, that of the star; and was very rowdy indeed. In due time the devoted conduct of the young ladies has its just effect: the three fast men begin to reflect upon the folly of their wild courses; and at this point the dramatist delivers his great stroke. The first lady gives a *soirée dansante et chantante*, and the three fast men have invitations. The guests seat themselves — as at a fashionable party — in a semicircle, and the gayety of the evening begins with conundrums and playing upon the banjo; the gentlemen are in their morning-coats, and the ladies in a display of hosiery, which is now no longer surprising, and which need not have been mentioned at all except for the fact that, in the case of the first lady, it seemed not to have been freshly put on for that party. I hope the reader here recognizes preparation for something like that great final scene which distinguishes his favorite burlesque — is it "Ixion" or "Orpheus" or "Lucrezia Borgia?" — they all have it. In this instance an element comical beyond intention was present, in three young gentlemen, an amateur musical trio, who had kindly consented to sing their favorite song of "The Rolling Zuyder Zee," as they now kindly did, with flushed faces, unmanageable hands, and much repetition of

The ro-o-o-o —
The ro-o-o-o —
The ro-o-o-o-ll —
Ing Zuyder Zee,
Zuyder Zee,
Zuyder Zee-e-e!

Then the turn of the three guardian angels of the fast men being come again, they get up and dance each one a breakdown, which seems to establish their lovers (now at last in the secret of the generous ruse played upon them) firmly in their resolution to lead a better life. They are in nowise shaken from it by the displeasure which soon shows itself in the manner of the first and second ladies. The former is greatest in the so-called Protean parts of the play, and is obscured somewhat by the

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dancing of the latter; but she has a daughter, who now comes on and sings a song. The pensive occasion, the favorable mood of the audience, the sympathetic attitude of the players, invite her to sing "The Maiden's Prayer," and so we have "The Maiden's Prayer." We may be a low set, and the song may be affected and insipid enough, but the purity of its intention touches, and the little girl is vehemently applauded. She is such a pretty child, with her innocent face, and her artless white dress, and blue ribbons to her waist and hair, that we will have her back again; whereupon she runs out upon the stage, strikes up a rowdy, rowdy air, dances a shocking little dance, and vanishes from the dismayed vision, leaving us a considerably lower set than we were at first, and glad of our lowness. This is the second lady's own ground, however, and now she comes out — in a way that banishes far from our fickle minds all thoughts of the first lady and her mistaken child — with a medley of singing and dancing, a bit of breakdown, of cancan, of jig, a bit of *Le Sabre de mon Père*, and of all memorable slang songs, given with the most grotesque and clownish spirit that ever inspired a woman. Each member of the company follows in his or her *pas seul*, and then they all dance together, to the plain confusion of the amateur trio, whose eyes roll like so many Zuyder Zees, as they sit lonely and motionless in the midst. All stiffness and formality are overcome. The evening party in fact disappears entirely, and we are suffered to see the artists in their moments of social relaxation, sitting as it were around the theatrical fireside. They appear to forget us altogether; they exchange winks and nods, and jests of quite personal application; they call each other by name, by their Christian names, their nicknames. It is not an evening party, it is a family party, and the suggestion of home enjoyment completes the reformation of the three fast men. We see them marry the three fast women before we leave the house.

On another occasion, two friends of the drama beheld a more explicit precursor of the coming burlesque at one of the minor theatres last summer. The great actress whom they had come to see on another scene was ill, and in their disappointment they embraced the hope of entertainment offered them at the smaller play-house. The drama itself was neither here nor there as to intent, but the public appetite or the manager's conception of it — for I am by no means sure that this whole business is not a misunderstanding — had exacted that the actresses should appear in so much stocking, and so little else, that it was a horror to look upon them. There was no such exigency of dialogue, situation, or character as asked the indecorum, and the effect upon the unprepared spectator was all the more stupefying from the fact that most of the ladies were not dancers, and had not countenances that consorted with impropriety. Their faces had merely the conventional Yankee sharpness and wanness of feature, and such difference of air and character as should say for one and another, shop-girl, shoe-binder, seamstress; and it seemed an absurdity and an injustice to refer to them in any way the disclosures of the ruthlesssly scant drapery. A grotesque fancy would sport with their identity: "Did not this or that one write poetry for her local newspaper?" so much she looked the average culture and crudeness; and when such a one, coldly yielding to the manager's ideas of the public taste, stretched herself on a green baize bank with her feet towards us, or did a similar grossness, it was hard to keep from crying aloud in protest, that she need not do it; that nobody really expected or wanted it of her. Nobody? Alas! there were people there — poor souls who had the appearance of coming every night — who plainly did expect it, and who were loud in their applauses of the chief actress. This was a young person of a powerful physical expression, quite unlike the rest, — who were dyspeptic and consumptive in the range of their charms, — and she tri-

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umphed and wantoned through the scenes with a fierce excess of animal vigor. She was all stocking, as one may say, being habited to represent a prince; she had a raucous voice, an insolent twist of the mouth, and a terrible trick of defying her enemies by standing erect, chin up, hand on hip, and right foot advanced, patting the floor. It was impossible, even in the orchestra seats, to look at her in this attitude and not shrink before her; and on the stage she visibly tyrannized over the invalid sisterhood with her full-blown fascinations. These unhappy girls personated, with a pathetic effect not to be described, such arch and fantastic creations of the poet's mind as Bewitchingcreature and Exquisitelittlepet, and the play was a kind of fairy burlesque in rhyme, of the most melancholy stupidity that ever was. Yet there was something very comical in the conditions of its performance, and in the possibility that public and manager were playing at cross-purposes. There we were in the pit, an assemblage of hard-working Yankees of decently moral lives and simple traditions, country-bred many of us and of plebeian stock and training, vulgar enough perhaps, but probably not depraved, and excepting the first lady's friends certainly not educated to the critical enjoyment of such spectacles; and there on the stage were those mistaken women, in such sad variety of boniness and flabbiness as I have tried to hint, addressing their pitiable exposure to a supposed vileness in us, and wrenching from all original intent the innocent dulness of the drama, which for the most part could have been as well played in walking-dresses, to say the least.

The scene was not less amusing, as regarded the audiences, in the winter, when the English burlesque troupes which London sent us, arrived; but it was not quite so pathetic as regarded the performers. Of their beauty and their *abandon*, the historical gossiper, whom I descry far down the future, waiting to refer to me as "A scandalous writer of the period," shall learn very little to his purpose of warming his sketch with a color from mine. But I hope I may describe these ladies as very pretty, very blond, and very unscrupulously clever, and still disappoint the historical gossiper. They seemed in all cases to be English; no Yankee faces, voices, or accents were to be detected among them. Where they were associated with people of another race, as happened with one troupe, the advantage of beauty was upon the Anglo-Saxon side, while that of some small shreds of propriety was with the Latins. These appeared at times almost modest, perhaps because they were the conventional *ballerine*, and wore the old-fashioned ballet-skirt with its volumed gauze, — a coyness which the Englishry had greatly modified, through an exigency of the burlesque, — perhaps because indecorum seems, like blasphemy and untruth, somehow more graceful and becoming in southern than in northern races.

As for the burlesques themselves, they were nothing, the performers personally everything. M. Offenbach had opened Lemprière's Dictionary to the authors with *La Belle Hélène*, and there was commonly a flimsy ravelling of parodied myth, that held together the different dances and songs, though sometimes it was a novel or an opera burlesqued; but there was always a song and always a dance for each lady, song and dance being equally slangy, and depending for their effect mainly upon the natural or simulated charms of the performer.

It was also an indispensable condition of the burlesque's success, that the characters should be reversed in their representation, — that the men's *rôles* should be played by women, and that at least one female part should be done by a man. It must be owned that the fun all came from this character, the ladies being too much occupied with the more serious business of bewitching us with their pretty figures to be very amusing; whereas this whole-

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some man and brother, with his blond wig, his *panier*, his dainty feminine simperings and languishings, his falsetto tones, and his general air of extreme fashion, was always exceedingly droll. He was the saving grace of these stupid plays; and I cannot help thinking that the *cancan*, as danced, in "Ivanhoe," by Isaac of York and the masculine Rebecca, was a moral spectacle; it was the *cancan* made forever absurd and harmless. But otherwise, the burlesques were as little cheerful as profitable. The playwrights who had adapted them to the American stage — for they are all of English authorship — had been good enough to throw in some political allusions which were supposed to be effective with us, but which it was sad to see received with apathy. It was conceivable from a certain air with which the actors delivered these, that they were in the habit of stirring London audiences greatly with like strokes of satire; but except where Rebecca offered a bottle of Medford rum to Cedric the Saxon, who appeared in the figure of ex-President Johnson, they had no effect upon us. We were cold, very cold to all suggestions of Mr. Reverdy Johnson's speech-making and dining; General Butler's spoons moved us just a little; at the name of Grant, we roared and stamped, of course, though in a perfectly mechanical fashion, and without thought of any meaning offered us; those lovely women might have coupled our hero's name with whatever insult they chose, and still his name would have made us cheer them. We seemed not to care for points that were intended to flatter us nationally. I am not aware that anybody signified consciousness when the burlesque supported our side of the Alabama controversy, or acknowledged the self-devotion with which a threat that England should be *made* to pay was delivered by these English performers. With an equal impassiveness we greeted allusions to Erie shares, and to Mr. Fiske, and to Mr. Samuel Bowles.

The burlesque chiefly betrayed its descent from the spectacular ballet in its undressing; but that ballet, while it demanded personal exposure, had something very observable in its scenic splendors, and all that marching and processioning in it was rather pretty; while in the burlesque there seemed nothing of innocent intent. No matter what the plot, it led always to a final great scene of breakdown, — which was doubtless most impressive in that particular burlesque where this scene represented the infernal world, and the ladies gave the dances of the country with a happy conception of the deportment of lost souls. There, after some vague and inconsequent dialogue, the wit springing from a perennial source of humor (not to specify the violation of the seventh commandment), the dancing commenced, each performer beginning with the Walk-round of the negro minstrels, rendering its grotesqueness with a wonderful frankness of movement, and then plunging into the mysteries of her dance with a kind of infuriate grace and a fierce delight very curious to look upon. It was perfect of its kind, that dancing, but some things one witnesses at the theatre nowadays had better be treated as a kind of confidence. I am aware of the historical gossiper still on the alert for me, and I dare not say how sketchily these ladies were dressed, or indeed, more than that they were dressed to resemble circus-riders of the other sex, but as to their own deceived nobody, — possibly did not intend deceit. One of them was so good a player that it seemed needless for her to go so far as she did in the dance; but she spared herself nothing, and it remained for her merely stalwart friends to surpass her, if possible. This inspired each who succeeded her to wantoner excesses, to wilder insolences of hose, to fiercer bravadoes of corsage; while those not dancing responded to the sentiment of the music by singing shrill glees in tune with it, clapping their hands, and patting Juba, as the act is called, — a peculiarly graceful and modest thing in woman. The frenzy grew

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with every moment, and, as in another Vision of Sin, —

> "Then they started from their places,
> Moved with violence, changed in hue,
> Caught each other with wild grimaces,
> Half-invisible to the view,
> Wheeling with precipitate paces
> To the melody, till they flew,
> Hair, and eyes, and limbs, and faces
> Twisted hard in fierce embraces,
> Like to Furies, like to Graces," —

with an occasional exchange of cuffs and kicks perfectly human. The spectator found now himself and now the scene incredible, and indeed they were hardly conceivable in relation to each other. A melancholy sense of the absurdity, of the incongruity, of the whole absorbed at last even a sense of the indecency. The audience was much the same in appearance as other audiences, witnessing like displays at the other theatres, and did not differ greatly from the usual theatrical house. Not so much fashion smiled upon the efforts of these young ladies, as upon the *can-can* of the Signorina Morlacchi a winter earlier; but there was a most fair appearance of honest-looking, handsomely dressed men and women; and you could pick out, all over the parquet, faces, evidently of but one descent from the deaconship, which you wondered were not afraid to behold one another there. The truth is, we spectators, like the performers themselves, lacked that tradition of error, of transgression, which casts its romance about the people of a lighter race. We have not yet set off one corner of the Common for a Jardin Mabille; we have not even the concert-cellars of the gay and elegant New-Yorker; and nothing, really, has happened in Boston to educate us to the new taste in theatricals, since the fair Quakers felt moved to testify in the streets and churches against our spiritual nakedness. Yet it was to be noted with regret that our innocence, our respectability, had no restraining influence upon the performance; and the fatuity of the hope cherished by some courageous people, that the presence of virtuous persons would reform the stage, was but too painfully evident. The doubt whether they were not nearer right who have denounced the theatre as essentially and incorrigibly bad would force itself upon the mind, though there was a little comfort in the thought that, if virtue had been actually allowed to frown upon these burlesques, the burlesques might have been abashed into propriety. The caressing arm of the law was cast very tenderly about the performers, and in the only case where a spectator presumed to hiss, — it was at a *pas seul* of the indescribable, — a policeman descended upon him, and, with the succor of two friends of the free ballet, rent him from his place, and triumphed forth with him. Here was an end of ungenial criticism; we all applauded zealously after that.

The peculiar character of the drama to which they devoted themselves had produced, in these ladies, some effects doubtless more interesting than profitable to observe. One of them, whose unhappiness it was to take the part of *soubrette* in the Laughable Commedietta preceding the burlesque, was so ill at ease in drapery, so full of awkward jerks and twitches, that she seemed quite another being when she came on later as a radiant young gentleman in pink silk hose, and nothing of feminine modesty in her dress excepting the very low corsage. A strange and compassionable satisfaction beamed from her face; it was evident that this sad business was the poor thing's *forte*. In another company was a lady who had conquered all the easy attitudes of young men of the second or third fashion, and who must have been at something of a loss to identify herself when personating a woman off the stage. But Nature asserted herself in a way that gave a curious and scarcely explicable shock in the case of that dancer whose impudent song required the action of fondling a child, and who rendered the passage with an instinctive tenderness and grace, all the more pathetic for the profaning boldness of her super-masculine dress or undress. Commonly, however, the members of these burlesque troupes, though they were not like men, were in most things

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as unlike women, and seemed creatures of a kind of alien sex, parodying both. It was certainly a shocking thing to look at them with their horrible prettiness, their archness in which was no charm, their grace which put to shame. Yet whoever beheld these burlesque sisters, must have fallen into perplexing question in his own mind as to whose was the wrong involved. It was not the fault of the public — all of us felt that: was it the fault of the hard-working sisterhood, bred to this as to any other business, and not necessarily conscious of the indecorum which pains my reader, — obliged to please somehow, and aiming, doubtless, at nothing but applause? *La Belle Hélène* suggests the only reasonable explanation of the new taste in theatricals: "*C'est la fatalité.*"

The new taste, as has been said before, is not our taste. It came to us like any other mode from abroad, but, unlike the fashions in dress, received no modification or impression from our life; so that, though curiosity led thousands, not in Boston alone, but in all our great cities, to look at these lewd travesties, it could not be said that we naturalized among us a form of entertainment involving fable that we could not generally understand, satire that we cared nothing about, lascivious dancing, singing that expressed only a depraved cockneyism. It is with these spectacles, as with all other dramatic amusements, now so popular, and growing year by year in favor. They draw no life from our soil; they do not flower and fruit again in our air. For good or for evil, Puritanism has had its will. The theatre has never been opened since the Commonwealth, in our civilization. At this moment, comedy is almost as foreign here as the Italian opera, and the same anomaly is presented in the favor which either enjoys. The modern dramas deserve to be liked by playgoers, and I think they have been affectedly and unjustly scorned by criticism. I, for one, am not above being delighted by Mr. Charles Reade when he dramatizes one of his novels; and I am in the belief that one should look a long while in the classic British Drama for a play so entirely charming as "Dora." They have given it in Boston in a manner which left nothing to be desired, — certainly not a comedy of Goldsmith's or Sheridan's in place of it. We all knew the story as it was outlined in the poem, and the playwright had kept in spirit very close to the poet; there was genuine sentiment in the piece, passion enough, wit enough, character enough; and it lost nothing in the acting, or in any theatrical accessory; so that it was a refined and unalloyed pleasure to witness its production. One must have been very stupid or very brilliant indeed not to enjoy Mr. Robertson's comedy of "School," though of course it was of flimsier and cheaper texture than "Dora." It was full of admirable situations; and if the hits were a little too palpable, they were still genuine strokes of nature, while the action and the *mise en scène* were nearly as perfect as in the better play. The same author's equally popular, but less artistic play of "My Lady Clara" merits all its success. It deals with several fresh persons and situations, and freshly with the old ones; it is in great degree impossible, of course, but its sketches of character are as lifelike as they are delightful. Even the sensation drama is founded for the most part upon the principle of fidelity to contemporary life. "Foul Play," at the Boston Theatre, was justly interesting; one need not have been any more ashamed to be thrilled by it, than by the marvellous and fascinating novel from which the drama springs; and if you come to such plays as "After Dark," and the "Lancashire Lass," with their steam-power effects and their somewhat wandering and incoherent plots, there is no denying but they make an evening pass quickly and pleasantly, — how much more quickly and pleasantly than the most brilliant party of the season!

But after we have praised these modern plays to their full desert, we must again recur to their foreign character. They have no relation to our life as a

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people; we can only appreciate them through our knowledge of English life derived from novel reading. Their interest all depends upon the conditions of English society; their characters are English; their scenes are English. Does some one tell me that the locomotive, which so nearly runs over the hero in "After Dark," has an American cow-catcher? I reply that, in the "Lancashire Lass," it is into a purely English dock that the "Party of the name of Johnson" is pitched; and that, at any rate, these tricks of the property-maker do not affect the central fact. Even the actors who present these English plays so charmingly are, except the subordinates, nearly all English and of English training; and it is undeniable that, while the theatre has been growing more artistic and popular among us, it has been growing less and less American. It was not in nature that the old Yankee farce should keep the stage; still less that some pre-historic American like Metamora should continue to interest forever; even the noble art of negro minstrelsy is expiring among us, and we have nothing to offer in competition with the English plays. The fact is not stated to raise regret, but merely to show that the comedy is, like the opera, alien. This does not interfere with the enjoyment of either as it appears; and as long as we are free to believe that their success here is due to our cosmopolitan spirit in receiving and making experiment of every sort of pleasure, we may feel rather proud of it than otherwise. Whether for the same reason we might take the same satisfaction in the success of the English burlesques, is a question which I shall not try to decide, chiefly because it is no longer "a live issue," as the politicians say.

It is very probable that we shall not see the burlesques again next winter, and that what has been here called the new taste in theatricals will then be an old-fashioned folly, generally ignored because it is old-fashioned, if not because it is folly. This belief is grounded, not so much upon faith in the power of the stage to reform itself, or the existence of a principle in the theatre-going public calculated to rebuke the stage's wantonness, as upon the fact that matters have already reached a point beyond which they cannot go. In the direction of burlesque, no novelty now remains which is not forbidden by statute.

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

An Address in Commemoration of Alexander Dallas Bache. Delivered, August 6, 1868, before the American Association for the Advancement of Science, by BENJAMIN APTHORP GOULD, President of the Association.

THIS is a very interesting biographical sketch of the late Dr. Bache, by one who for years has been his valued friend, and during long periods of separation his daily correspondent. It is certainly not with any pretence of impartiality that Dr. Gould can speak of the distinguished man upon whose counsel it has long been his privilege to rely, and whose cordial approval gave him such strong moral support in his well-known contest for the highest interests of American science at the Dudley Observatory. But with so many noble facts to exhibit, there is little temptation to mar the grand figure they suggest with dabs of vulgar coloring, such as the obituary paint-pot is ever ready to supply.

Dr. Bache seems to have encountered his full share of the petty hostilities and jealousies which no man of the largest usefulness can wholly escape. Indeed the mechanical law, that bodies gravitate to each other directly as their masses and inversely as the square of their distances, seems too often reversed in the case of its most competent

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expounders. And it is no slight eulogy to declare that the acknowledged head of science in America finally won the approval and blessing of all who had been connected with him. A consummate skill in using army and navy officers, — a class of men peculiarly restive under civilian direction, — and a ready tact in presenting the claims of science to the average politician whose influence was required in their behalf, would not generally be considered among the higher powers of the human mind. Yet these were absolutely essential for the work Dr. Bache had to do. They prevented him from yielding to the pressure of the moment, and held him firmly to the aim on which his heart was set.

If we except the great work of the Coast Survey, the prominent matters of scientific interest due to Dr. Bache are, the law of radiation and abruption of non-luminous heat, the method of star-signals in determining longitudes, the determinations of the depth of the Pacific Ocean, and of the laws of terrestrial magnetism in the United States, the discovery of the laws of the tides, and the determination of the tidal "establishment" in our ports. Although the investigations of Dr. Bache were chiefly in physics, yet his active spirit gave a positive stimulus to all branches of science. The long list of his writings printed in the Appendix to the volume is a noble monument to their author. In bestowing the labor necessary to its compilation, Dr. Gould has chosen the most effective form of commemoration. For in these days most contributions to human knowledge are made in the form of scattered papers and memoirs and not of ponderous "works." And these do not appear in consecutive order, but require for their collection a patient search, of which those who have never engaged in such an undertaking can have little idea. Taken in connection with the Address, this list gives a positive conception of the intellectual effort which the duties and investigations of Dr. Bache demanded, and of the powerful grasp of mind which successfully encountered his work.

During the war, Dr. Bache's time was crowded with official duties and humane and patriotic efforts for his country. The Faculty of his own University have officially declared that he died a martyr to the cause of good government and the principles of human liberty. It was the overtasking of his faculties to sustain our national authorities, and to promote the efficiency and comfort of those fighting in our behalf, that caused his death. Many of the ablest of our military and naval officers had attained distinction in the Coast Survey, and during the time of their trial received constant aid from the knowledge and sagacity of its director. More than one general-in-chief looked to him for daily counsel during periods of doubt and anxiety.

Dr. Bache seems to have possessed that just appreciation of the comparative value of the objects of human desire which is given only to the exceptional man. To borrow the familiar language of one who knew him well, "his great characteristic was his enormous common sense"; or, as another happily said of him, "He was good all the way through." There was that about him which recalled the wisdom and pleasantry of his great ancestor, Franklin. What was showy and superficial seemed rebuked in the presence of one who was so earnestly seeking the solid and the rational. Yet his heart always went out toward children, and he would romp and sport with them when the hour of relaxation came. Indeed, his sweet personal character, full of magnanimity and honor, was almost as remarkable as the untiring industry that brought forth such variety of fruit. To the majority of us who are stumbling up to wisdom as best we may, it is well to see an example so great and regenerating, a life so rich in service to our country and to mankind. And we feel peculiarly indebted to Dr. Gould for the graceful and tender manner in which he has portrayed this life for us.

Her Majesty's Tower. By WILLIAM HEPWORTH DIXON. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

THE story of the Tower of London, from the mythical date of its foundation in Roman times down to our own day, presents the most tragic aspects of English history, as well as the most romantic and picturesque. There is nothing in this fact necessarily dangerous to good literature, if only you suppose the business of telling such a story to fall to a man of imagination, or even of mere good taste, with a tolerable turn for simplicity. As recounted by her Majesty's Beef-Eaters to sight-seers at the Tower, it has all the advantage of condensation and directness, with the charm of dramatic effect in the narrator's costume;

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though there is something — perhaps it is a certain air, of too great use or custom, in the historian — which affects the hearer unpleasantly. As Mr. Dixon takes the story out of the mouths of the Beef-Eaters, we have not this to complain of. He speaks to us with the freshness and enthusiam of a Beef-Eater rehearsing his tale for the first time, — a Beef-Eater somewhat more lettered than common; read in Ruskin, Carlyle, and modern poetry; yet without other Beef-Eaters' admirable point and consciousness of having finished on coming to an end. In a word, the story of the Tower has not here fallen to a man of imagination, or of mere good taste with a tolerable turn for simplicity. It makes you doubt his fitness, in the beginning, when he opens with a poor bit of picturesqueness or fancifulness, such as, "Seen from the outside, the Tower appears to be white with age and wrinkled with remorse"; and you go on from bad to worse. It is certainly a very fatiguing book Mr. Dixon has made, and nothing but the inalienable fascination of the theme could hold the reader. The style is tinted and tinselled throughout with verbal quaintness and finery of the different periods written about, and has the effect of a morning-coat of our epoch slashed like a doublet and trimmed with gold or silver braid,'— *brede*, we suspect Mr. Dixon would have us say. Yet even in this cheap method of literary adornment the author has no great facility, and recurs again and again to the same scraps and colors. When the water of the Thames broke down the barbican of Henry the Builder, "the Commons went almost mad with joy"; Cardinal Fisher "wept with joy" when the Maid of Kent declaimed against Henry the Eighth's divorce; when the Men of Kent came up in force to London, and the citizens thought Mary would relinquish her Spanish match, they "ran mad with joy"; and quite time, nobody having run mad or wept with joy for many pages back. In personal characterization this kind of writer is sure to be startling. One prisoner in the Tower is "the fair Saxon lady, whose pink and white flesh and shower of golden hair had won for her the wandering heart of Edward the Fourth"; Elizabeth, when a young woman, was "strong and beautiful as a pard"; Arundel had "serpentine eyes"; and, walking on the Tower wall, "Raleigh was a sight to see, not only for his fame and name, but for his picturesque and dazzling figure. Fifty-one years old; tall, tawny, splendid; with the bronze of tropical suns on his leonine cheek, a bushy beard, a round mustache, and a ripple of curling hair, which his man Peter took an hour to dress." We leave, out for the most part, the account of his clothes; but we do not mind allowing Mr. Dixon to say here that Raleigh wore "a cap and plume worth a ransom," and a "jacket powdered with pearls" to match. Our author shows the same unerring eye for tawdry epithet, the same tendency to vulgar excess, everywhere. Anne Boleyn's beauty "sets old men's fancies and young men's eyes agog"; "Violante, Charles's mother, and Isabella, his betrothed wife, went about the streets of Paris, clad in the *deepest* mourning"; on the seventh day of Lady Jane Grey's reign, "the summer Sunday dawned on a country wasting with a passionate pain"; everywhere are people screaming, leaping to their feet, going out of their senses, from one cause or another; great lords are riding forth, or dashing in; captives are rotting in cells; there are good knights, stout defenders, haughty or gracious ladies, odious lies, foul hearts, hot scenes, gleaming axes, — just as in the poorer sort of historical romances. What a picture have we here, gentles, of Queen Elinor's reign! "She has flushed the palace with jest and joust, with tinkle of citherns and clang of horns. But the queen has faults for which her gracious talent and her peerless beauty fail to atone. Her greed is high, her anger ruthless. Her court is filled with an outcry of merchants who have been mulcted of queen-gold, a wrangle of friars who have been robbed by her kith and kin, a roar of tiremen and jewellers clamorous for their debts, a murmur of knights and barons protesting against her loans, a clatter of poor Jews objecting to be spoiled."

In this Cambyses' vein the whole book is written; as if its author had been Mr. Hepworth Pistol. It is bad enough literature, as any one may see, and as history, as mere narration, we cannot believe it of great value in such passages as the foregoing, or even the following: — In the Tower "Raleigh was still a centre. Bacon sought in him a patron of the new learning. Percy dined with him in the Lieutenant's house. Hariot brought him books and maps. Petts came over with his models; Jonson, with his epigrams and underwoods. The *magi* — Hariot, Hues, and Warner — made a part of Raleigh's court. Selden was often

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here, Mayerne sometimes, Bilson now and then. Nor were these all. Queen Anne sent messengers to the prisoner. Prince Henry rode down from Whitehall to hear him talk." This grouping of events is an essentially untrue picture of Raleigh's life in prison, unless they were events of frequent, almost continual occurrence; and Mr. Dixon strains thus to present facts wherever possible, making the wary doubt him, and misleading the simple, who do not perceive a trick of historical writing — or perhaps we had better say painting — used at second hand, and misapplied as borrowed tricks are pretty sure to be.

But all this is possibly treating Mr. Dixon with mistaken seriousness. A man must be joking who can say that Shakespeare and other dramatists used the name of Oldcastle for their buffoons, just as comic writers use "Pantaloon — a degradation of one of the noblest Italian names — on our modern stage"; and we suspect a vein of irony and delicate satire throughout, when we read that Shakespeare was a Puritan in faith, because he said "Oldcastle died a martyr."

The Blameless Prince, and other Poems. By EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co.

MR. STEDMAN had a good story to tell, and he has told it admirably, with the perception that in a narrative poem the story must be the first thing, and with the skill to give it uninterrupted and consequent movement from the beginning to the end. In spite of the half-mythical setting of the story, it appeals to the reader as a tragedy rather than an allegory, through characters that are persons, and not merely principles of good and evil. The prince reputed blameless falls in love with a beautiful subject of the queen he comes to wed, and after his marriage sins with her, while seeming all loyalty and devotion to his wife, and showing a stainless life to the world, till at last the intolerable sense of guilt and falsehood makes him end the intrigue. Returning to the queen after the final parting with his mistress, he is killed, and the stricken wife mourns him with perfect faith in his matchless truth; but in the convent, whither she goes to compose her thoughts for the celebration of his funeral rites, she finds his dying paramour and learns from her his falsehood. The situations are effectively conceived, but developed clearly, rather than vividly or dramatically. The whole poem gives the impression of grace more than of strength: especially toward the close the reader feels defrauded of some bitterest drops which seemed his due, and which a sharper stress would have wrung from the story. Yet we content ourselves with what is otherwise so well done: the tale is eminently poetic in itself, it is artistically and compactly wrought, it interests and moves, with a feeling which, if not the profoundest, is always genuine. We have noted, however, an occasional excess, or falseness, in Mr. Stedman's imagery, which is curiously out of keeping with his restrained and unaffected sentiment. It does not seem well to say even of unhappy lovers,

> "Like tangled bees,
> Each other and themselves they sweetly stung";

it is too much to tell us of a young wife and old husband,

> "The lady next her lord
> Drooped like a musk-rose trained beside a tomb";

and what is meant by

> "Her lips grew white, and on her nostrils *flakes*
> *Of wrath and loathing* stood"?

All this is very different, as we say, from the main conceit of the poem, and from the real thoughtfulness of such passages as that in which the poet describes the effect of the intrigue upon the prince's life: —

> "Meanwhile the Prince put on his own disguise
> Holding it naught for what it kept secure,
> Nor wore it only in his comrades' eyes;
> Beneath this cloak and seeming to be pure
> He felt the thing he seemed. For some brief space
> His conscience took the reflex of his face.
>
> "But lastly through his heart there crept a sense
> Of falseness, like a worm about the core,
> Until he grew to loathe the long pretence
> Of blamelessness, and would the mask he wore
> By some swift judgment from his face were torn,
> So might the outer quell the inner scorn.
>
> "Such self-contempt befell him, when the feast
> Rang with his praise, he blushed from nape to crown,
> And ground his teeth in silence, yet had ceased
> To bear it, crying, 'Crush me not quite down,
> Who ask your scorn, as viler than you deem
> Your vilest, and am nothing that I seem!'
>
> "With such a cry his conscience riotous
> Had thrown, perchance, the burden on it laid,
> But love and pity held his voice; and thus
> The paramours their constant penance made.
> False to themselves, before the world a lie,
> Yet each for each had cast the whole world by."

The Blameless Prince is followed in this volume by a number of shorter pieces, —

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by that pretty little idyl, "The Doorstep," which we lately gave our readers, and by another poem in the same vein (always a fortunate one with Mr. Stedman), called "Country Sleighing," and yet others which we like. Chief among these is "Pan in Wall Street," — a play of the same fancifulness which delighted us long ago in the author's "Ballad of Lager-Beer," and which here, artfully seizing mythic traits and old-world aspects, gives a light shock, half pain, half pleasure, by their contrast with the most commonplace expression of our own work-day life. "Anonyma" is equally well done, and is an admirable "dramatic lyric."

Amongst the poems entitled "Shadow-Land," "The Undiscovered Country" seems best, for the suggestive touches and the thoughtful melancholy, doubt, and longing in it; and "The Sad Bridal" worst, for that effect of ghastliness which is produced, without adequate motive, by such lines as

> "If Death should mumble as he list
> These red lips which now you kist."

We think Mr. Stedman's specimens of translation from Theocritus very charming. He has wisely chosen, "as the only measure adapted to a literal and lineal rendering of the peculiar idyllic verse," the English hexameter — an instrument full of sweetness and harmony to the skilful touch, which will be perfectly enjoyed when people cease to listen to pedantic follies about quantity, and read the hexameter straightforwardly and simply as they would any other English verse. Mr. Stedman manages it very pleasingly, (though not always with perfect success,) and in his clear and graceful English, — colloquial without vulgarity in "The Reapers," and finely colored and picturesque in "Hylas," — gives enough of Theocritus to make the reader eager for the complete translation which he promises.

Letters of a Sentimental Idler, from Greece, Turkey, Egypt, Nubia, and the Holy Land. By HARRY HARWOOD LEECH. With a portrait of the Author, engravings of Oriental Life, etc., etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

SUPPOSE a young man of more reading than taste, with a facility for writing somewhat in excess of his ideas, and you have our Sentimental Idler as he portrays himself in these letters. As to the countries through which he passes, it is quite a secondary affair: it is the traveller rather than the travel which he has to tell us of. If it were otherwise, we feel that he might sometimes entertain us better than he does, for he is not without habits of observation, and he does not wholly lack the art of philosophizing his experiences; though it must be owned that generally he sees only the things which have been seen before, and that he is apt to think thoughts already become literature. He quotes, of course, Kinglake, Dixon, Lamartine, Dumas, Gautier (he refers to Gautier simply as "a *feuilletoniste*"); he makes occasional quotations, at second-hand, from Oriental poets; and he does not scruple to give quite elementary historical information. On the whole, the book is sufficiently tedious to have been much more useful than it is. There is humorous intention in it and flippant performance, but above all, there is affectation. The particular affectation in the title is very wearisomely insisted upon throughout: the author cannot call himself a Sentimental Idler often enough.

We hardly know what to say of his presentation of his portrait to the reader, who here makes his acquaintance for the first time, unless we say that it is more than we had any right to expect, and that we do *not* think the author has given it out of vanity. The face itself forbids the injurious suspicion.

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